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ADVENTURES

OF

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

VOL. II.

ADVENTURES

OF THE

CONNAUGHT RANGERS,

FROM 1808 TO 1814.

BY

WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.,

LATE LIEUTENANT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

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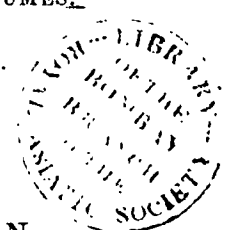
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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ADVENTURES

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CHAPTER I.

The sacking of Badajoz—Neglect of the wounded—Spaniards and their plunderers—Disgraceful occurrences—Calamities of War—Fine sayings of the Duke of Wellington—Extent of plunder—Martin of Galway, and his servant—Paddy Aisy's opinion of the Duke—The French consider the capture of Badajoz a mystery.

BADAJOZ, one of the richest and most beautiful towns in the south of Spain, whose inhabitants had witnessed its siege in silent terror for one and twenty days, and who had been shocked by the frightful massacre that had just taken place at its walls, was now about to be plunged into all the horrors that are, unfortunately, unavoidable upon an enterprise such as a town taken by storm. Scarcely had Count Phillipon and his garrison commenced their march towards Elvas, when the work of pillage commenced. Some —many indeed—of the good soldiers turned to the ditch of the castle and to the breaches to assist and carry off their wounded companions; but hundreds were neglected in the general and absorbing thirst for plunder.

The appearance of the castle was that of a vast wreck: the various ladders lying shattered at the base of its walls, the broken piles of arms, and the brave men that lay as they had fallen—many holding their firelocks in their grasp—marked strongly the terrible contest in which they had been engaged, and presented to the eye of a spectator ample food for reflection. It was not possible to look at those brave men, all of them dead or frightfully maimed, without recollecting what they had been but a few short hours before; yet those feelings, fortunately perhaps, do not predominate with soldiers, and those sights, far from exciting reflections of a grave nature, more usually call forth some jocular remark, such as, "that he will have no further occasion to draw rations;" or—"that he has stuck his spoon in the wall and left off messing,"—such is the force of habit.

At the breaches, the light and fourth division soldiers lay in heaps upon each other—a still warm group; and many of those veterans from whom the vital spark had not yet fled, expired in the arms of the few of their companions who sought to remove them to a place better suited to their miserable condition. But war, whatever its numerous attractions to a young mind may be, is but ill calculated to inspire it with those softer feelings so essential to soothe us in the moment of our distress; it must not, therefore, be wondered at, that a wish for plunder and enjoyment took the place of humanity, and that hundreds of gallant men were left to perish from neglect.

A military writer,* whose book has been the theme of admiration by all who have read it,—and I hope, for their own sakes, that there are few who have not,—in speaking of this epoch, says, that three days after the fall of the town he rode towards the Guadiana, and that in passing the verge of the camp of the fifth

* Captain Kincaid.

division, he was surprised and shocked to find two soldiers standing at the door of a small shed; they made signs to him, and upon examination he found that each had lost a leg! The surgeon had dressed their wounds on the night of the assault, and although their melancholy and destitute situation was known to hundreds of their companions, who had promised them relief, they were actually famishing within three hundred yards of their own regiment.

Before six o'clock in the morning of the 7th of April, all organization amongst the assaulting columns had ceased, and a scene of plunder and cruelty, that it would be difficult to find a parallel for, took its place. The army, so fine and effective on the preceding day, was now transformed into a vast band of brigands, and the rich and beautiful city of Badajoz presented the turbulent aspect that must result from the concourse of numerous and warlike multitudes nearly strangers to each other, or known only by the name of the nation to which they belonged. The horde of vagabonds, Spaniards as well as Portuguese, women as well as men—that now eagerly sought for admission to plunder, nearly augmented the number of brigands to what the assailing army had reckoned the night before; and it may be fairly said that twenty thousand people—armed with full powers to act as they thought fit, and all, or almost all, armed with weapons which could be turned, at the pleasure or caprice of the bearer, for the purpose of enforcing any wish he sought to gratify—were let loose upon the ill-fated inhabitants of this devoted city. These people were under no restraint—had no person to control them, and in a short time got into such an awful state of intoxication that they lost all control over their own actions. What a frightful picture is this of a town carried by storm!—it is true, nevertheless, and unfortunately for the sake of humanity, it is considered necessary; because if such latitude was

not allowed to the soldiery, I believe that few fortresses would be carried by assault; the alternative is not, however, the less painful. If the reader can for a moment fancy a fine city, containing an immense population, amongst which may be reckoned a proportion of the most beautiful women that Andalusia, or perhaps the world could boast of,—if he can fancy that population, and those females, left to the mercy of twenty thousand infuriated and licentious soldiers for two days and two nights,—if, I say, he can fancy this, he can well imagine the horrors that were acted within the walls of Badajoz.

In the first burst, all the wine and spirit stores were forced open and ransacked from top to bottom; and it required but a short time for the men to get into that fearful state that was alike dangerous to all—officers or soldiers, or the inhabitants of the city. Casks of the choicest wines and brandy were dragged into the streets, and when the men had drunk as much as they fancied, the heads of the vessels were stove in, or the casks otherwise so broken that the liquor ran about in streams.

In the town were a number of animals that belonged to the garrison, several hundred sheep, numerous oxen, as likewise many horses; these were amongst the first taken possession of; and the wealthy occupier of many a house was glad to be allowed the employment of conducting them to our camp, as, by doing so, he got away from a place where his life was not worth a minute's purchase; but terrible as was this scene, it was not possible to avoid occasionally laughing, for the *conducteur* was generally not only obliged to drive a herd of cattle, but also to carry the bales of plunder taken by his employers—perhaps from his own house—and the stately gravity with which the Spaniard went through his work, dressed in short breeches, frilled shirt, and a hat and plumes that might vie with our eighth Henry, followed, as he was,

by our ragamuffin soldiers with fixed bayonets, presented a scene that would puzzle even Mr. Cruikshank himself to justly delineate. The plunder so captured was deposited in our camp, and placed under a guard chiefly composed of the soldiers' wives.

The shops were rifled, first by one group, who despoiled them of their most costly articles, then by another, who thought themselves rich in capturing what had been rejected by their predecessors; then another, and another still, until every vestige of property was swept away. A few hours was sufficient for this; night was fast drawing near, and then a scene took place that has seldom fallen to the lot of any writer to describe. Every insult, every infamy that human invention could torture into practice was committed. Age as well as youth was alike unrespected, and perhaps not one house, or one female, in this vast town, escaped injury: but war is a terrible engine, and, when once set in movement, it is not possible to calculate when or where it will stop. Happy are those countries that have not been visited by its scourge; and grateful ought the nation to be that can boast of having had such an army and such a man as the Duke of Wellington, who, by his great genius as a general and steel-hardiness as a man—because nothing but the latter quality, in which, perhaps, he surpasses all ancient or modern heroes, could have enabled him or his army to remain in the Peninsula one day after the invasion of Portugal by the Prince of Esling, in 1810, have kept the British empire free from such a calamity. For the latter, everything that a sovereign and a nation could do, has been done; but, the former—as a body—have met with nothing but—neglect.

The day of the eighth of April was also a fearful one for the inhabitants; the soldiers became reckless, and drank to such an excess, that no person's life, no matter of what rank, or station, or sex, was safe. If

they entered a house that had not been emptied of all its furniture or wine, they proceeded to destroy it; or, if it happened to be empty, which was generally the case, they commenced firing at the doors and windows, and not unfrequently at the inmates, or at each other! They would then sally forth into the streets, and fire at the different church-bells in the steeples, or the pigeons that inhabited the old Moorish turrets of the castle—even the owls were frighted from this place of refuge, and, by their discordant screams, announced to their hearers the great revolution that had taken place near their once peaceful abodes. The soldiers then fired upon their own comrades, and many men were killed, in endeavouring to carry away some species of plunder, by the hands of those who, but a few hours before, would have risked their own lives to protect those they now so wantonly sported with; then would they turn upon the already too deeply injured females, and tear from them the trinkets that adorned their necks, fingers, or ears! and, finally, they would strip them of their wearing apparel. Some, 'tis said there were —ruffians of the lowest grade, no doubt—who cut the ear-rings out of the ears of the females' who bore them, when they discovered a band of marauders approaching the unfortunate beings that were subjected to such brutal treatment, and whom they feared might anticipate them in their infamy; for here, as in all such disgraceful scenes, "might made right;" and the conduct of the soldiers during the sacking of Badajoz, is a sufficient proof, if such proof be wanting, of the dangers attendant upon anything where the multitude are allowed to think and act for themselves.

Hundreds of those fellows took possession of the best warehouses, and for a time fulfilled the functions of merchants; those, in their turn, were ejected by a stronger party, who, after a fearful strife and loss of lives, displaced them, and occupied their position, and

those again were conquered by others, and others more powerful! and thus was Badajoz circumstanced on the morning of the 8th of April, 1812. It presented a fearful picture of the horrors that are inevitable upon a city carried by assault; and although it is painful to relate these disgraceful facts, it is essential nevertheless. All writers, no matter how insignificant they may be,—and I am willing to place myself at the bottom of the list of those persons,—should, in any detail which may lay claim to historical facts, be extremely cautious that they in no way mislead their readers; and in anything that I have ever written, or may hereafter write, I shall not deviate from this principle. I feel as much pride as any man can feel in having taken a part in actions that must ever shed lustre upon my country; but no false feeling of delicacy shall ever prevent me from speaking the truth—no matter whether it touches the conduct of one man or ten thousand!

To put a stop to such a frightful scene, it was necessary to use some forbearance, as likewise a portion of severity. In the first instance, parties from those regiments, that had least participated in the combat were ordered into the town to collect the hordes of stragglers that filled its streets with crimes too horrible to detail; but the evil had spread to such an extent that this measure was inadequate to the end proposed, and in many instances the parties so sent became infected by the contagion, and in place of remedying the disorder, increased it, by joining once more in revels they had for a time quitted. At length a brigade of troops was marched into the city, and were directed to stand by their arms while any of the marauders remained; the Provost-Marshals attached to each division were directed to use that authority with which they are of necessity invested. Gibbets and triangles were in consequence erected, and many men

were flogged, but, although the contrary has been said, none were hanged—yet hundreds deserved it.

A few hours, so employed, were sufficient to purge the town of the infamous gang of robbers that still lurked about its streets, and those ruffians—chiefly Spaniards or Portuguese, not in any way attached to the army—were infinitely more dangerous than our fellows, bad as they were. Murder—except indeed in a paroxyism of drunkenness, and in many cases, I regret to say, it did occur in this way,—never entered their thoughts, but the miscreants here referred to would commit the foulest deed for less than a dollar.

Towards evening tranquillity began to return, and, protected as they now were by a body of troops, untainted by the disease which had spread like a contagion, the unfortunate inhabitants took advantage of the quiet that reigned: yet it was a fearful quiet, and might be likened to a ship at sea, which after having been plundered and dismasted by pirates, is left floating on the ocean without a morsel of food to supply the wants of its crew, or a stitch of canvass to cover its naked masts; by degrees, however, some clothing, such as decency required, was procured for the females, by the return of their friends to the town; and many a father and mother rejoiced to find their children, who were still dearer to them than ever from the dangers they had escaped, alive, although it was impossible to hide from them the fact that they had been seriously and grossly injured. But there were also many who were denied even this sad consolation, for numbers of the towns-people had fallen in the confusion that prevailed, some of our officers also were killed in this way, and it has been said, I believe truly, that one or two, one a colonel commanding a regiment, lost their lives by the hands of their own men.

These calamities are, however, the unavoidable attendants on war; and a great victory, gratifying as it

unquestionably is to the General who achieves it, is not without its alloy, and brings forcibly to my recollection the fine reply of the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, to a lady of great literary celebrity in Paris. This lady was amongst the many French who were at a ball given at the time the allied armies occupied Paris in 1815. She was most pointed in her attentions to the Duke, and devoted almost her entire conversation to him in preference to the two Emperors, the King of Prussia, or the other distinguished allied generals. "My lord," said she, in the course of conversation, "do you not think the gaining a great battle a delightful thing?" "*Ne pensez vous pas, qu'une grande victoire est la plus agréable de toutes choses?*" "Madam," replied the Duke, with a degree of coldness bordering on austerity, "I look upon it as the greatest calamity—except losing one!" "*Je la regarde, Madame, comme le plus grand malheur—excepte une defaite!*" It was a fine saying and worthy of him who uttered it.

The plunder with which our camp was now filled was so considerable, and of so varied a description, that numerous as were the purchasers, and different their wants, they all had, nevertheless, an opportunity of suiting themselves to their taste; still the sale had not commenced in form, although, like other markets, "some private sales were effected." From the door of my tent I had a partial view of what was taking place; but for the present, I shall leave the *marché*, and describe how I, myself, was circumstanced from the period I reached my tent, wounded, on the morning of the 7th.

The two faithful soldiers, Bray and Macgowan, that conducted me there, on entering, found my truss of straw, or bed, if the reader will so allow me to designate it, occupied by Mrs. Nelly Carsons, the wife of my bât-man, who, I suppose, by the way of banishing

care, had taken to drinking divers potations of rum to such an excess, that she lay down in my bed, thinking, perhaps, that I was not likely again to be its occupant; or, more probably, not giving it a thought at all. Macgowan attempted to wake her, but in vain! a battery of a dozen guns might have been fired close to her ear without danger of disturbing her repose. "Why then, sir," said he, "sure the bed's big enough for yees both, and these are no times to stand on saramony with another man's wife,—and she'll keep you nate and warm, for, be the powers, you're kilt with the cold and the loss ov blood." I was in no mood to stand on ceremony, or, indeed, to stand at all; and I will venture to say that no man ever entered a bed occupied by the wife of another with a clearer conscience. I allowed myself to be placed beside my partner, without any further persuasion; and the two soldiers left us to ourselves, and returned to the town. Weakness from loss of blood soon caused me to fall asleep, but it was a sleep of short duration. I awoke, and saw the awkward dilemma in which I was placed. I was unable to move, and was completely at the mercy of Mistress Carsons, or any freak or gambol she might think fit to play. I, in fact, lay like an infant. The fire of small arms, the screams of the soldiers' wives, and the universal buzz throughout the camp, acted powerfully upon my nervous and worn-out frame; but having a clear conscience, and mine was certainly a clear one as far as regarded my bed-fellow at least,—Somnus conquered Mars,—at least he did so in my case, for I soon fell into another doze, in which I might have remained very comfortable had not my companion awoke sooner than I wished; discharging a huge grunt, and putting her hand upon my leg, she exclaimed, "Arrah! Dan, jewel, what makes you so stiff this morning?"

It required but few words from me to undeceive

her. Tea and chocolate were soon in readiness, and having tasted some of the former, I sat up in my bed waiting the arrival of the first surgeon to dress my wound. My bât-man, Dan Carsons, shortly afterwards made his appearance; he led up to the door of my tent three sheep whose soft fleeces would not have disgraced the pen of Monsieur le Baron Torneaux, who sent to the mountains of Caucasus for a supply of rare sheep for the purpose of improving the French shawl manufactory. He had, moreover, a pig-skin of enormous size filled with right good wine which the Spaniards call *la tinta de la Mancha:* "And sure," said he, "I hard of your being kilt, and I brought you this (pointing to the pig-skin of wine), thinking what a nate bolster it i'd be for you while you slept at your aise;" and, without waiting for my reply, he thrust the pig-skin under my head. "And look," said he, shewing me a spigot at the mouth of my bolster, "when you're thirsty at all at all, you see nothing is more pleasant or aisy than to clap this into your mouth, and sure won't it be mate and dhrink for you too?"

"Oh! Jasus!" responded Nelly, "he 's kilt out and out; see, Dan, how the blood is in strames about the blankets."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

so—under certain circumstances—is a little laughing! and Dan Carsons and his wife made me laugh so immoderately, that a violent discharge of blood from my wound nearly put an end to my career in this world. Had it not been for the arrival of Dr. Grant, the staff-surgeon of the division, who just now made his appearance, I doubt much if any of my readers would ever have had the pleasure of reading these my reminiscences. But I must have done with myself, Dan Carsons, and his wife Nelly; and resume my

narrative of the sale of the plunder with which our camp was, to use a mercantile phrase, glutted.

Early on the morning of the 9th of April, a great concourse of Spaniards had already thronged our lines; the neighbouring villages poured in their quota of persons seeking to be the purchasers of the booty captured by our men, and each succeeding hour increased the supply for their wants, numerous and varied as they were, and our camp presented the appearance of a vast market. The scene after the taking of Rodrigo was nothing in comparison to the present, because the resources of Badajoz might be said to be in the ratio of five to one as compared with her sister fortress, and, besides, our fellows were, in an equal proportion, more dexterous than they had been in their maiden effort to relieve Rodrigo of its valuables. It may, therefore, be well supposed, and the reader may safely take my word for it, that the transfer of property was, on the present occasion, considerable. Some men realized upwards of one thousand dollars (about 250*l.*), others less, but all, or almost all, gained handsomely by an enterprise in which they had displayed such unheard-of acts of devotion and bravery; and it is only to be lamented that they tarnished laurels so nobly won by traits of barbarity for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the annals of any army. But such atrocities are ever the attendants upon anything where those, hitherto dependent upon their superiors—whose station in society enables them to be the most competent judges of what is proper—are allowed to think and act for themselves; and a licentious army, although not by the half so bad as a licentious mob, is nevertheless a terrible scourge. The sale of the different commodities went on rapidly, notwithstanding we had no auctioneers; there was no "king's duty," but, most undeniably, if the Spaniards paid no "king's duty,"

they paid the piper! While the divers articles were carried away by the purchasers, the wounded were removed to the hospitals and camp, and the lamentations of the women for their dead or wounded husbands was a striking contrast to the scene of gaiety which almost everywhere prevailed.

Mr. Richard Martin, since a member of parliament, whom I before mentioned as having been a volunteer with the 88th, and as badly wounded while gallantly mounting one of the ladders against the castle wall, had with him his own private servant: it was not possible to persuade this man that his master had not lost his senses, and his lamentations for the fate that had befallen him were of the most extravagant sort. He would sit on a rising ground, that overlooked the town, and wringing his hands in an agony of grief exclaim, "Och! Jasus, so I was once more back in sweet Connamara, sure the divil himself wouldu't tempt me to lave it, but sure it was *he*—and none other!—that tempted my poor dear masthur to quit his twinty thousand good acres, with no one to lay claim to them at all at all; and now see how he's kilt with the rest, sthriving to get the hoult ov a dirty spot that doesn't cover more ground than he'd give to a dacent boy for a potato-garden. Och! murther, murther!" Martin's servant had decidedly good "ground" for his lamentations, because I believe, since the days of knight-errantry, never was there a parallel to his conduct. He came out as an amateur, but fulfilled the functions of a soldier, taking his tour of duty in the trenches, six hours out of the twenty-four; he was one of the foremost in the assault, and declined receiving a commission, which was offered him by the Duke of Wellington for his gallant conduct; —but he was unnoticed by General Picton, and what I now write of him is, I believe, the first intimation the public, or perhaps many of his acquaintances, have

of his conduct at Badajoz. In any other army except the British, a thing of the sort would be blazoned forth, and the man who had so distinguished himself lauded, and deservedly so, by the general in command of the troops to which such a hero was attached; but it was not so, shamefully not so, with us: it was, however, only in keeping with the treatment—the chilling treatment—the 88th experienced for nearly four years of their services in the Peninsula. These observations, which I regret being obliged to make, lead me on to others, touching the gallant behaviour of some who fell unnoticed, and others who survive unrewarded.

Lieutenant Whitelaw, of the 88th, led the advance of the ladders; he lost his life in so doing, but his name nowhere appears, except in the list of killed! Lieutenant William Mackie, the neglected and discountenanced leader of the forlorn-hope at Rodrigo—was most conspicuous during the assault of the castle of Badajoz, and was one of the first—if not the very first, to enter it; yet no mention is made of him. Captain Seton, commanding the regiment, and commanding such a fine fighting regiment as the 88th, on *such* an occasion too, got no rank—except in his turn. Lieutenant Macpherson, of the 45th, was the first to mount the round tower, upon the top of which floated the tri-coloured flag; *he* got a company, but the rest I have mentioned—all 88th men, were never *even noticed;* and although it would not be possible to reward every act of bravery in an army like the British, or in a regiment like the Connaught Rangers, it is, nevertheless, chilling to those who have deserved it, and enough to damp any ardour in those who may follow in their footsteps, to know that such facts as I write have taken place.

In the space of three short months, the following officers of the 88th were passed over,—their services

unrewarded,—and they were not even noticed by their general. The first of these was Major Thomson, commanding the battalion at the storming of Rodrigo; the second, Lieutenant William Mackie, leading the forlorn-hope; the third, Lieutenant Whitelaw, leading the advance of the ladders at Badajoz; the fourth, Captain Oates, in the attack of La Picurina; and the fifth, Captain Seton, commanding the regiment on the night of the storming of Badajoz. Surely a change should be made in the system, or how can a regiment, much less an army, be supposed to work with good-will? When, in after-times, the details of these eventful epochs shall be read, if any person was bold enough to state that such a series of slights had been put upon the brave men who bore so conspicuous a share in their accomplishment, would he not be looked upon as a fool or madman? Undoubtedly he would; but as the writer of this work conceives himself to be neither the one nor the other, he gives them to the army and the world, and he challenges any person to disprove one scintilla of what he says. There are many still alive who have taken a part in those memorable combats; and the writer feels confident that they will bear him out in what he asserts.

Towards the evening of the 9th, our camp was nearly emptied of all its saleable commodities, and the following morning was occupied in getting rid of the many Spaniards who still hovered about us, endeavouring to get a bargain of some of the unsold articles. By noon, all traffic had ceased, and the men began to arrange themselves for a fresh combat with Marshal Soult, who was advancing towards Badajoz. The appearance and demeanour of the soldiery in no way warranted the idea that they had been occupied as they were for the last three weeks, but more especially for the last three days. They were the same

orderly set of men they had been before the attack on the town, and were just as eager to fight Soult as they were to storm Badajoz: the only change visible was their *thinned ranks*. In my regiment alone, out of seven hundred and fifty privates, four hundred and thirty-four had fallen; and of the officers, who, at the commencement of the siege counted twenty-four, but five remained unhurt!

The wounded by this time were all brought to the different hospitals; and those of the dead, which had not been drowned in the ditch near the breaches, or at the Ravelin of San Roque, were buried; and but few paces were to be found that did not show traces of the grave-digger's hand. The men of the Connaught Rangers, or, as they called themselves, "the Boys," had, nevertheless, their joke, and the merits and demerits of the enterprise were regularly canvassed by them. The following conversation, which I am about to relate, will give the reader a slight insight into the view *they* took of the matter. Ten or a dozen of "the boys" had got together near my tent, where I still lay wounded, and after they had made themselves tolerably comfortable over a large camp-kettle of spiced wine, one of them—a man of my own company—named Paddy Aisy, having fairly discussed the merits of the contents of the camp-kettle, began to give his opinion of our late operations.

"Well!" said he, "now ids all past and gone, and wasn't it the divil's own dthroll business, the taking that same place; and wasn't Long-nose (meaning the Duke of Wellington) a quare lad to sthrive to get into it, seeing how it was definded! But what else could he do, afther all? didn't he recave ordhers to do it; and didn't he say to us all, 'Boys,' says he, 'ids myself that's sorry to throuble yees upon this dirty arrand; but we must do it, for all that; and iv yees can get

into it, by hook or by crook, be the powers, id 'ill be the making ov yees all—and ov me too!' and didn't he spake the thruth? 'Sure,' says he, 'did I ever tell yees a lie, or spake a word to yees that wasn't as thrue as the Gospil? and, iv yees folly my directions, there's nothin can bate yees?' And sure, afther we got in, was he like the rest, sthriving to put us out before we divarted ourselves? Not he, faith. It was he that spoke to the 'boys' dacently. 'Well, boys,' says he, when he met myself and a few more aising a house ov a thrifle, 'well, boys,' says he (*for he knew the button,*) 'God bless your work! ids myself that's proud to think how complately yees tuck the concate out ov the Frinch 88th, in the castel last night.' 'Why, Sir,' says I (forgettin to call him my Lord,) 'the divil a *Frinch* Connaught Ranger ever was born that the *Irish* Connaught Rangers isn't able to take the concate out ov;' and ids what he said upon the same, splitting his sides with laffin, that it was thrue for me there wasn't; and blur-an-ouns, boys, aint he the man to stand by? Don't he take the rough and the smooth with us, and wouldn't it be a pitty not to give him his dew? don't he expose himself to the wet and the cowld with us, lie out on the grass at night, like any other baste? and ain't he afthur kicking the French before him, just as we'd kick an old foot-ball? Be the powers, whin I see him commin next or nigh me, my heart gets so big that my body isn't big enough to hould it, and it jumps up clane into my throat—*to get room*! And don't think that I'm *romancin*, when I tell yees how he said we tuck the concate out ov the Frinch 88th; he said every word ov it, and more too—iv I could repate it *in his own words.*"

"Why," replied Corney Fagan, "what you say is parfectly thrue; we ought to stand by him,—and didn't we? Sure yees remember how Misther Mackie ran up the laddher as nimble as a cat, and poor Misther

Martin thought to do the same, till he was kilt! and didn't Captain Seton owe his life to his being so thin that the French couldn't hit him? and whin we have such a man to direct us, and such officers to lade us on, why, what else can we do but folly them through thick and thin?"

The sound of the drum for roll-call put a stop to any further colloquy; but rude as was the dialect, and homely the language, *much* might be gathered from it. It gave to the hearer the unsophisticated opinion of those *men*, whose deeds, in a great measure, tended to settle the European contest. What was uttered by those few obscure individuals, in their own rude phraseology, was the opinion of the entire army; and they who would strive to efface those impressions, which were imprinted upon the hearts of the Peninsular soldiers, might as well try to efface the sun from the heavens.

While we were occupied as I have described at Badajoz, Soult was busied in collecting a force sufficient to ensure the safety of that city. On the 1st of April, placing himself at the head of 25,000 men, he broke up from Seville; on the 8th he arrived at Villa-Franca, only two marches distant from Badajoz, but yet two days after its capture. Mortified beyond measure at this unlooked-for misfortune, he wished to press onward, and, by a brilliant success, wipe away the disgrace; but he was in no condition to act as his zeal prompted him, because his own force was inadequate to the task; and Marmont, instead of co-operating with him, frittered away his time before Rodrigo and Almeida, or in the dispersion of a few thousand wretched Portuguese militia. The bulk of our covering army being thus under no apprehension of molestation, passed the Guadiana, and established itself on the right bank of that river. Soult retired back upon Seville, and Marmont, closely pressed by our horse, retired upon Salamanca. Thus terminated our

operations before Badajoz, which, as may be seen, were of no common description. Four thousand prisoners, a considerable quantity of ammunition, with one hundred and seventy-two pieces of cannon, and one hundred thousand shot, were found in the place. Our loss exceeded five thousand men; and although no officer of a higher rank than Colonel was killed, it is a singular circumstance that every General was wounded on the night of the assault. Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, all heading either brigades or divisions, were wounded; yet the men, notwithstanding, went through their work well; which proves what I have always said, and said from long experience, and an intimate knowledge of the materials which compose our army, that troops storming a breach are as well, if not better, when left to their own officers. A soldier of the old Peninsular army (but where can we again expect to see, during our sojourn in this world, such a specimen of what a true British soldier should be?) was ever ready to lay down his life when opposed to the enemy—and what more can any man do? But the countless gallant exploits that have been achieved by our army in Portugal and Spain, without the aid of generals, are sufficient to illustrate the truth of what I have frequently repeated.

All writers who have written upon the taking of Badajoz, whether French or English, agree that it was one of the best connected, one of the most gallant, as well as one of the most bloody, exploits recorded in history. So secret were the arrangements of Lord Wellington before he invested the place, and so prompt and straightforward his operations after he had taken that step, that we are at a loss whether most to admire his strategy or daring. Even Soult himself, the most celebrated of Napoleon's captains, was under no apprehension for the safety of this fortress. Count Phillipon's fine defence of it the preceding year, a

garrison of six thousand men, and the formation of numerous outworks, appeared to be a sufficient guarantee for his confidence. The place was, moreover, amply provisioned for three months; and all these causes, if to be combated by another sort of man than he who was at the head of the British army, would have been sufficient to insure the safety of the place; but, as it was, they only made its loss the more certain, because Soult, with that presumption which scarcely any Frenchman can divest himself of, relied too firmly on his own dispositions, and the quality of his soldiers, while he held those of his antagonist, as well as the sort of troops which he commanded, at too cheap a rate: his mortification must, therefore, have been at the greatest height, when he found himself out-generalled by the one and out-fought by the other.

General Lery, chief engineer of Soult's army, and who superintended the arrangements for the defence of Badajoz, was so utterly confounded upon hearing of its fall, that he wrote to General Kellerman respecting its capture. "The conquest of Badajoz," said he, "costs me eight engineers. I am not yet acquainted with the details of that fatal event. Never was there a place in a better state, better supplied, and better provided with the *requisite* number of troops. There is in that event a marked fatality. I confess my inability to account for its bad defence. Very extensive works have been constructed: all our calculations have been disappointed; and Lord Wellington, with his Anglo-Portuguese troops, has taken the place, as it were, in the presence of two armies, amounting together to about eighty thousand men. In short, I think the capture of Badajoz a very extraordinary event"—(and he was right)—"and I should be much at a loss to account for it in a clear and distinct manner."

Now this is plain speaking, and says more in praise of our men than any British writer could do; but the air of mystery which Monsieur Lery strives to throw over the affair is amusing enough. No person can deny that the French are good troops, and that at this same siege they fought well; and there cannot be a shadow of doubt,—at least there is none on my mind,—but that they would have been successful, *had not our men fought better than they did;* and thus may the mystery be solved.

NOTE.—*Attack and Capture of Badajoz, 6th April,* 1812, *taken from the Journal of Lieut. Parr Kingsmill, 88th Regiment.*

The French were collecting an overpowering force at one of the gates of this citadel, apparently with an intention of charging and driving us from the ramparts. They had already opened a most galling fire of musketry from this dark gateway, which was warmly returned by our soldiers, whose impetuosity could no longer be restrained, and they charged through the gateway led on by my gallant friend Lieut. Davern, of the 88th Regiment, and were received by a shower of balls; but the massive gate being closed, little impression was made. A second and third charge was likewise made without effect, when a number of light infantry of the 74th and 88th Regiments assisted each other in climbing up on the archway over the gate, and opened such a destructive and unexpected fire down on the French, who thought themselves quite secure on the other side, that a general panic seized them and they fled with the utmost precipitation and confusion, followed rapidly by our men, who now dashed through the gateway without opposition. . . . A great many gallant fellows fell at this trying moment.

(Signed) P. KINGSMILL,
Lieut. 88th Regiment.

From United Service Journal, 3rd vol. 1837.

CHAPTER II.

Departure from Badajoz—The wounded left to the protection of Spanish soldiers—Subsequently removed to Elvas—Capture of forts on the Tagus—The author leaves Elvas to join the army—Spaniards and Portuguese—Rodrigo re-visited—A Spanish ball—Movements of Marshal Marmont—Fall of the forts of Salamanca—Amicable enemies.

On the 15th of April, 1812, the heroes of Badajoz took a last farewell of the scene of their glory and the graves of their fallen companions, and marched towards the banks of the Coa and Agueda, where, but a few months before, they had given proofs of their invincible valour. Indeed it might be said, without any great stretch of historical truth, that every inch of ground upon which they trod was a silent evidence of their right to be its occupant—so far, at least, as right of conquest goes.

Ill as I was, in common with many others, who, like myself, lay wounded, and were unable to accompany our friends, I arose from my truss of straw to take a parting look at the remnant of my regiment as it mustered on the parade; but, in place of upwards of seven hundred gallant soldiers, and four-and-twenty officers, of the former there were not three hundred, and of the latter but five! At any time, when in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, this sad diminu-

tion would have affected me; but in my then frame of mind it acted powerfully upon my nerves. I asked myself, where are the rest? I suppose I spoke louder than I intended; for my man, Dan Carsons, ran out of his tent to inquire "who I was looking after?" "Dan," I replied, "I am looking for the men that are absent from parade; where are they?" "Kilt, sir," replied Dan, "and the greater part of them buried at the fut of the ould castle forenent ye." "Their *bodies* are there, Dan, but where are they themselves?" "Och, Jasus!" cried Dan to his wife, "he's out of his sinces! Nelly! run and fetch the pig-skin of wine; you know how it sarved him last night when he was raving." Nelly brought the remnant of the Tinto-de-la-Mancha, and a few mouthsfull of it raised my spirits considerably, but the fever with which I was attacked was increasing rapidly.

The drums of the division beat a ruffle; the officers took their stations; the bands played; the soldiers cheered, and, in less than half an hour, the spot which, since the 17th of the preceding month, had been a scene of the greatest excitement, was now a lone and deserted waste, having no other occupants than disabled or dying officers and soldiers, or the corpses of those who had fallen in the strife. The contrast was indeed great, and of that cast that made the most unreflecting think, and the reflecting feel. The sound of the drums died away; the division was no longer visible, except by the glittering of their firelocks: at length we lost sight of even this; and we were left alone, like so many outcasts, to make the best of our way to the hospitals in Badajoz.

It is a task of more difficulty than may appear to the reader, to describe the feelings that a separation, such as I have told of, caused in our breasts. Five-sixths of our old companions—dear to us from the intimate terms upon which we had lived together,

fought together, and, I might say, died together, for three years, were parted from us, most of them for ever!—the others gone to a distant part of the theatre of war, while we, enervated and worn down, either by loss of limb, or by loss of strength and vigour, were left to seek shelter under the roofs of those very people who had been so barbarously maltreated by our own soldiers. Nevertheless every one betook himself to the method he thought best suited to the occasion. Some caused themselves to be conveyed in waggons; others rode on horseback; and many, from a disinclination to bear the jolting of the carts, or the uneasy posture of sitting astride a horse, hobbled on towards the dismantled walls of the fortress. As we continued our walk, we met, at almost every step, heaps of newly turned-up earth, beneath which lay the bodies of some of our companions; and a little farther in advance was the olive-tree, at the foot of which so many officers of the third division had been buried. At length we reached the ravelin of San Roque.

The Talavera gate was opened for our admission; it was guarded by a few ill-looking, ill-fed, and ill-appointed Spanish soldiers. As we entered, each man we passed saluted us with respect; but the contrast between these men, who were now our protectors, and the soldiers we had but a short time before commanded, was great indeed; and the circumstance, trifling as it may appear, affected us proportionably. We walked on towards our wretched billets; and, as we passed through the streets that led to them, we saw nothing but the terrible traces of what had taken place. Piles of dismantled furniture lay scattered here and there; houses, disfigured by our batteries, in a ruined state; the streets unoccupied, except by vagabonds of the lowest grade, who prowled about in search of plunder; while at the windows of some houses were to be seen a few females in disordered

dresses; but their appearance was of that caste that served rather to increase the gloom which overhung the city. Nevertheless, as the wounded men and officers passed, they waved their handkerchiefs and saluted us with a *viva;* but it was pitiable to witness the wretched state to which the unfortunate inhabitants had been reduced.

Upon reaching the house allotted to me, I was met at the door by an old woman, who showed me my apartment. It was scantily garnished with furniture, most of which was broken: the bed was on the tiles, but that was rather an advantage than the contrary, because the heat was excessive. I stood in no need of any refreshment; my man, Dan, having been so active during the *bouleversement*, that he supplied my cellar as well as larder; and it was fortunate that he did so: for the inhabitants of the house, as I afterwards learned, were without a morsel of food, or a stitch of clothing, having been plundered of everything.

I lay down upon my mattress, soon fell asleep, and, in less than an hour, awoke in a high fever. Dan wished that I should attack the pig-skin of the Tinta-de-la-Mancha, but I positively refused to do so: "Why then, sir," said he, "hasn't it been the making ov yee?" "You mean the killing of me, Dan. Go and seek for a surgeon." He went, and soon returned with a young man, in the uniform of the staff surgeons of our army; but, from his youthful appearance, and the unworkmanlike manner he went about dressing my wound, I opine he was but an hospital mate. My man Dan was decidedly of my opinion; for after the doctor had examined my breast, and applied some dressing to it, he was about to retire, when Dan said, with an air of authority, "You're not going to be afthur going, without looking at his hinder part?" meaning my back. The doctor took the hint, and,

turning me on my face, found a large piece of the cloth of my coat, which had been carried in by the ball, protruding through the wound. The doctor looked confounded; Dan looked ferocious, and, though he spoke with respect to the medical man, I plainly saw the storm which was gathering. I feared that he was about to make use of the *fortiter in re*, in preference to the *suaviter in modo;* so I dismissed the doctor, upon an assurance that he would visit me the following morning.

After a lapse of three days, all the wounded capable of being removed were ordered to Elvas. Spring waggons, carts drawn by oxen, mules harnessed with pack-saddles, and in default of them, asses prepared in like manner, were put in requisition, for the purpose of freeing Badajoz of as many of the disabled men who crowded the hospitals, as possible. I was among the number, but so ill was I, as to have no recollection of how I was transported, except that a waggon stopped at my door, and, after some hours, finding myself in the streets of Elvas. From the waggon I was placed in a car, and it was night before my man Dan, with all his tact, was enabled to procure me a billet. During a space of fifteen days I lay in a state of great pain, accompanied by fever, but after that I soon recovered my strength, and being allowed the option of either joining the second battalion of my regiment, to which I then belonged, quartered at home, or going back to the army, I preferred the latter.

On the 25th of April, the troops that had carried on the siege were at Alfyates, on the Portuguese frontier, the army of the Duke of Raguza having retired before them. That General had repassed the Agueda on the 23d, and was in full march towards the Tormes. Drouet was at Fuente Ovejuna, near Cordova, and Soult back again at Seville.

The situation of the Imperial army, the want of

union amongst their generals, and the panic with which both had been infected by the fall of Badajoz, afforded Lord Wellington a fine opportunity of profiting by the disease which had infected all—marshal, general, and soldier! He accordingly sent orders to General Hill to take advantage of the confusion that prevailed in the enemy's councils—to march with the necessary number of troops to the bridge of Almarez, on the Tagus, and to destroy the fortifications which the French had, at great pains and expense, erected at that point.

It was not until the middle of May that General Hill was enabled to arrange his troops in that order which was necessary to guarantee his success, and the difficulties to be surmounted were so great, that the General did not reach the point of attack before the 19th. The fort named "Napoleon" was the first carried at the point of the bayonet; the castle of Mirabeta shared the same fate; both were scaled with ladders, and the troops, under a destructive fire, passed through the works, driving the enemy before them in such disorder, that many, in a vain effort to escape to the fort of Ragusa, on the opposite bank of the river, were lost in the stream, and the panic communicating to the troops in the latter fort, which ought to have sustained the rest, increased the confusion, and all crowded in one disordered mass to the nearest point of safety, abandoning those works, which, if well defended, were capable of resisting three times the number of those that assailed them. Thus were thirteen pieces of artillery and three hundred prisoners taken; three formidable forts rendered useless, and the command of the passage of the Tagus by Almarez lost to the enemy. It is not easy to account for this dastardly conduct of the French commandant, who, it is said, was afterwards tried at Talavera, and shot by the sentence of a court-martial.

It may appear to the reader, acquainted with the position of those formidable forts,—doubly formidable from their distance from the scene of action,—to have been an enterprise that might be termed rash, but he must take into account the *morale* of the troops that attacked, and those that defended the pass. It is true that a fort strongly fortified and secure against a *coup-de-main*, and a fort of that nature that guns could not be brought to bear against, was a hazardous trial. Almarez is forty leagues from Badajoz—it required a march of eight days to reach;—Hill's forces did not count more than ten thousand, while the French General Drouet, at the head of twenty thousand veteran troops, could have, in a march of four days, by occupying Torremancha and Cauras, placed himself between Hill and Badajoz. Had the latter General remained one day longer on the Tagus, his corps would have been destroyed, but, aware of his critical situation, he lost not a moment in retracing his steps. He dismantled the forts, destroyed the bridge, retired upon Truxillo, and finally reached his original position before the success of his enterprise was known in the Imperial army.

The capture of these forts created much perplexity in the councils of the French Marshals. Soult ordered Drouet to advance towards Medilen, while Marmont directed a corps to move to the left bank of the Tagus, to co-operate with Soult's troops in the re-construction of the bridge. So occupied I shall leave the two Marshals, and return back to Elvas.

Such officers and soldiers as were able and willing to join the army were directed to hold themselves in readiness to do so; such as were obliged to go to Lisbon, and finally to England, were similarly placed; and such as were to remain, namely, the disabled, from loss of limb, or a worn-out constitution in the service, had no choice left them but to rest quietly

where they were, and take their chance for the first casual "turn-up" that might release them from their unpleasant situation. Amongst the first class I was one; four days were allowed us to make our arrangements, and to say the truth, as far as regarded myself at least, as many hours would have sufficed.

My friends, Darcy and Adair, were my companions on my route to the army; and, punctual at the appointed hour, we left Elvas at six o'clock on the morning of the 3d of June, without any incumbrance, such as a detachment to look after. We had no escort except our three servants, and Dan's wife Nelly; and it is needless to say that they were perfectly competent to take care of themselves, without causing us one moment's uneasiness, either on their account or our own; and never did any three officers in the service of His Britannic Majesty, or in the service of any other sovereign, set out on a route to join their companions with a more fervent intention of making the time pass as agreeably as possible. Our route towards Salamanca, near which city the army was stationed, lay through the old line of march, and we were obliged, unfortunately, once more to encounter that place of dirt and wretchedness, Niza. No matter what change had taken place either amongst ourselves or the different towns through which we passed, Niza was still the same; positively dirt,—comparatively dirt,—superlatively dirt!—dirt! dirt! dirt! The ditches were filled with reptiles, the houses with bugs and fleas, and Adair, who was already blind of one eye, had the other nearly darkened by the bite of a huge centipede. We poulticed his eye with rye bread and cold water, and in the morning carried him, with a *wry* face, to his saddle.

Once clear of Niza, we traversed the country towards the Spanish frontier; at length we got clear of Portugal, and once more reached the village of Fuentes d'Onor; every house, I might almost say every face,

was familiar to me. The heaps of embanked earth which denoted the places where many of our old companions had been interred, were covered with grass, which grew luxuriantly over the graves of the men who had once stood there victorious, but who were now lifeless clay. We traversed the churchyard, where so many of the Imperial Guard and our Highlanders had fallen; and we marked well the street where three hundred of the former had been put to death by the 88th Regiment. Many of the doors still retained the marks of the contest; and the chimneys, up which the Guard had sought shelter, bore the traces of what had taken place. The torn apertures in the large twigged chimneys, broken down by the Guard in attempting to get up them, were in the same state we had left them,—untouched—unmended. Even the children could trace, with accuracy, the footsteps of those fallen heroes.

We walked on to the chapel wall, where the 79th had suffered so severely, and through which the French had forced their passage, under a torrent of shot, against the bayonets of the brave Highlanders. The chapel door was riddled through and through with bullets, and the walls bore the marks of the round shot fired from the French batteries. Several mounds of earth, covered as they were with herbage, still pointed out the grave of some one who had fallen; yet, to a passing stranger, the inequality of the ground would scarcely have been noticed, so little attention had been paid to the arrangement of the graves, which were dug in the hurry of the moment; but with us it was different. We could point out every spot, and lay our finger on the place where a grave ought to be found; but even in this sad duty we were disappointed, because a drove of wild pigs, from the adjoining forests, a day or two after the battle, and before the inhabitants had ventured to return to the town, found their way to

the scene of action, and rooted up many of the graves—devouring all that came in their way. Many bodies were thus torn up, and the places that contained them, as a matter of course, were levelled, and arranged as they had been before the battle.

It so happened that the house I was quartered in for the night, was one of those in which some of the Imperial Guard had sought shelter. I asked my patron why he had not mended the broken chimney? His reply was, that he preferred the inconvenience of the smoke, which the aperture caused, for the pleasure he derived from viewing the grave, as he termed it, of the base French who had so scandalously ravaged his country. I cannot say that I much admired this feeling, the more so, as I well remembered the dastardly part the inhabitants had taken in the defence of the town, and I could not but feel that their detestation of the French might have been better shown on the day of trial, than by a posthumous recollection of it.

Captain Kincaid, of the Rifles, in his amusing book, says something about the difference between Spain and Portugal, and likens the leaving the latter, and getting into the former, as a step from the coal-hole to the drawing-room. No doubt it is, but I am of opinion that the Portuguese, with all their dirt, are more in character than their neighbours; they suit the action to the object—the collecting of vermin: they suit their dress—a garb of filth—to the same purpose; but it is too ridiculous to see a Castilian, with his broad-brimmed hat, out-topped with a plume of feathers, leathern belt with a huge knife, and oftentimes a sword stuck in it, officiating as a master of the ceremonies in those obsequies to the dead! Can any one for a moment reconcile it to himself as at all consistent, to see a huge cavalier, dressed as I have described, and caparisoned *à la Henri Quatre*, superintending the picking away vermin from his children, and often sub-

mitting to the same ordeal himself? The thing is preposterous, and deserves to be scouted. The Portuguese are a filthy race, no doubt, but they have one merit, and it is the only one I can give them—namely,—that they feel and seem to know themselves to be a dirty race, and do not pretend to what their neighbours do, by any affectation of false pride in a matter in which both are equally involved—dirt.

Of the relative merits of each nation, as to bravery, I profess myself to be ignorant; but I am certain that our newspaper writers have devoted too great a space in recording the merits of both. I never saw a Spanish battalion exposed to fire: the Portuguese I have seen, and I can say nothing in their favour, notwithstanding all that has been written in their praise; but in the matter at issue between the Spanish nation, the Portuguese, and myself, namely—filth, I decidedly give my voice in favour of the Portuguese, and for this reason, that they are more in keeping, and presume nothing; while their neighbours would wish to make you suppose them the very acme of perfection. If you ask a Portuguese shopkeeper for a thing he may not have, he will tell you that he has it not; but will add, with a shrug of his shoulders, "You can get it at Lisbon." Ask a Spaniard the same question, and if he cannot accommodate you, he will refer you to Madrid; but he will add, "*Donde esta Madrid, calle il mundo;*" the plain English of which modest sentiment is, "Where Madrid is, let the world be silent."

From Fuentes d'Onor we reached Rodrigo, which we had left only five months before. The breaches were repaired, the trenches levelled, and were it not for the different spots that had been assigned to many of our fallen companions, which we found untouched, there was no trace of those works which had caused us so much time and labour to construct. But those places, well known to us, brought back to our recol-

lection the ground upon which we had stood a short time before under circumstances so different; and the change that had taken place during the short interval, —the thousands that had fallen in the two sieges,— and the difference of our attitude as compared to what it was when we before trod the spot we were then standing upon, afforded ample food for reflection. From the period of our investment of Rodrigo to the capture of Badajoz, that is to say, twenty-six days, we lost, in my regiment alone, twenty-five officers and five-hundred and fifty-six men; and it cannot be wondered at, that we, who were alive and in health, should have a feeling of regret for our less fortunate companions, as also a feeling of thankfulness for our own escape.

There may be some who will think that such ideas are out of place, but, in my opinion, they are not so. No truly brave man ever looked upon the graves of his fallen companions without a feeling of regret. A man falling in the heat of battle is quite a different thing, because *there* all are alike, and subject to the same chance; and it is, moreover, wrong to mourn over the death of a comrade while the strife is going on; but the strife once ended, then will the feelings be brought into play, and the man who is incapable of a pang of regret for his fallen companion is unworthy of the name of a British soldier.

My man, Dan, had scarcely arranged my billet, ere I bent my steps to the house where I had slept on the night of the storming of the town. I had scarcely made my appearance at the portal, when the old lady to whom the house belonged, recognised my voice. She ran forward to meet and welcome me,—her daughters accompanied her, and it was in vain that I said I had a billet in a distant part of the town. The excuse would not be taken, and I was forced, absolutely forced, to have my baggage conveyed to the house

where I had so short a time before entered under far different circumstances. The old lady asked how long I was to remain at Rodrigo? I replied, for that night only. "*J'en suis fâché,*" she replied in French, which language she spoke tolerably well,—"*mais j'essayerai de faire votre séjour ici plus agréable qu'elle ne l'était la dernière fois;*"—and she immediately sent an invitation to her friends to assemble at her house the same evening.

Profiting by the confusion, which of necessity took place in arrangements for the *soirée,* I left the house and took a survey of the town and breaches. The houses which were destroyed in the Great Square by the fire which had taken place on the night of the assault, as also those near the breaches, remained in the same ruined state we had left them; but excepting this, and a few gabions which out-topped the large breach, whose reconstruction had not been quite completed, we could find nothing to denote the toil and labour we had sustained during our operations. An hour sufficed for me to make my "reminiscence" of past events: it was eight o'clock before Darcy and Adair joined me, and when we reached my billet, we found the saloon filled by a large and varied company.

Upon entering the room, all eyes were turned towards us, for the good hostess had said a thousand kind things in my praise, and the height and imposing look of Darcy were in themselves sufficient to cause a *stare;* but the elegance of Adair's manners, who had passed the greater part of his life on the Continent,—his perfect knowledge of the Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, and French languages, captivated all. And although he was some fifteen or twenty years our senior, he decidedly bore away the palm; and in less than an hour after our *entré,* he made, to my own knowledge, five conquests; while Darcy and myself could boast of but two each! I never felt so humi-

liated,—and from that moment, I resolved that if ever I had a son, I would make him a linguist. It is not possible to describe the advantage one man possesses over another in society by a knowledge of languages; but if he can tack to that, a knowledge of music, with anything at all bordering on pretensions to good looks, —or what is, in the long run, of more consequence— good manners—(but where will the man be found possessing the former qualities, without having attained the latter?)—then good bye to any man who is bold enough to enter the lists against him. He may do so, no doubt,—rank and fortune are formidable antagonists to encounter—but no matter, in nine cases out of ten the young accomplished man will have it all his own way; that is, if he is as he should be, a gentleman, a gentleman by birth, and a gentleman in the full acceptation of the word. Let him have these qualifications, and I will forfeit my existence that he will put an extinguisher upon those dolts who enter the army without any other claims except fortune and connexion.

The ball was opened by Avandano de Alcantaro, a young Portuguese Captain, belonging to the garrison of Almeida, and Señora Dolares de Inza, a Spanish lady, a relative of the governor. The dance was the bolero, of which I had heard so much, but had never seen danced before. All eyes were turned towards the spot which the youthful couple occupied. I was an attentive spectator. Avandano danced well, and kept his elbows—a material point by the way—in that position which no bolero dancer should depart from, (I obtained this information at Madrid,) not to raise them higher than his ear; but he danced mechanically, like one that had been taught, and had his lesson by rule more than by heart. Although he moved his arms with much grace, and kept the proper measure with his feet, there was nothing inspiring in his mode of dance, or in the manner he used his

castanettes. His partner, on the contrary, had all the fire of the true Andalusian breed. Her movements, though not perhaps as correct as his, were spirited, and drew down thunders of applause from the spectators; and each plaudit, as was natural, caused her to increase her exertions. She danced beautifully, and every one expressed by their approbation the gratification they felt by her display; but the dance had scarcely ended when she fainted away, in consequence, no doubt, of the exertions she had made. She soon recovered, and would have once more joined the dance, had not her friends dissuaded her from so foolish an act, and she was reluctantly obliged to be a spectator for the remainder of the night. Waltzing was continued to a late hour; but there was no lady hardy enough to attempt the bolero after the success of Senora Dolares in this most difficult and graceful dance. The company at length retired to their different homes: I bade an effectionate good night to my hostess and her daughters; and, long before they were awake in the morning, I was several miles on the road leading to Salamanca.

On the opening of the campaign of 1812, Lord Wellington found himself formally invested with the chief command of the allied armies; a command, by the way, not exactly as real as onerous. After the fall of Badajoz, the head-quarters were established at Funeda, which town the first division reached in the end of April; and from that period until the beginning of June, every effort that could be made to reorganize and recruit the army was exerted. On the 13th, it arrived upon the banks of the Agueda, which river it passed the same day, and on the 16th it was within two gun-shots of Salamanca. The following day, the 17th, my two companions, Darcy and Adair, and myself, joined our old regiment on the heights of San Christoval.

Upon the approach of the British army, the Duke of Ragusa retired, leaving, nevertheless, a garrison of one thousand troops in three forts, which had been constructed around some convents. He halted five leagues from Salamanca, when, having collected several divisions, he again advanced to succour the forts. Lord Wellington invested the town with the sixth division, and, with the remainder of the army, awaited, upon the heights of San Christoval, the development of the enemy's movement. On the following day, Marmont made a *reconnoissance*, by which he found that at all points the post occupied by the British army was of that nature that forbade his attempting to force it. After some out-post fighting, in which a brigade of the first division, directed by General Graham, gained an advantage, the French army once more retired to the village of Cabere Velossa, where, by signals agreed upon, the situation of the forts was hourly made known to it.

The batteries against the forts opened their fire on the 17th, but so imperfect were the means of attack, and so languid their fire, that it was six days before the breach against one called Saneayatons was deemed practicable. At nine o'clock at night, on the 23rd, the brigade of General Bowes attacked the outwork; the General headed his troops, and fell wounded at the onset; but the moment his wound was dressed, he again returned to his men, and fell, with many of his soldiers, in a vain attempt to carry the fort.

Marmont was intimately acquainted with the events that were passing. The signals from the forts informed him they could hold out but five days longer; and in this distressing state of affairs he made up his mind, in a moment of despair, to pass over to the left bank of the Tormes—but for what end? An army which proposed him battle on the right bank of the river could with as much ease fight him on the opposite

side; but he, too late, found out the error he had committed, in leaving a garrison of one thousand men, which he could so ill spare, in forts incapable of any very long resistance; and, by a well-meant effort to correct the error, had well nigh sacrificed his army in their passage of the river, because Lord Wellington, weighing well the troops of his adversary, and foreseeing what he was likely to try, changed his front, brought forward his left wing, and with the right of the army, under Graham, was in battle array on the left of the Tormes, at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th inst., at the moment Marmont was effecting the passage of that river at Alla de Tormes. Finding himself so opposed, Marmont hastily retraced his steps, and retired upon Huerta, where he remained until the 27th, and then retreated towards the Douro.

It was asked at the time—has since been asked—and will perhaps be asked in after times, *why* did not Lord Wellington attack an army so ill placed by its General? It would ill become me, a subaltern, and one who, in anything he writes, endeavours only to amuse his readers, to enter into an argument that can be discussed with more propriety by those persons who write an account of the Peninsular war, than by one who only writes his own reminiscences, which can never be supposed, or are meant, to be anything more than a few facts collected together from memory, and which, not having been known, or perhaps not thought worthy of insertion by those who have preceded him, are given to the public in the hope that they may not be thought uninteresting. It would be, nevertheless, wrong not to give the opinions of those who it is to be presumed were, or at all events thought themselves, competent to criticise the conduct of the two commanders. Sarrazin, in his memoir, says, "Why did not his Lordship attack him on the 24th of June, when the French General had so foolishly ventured

to the left bank of the Tormes? To say that his Lordship was besieging the forts of Salamanca is an idle answer. Eight hundred men might have been kept in check by an equal number, nay, by the population of Salamanca alone," (this I much doubt,) "and the whole allied army might have been employed against the French, whose unpardonable fault of crossing and recrossing the Tormes, as it were, under the cannon of the allies, was left unpunished!" It is not for me to decide the point, but unquestionably, the feeling in the army was, that a battle should have been fought at this time.

Meanwhile a fresh supply of shot reached our batteries, and on the 27th, their effect was so powerful, that one of the magazines in the principal fort blew up, and the fire communicating with a quantity of wood which had been incautiously placed near the magazine, the whole fort was soon one vast fire, and a general attack by our troops taking place at the moment, completed the disorder which naturally prevailed. The three forts were thus taken, and our loss, which was estimated by the enemy at thirteen hundred, did not much exceed one-third of that number; and Salamanca was freed from the enemy.

As soon as the garrison of the forts were made prisoners, they were marched through the streets leading from the outworks, to that part of the town that had been allotted for their reception; but it was painful to witness the degradation which these men were obliged to endure at the hands of the excited population. Women of the lowest grade insulted them, and some there were base enough to spit in their faces; yet the French soldiers bore all these insults with composure,—I might say, with truth,—gentlemanly demeanour; but it is not possible for me to express the disgust I felt at seeing brave men so treated by a base rabble, who, but a few hours before,

were on the most friendly terms with these very men. At one time, when I saw such an indignity as mud thrown at them, and a likelihood of something more serious taking place, I expressed myself in strong terms against the ruffians who so acted; and whether it was that I spoke Spanish well enough to be understood, or that I suited the action to the word, by knocking down two fellows who were the ringleaders, I know not; but from that moment the prisoners were allowed to move on quietly.

Thus fell the forts of Salamanca, and with them the hopes of the Imperial Army, so far as regarded their being able to keep the line of the former by so powerful a support; the more particularly, as the Duke of Ragusa was forced to await the junction of the army of the north, as it was called, under the Count Dorsine. On the 28th, he accordingly retrograded towards the Douro, and on the following day rested at Trahujos. Lord Wellington followed the enemy's movement, who, on the 2nd of July, passed the Douro at Tordesillas, which point was sufficiently formidable to embarrass a general who might be desirous of forcing it. The line of the Douro is unexceptionable; it possesses all the requisites which a retreating army could wish for,—uneven banks, narrow fords, and abundance of woods, sufficient to mask the operations of a large body of troops; and Marmont did all that a general could do to render any effort to force it more than hazardous.

On the evening of the 3rd, Picton's division was abreast of the ford of Pollos; some cavalry tried the depth of the river, which was deemed fordable; but the attitude of the enemy on the opposite bank was so imposing, that the idea of forcing the passage was given up. From the 3rd until the 12th of July, the two armies remained in presence of each other, encamped on each side of a river which at times is a

formidable sheet of water, but which was then little more than an insignificant stream. Nevertheless, although both armies kept their guards on their respective sides of the water, and that the movements of each were cautiously watched, not one life was lost, nor one shot fired by either army.

Indeed so different from hostility was the conduct of both nations, that the French and British lived upon the most amicable terms. If we wanted wood for the construction of huts, our men were allowed to pass without molestation to the French side of the river to cut it. Each day the soldiers of both armies used to bathe together in the same stream, and an exchange of rations, such as biscuit and rum, between the French and our men, was by no means uncommon. A stop was, however, soon to be put to this friendly intercourse; and it having been known in both armies that something was about to be attempted by Marmont, on the evening of the 12th of July, we shook hands with our *vis à vis* neighbours, and parted the best friends.

It is a remarkable fact that the part of the river of which I am speaking was occupied, on our side, by our third division; on the French side by the seventh division. The French officers said to us on parting, "We have met, and have been for some time friends. We are about to separate, and may meet as enemies. As 'friends' we received each other warmly—as 'enemies' we shall do the same." In ten days afterwards the British third and the French seventh divisions were opposed to each other at the battle of Salamanca,—and the seventh French were destroyed by the British third: but I am now about describing one of the most memorable battles ever fought by the British army—the battle of Salamanca.

CHAPTER III.

State of the opposing armies, previously to the Battle of Salamanca — Preliminary movements — Nelson at Trafalgar— Pakenham's division—The Duke of Ragusa's false movement—Pakenham engaged with the enemy's left—Defeats the division under General Thomier—Reinforced, they again advance to the attack—Their destruction by a brigade of British Cavalry—The Portuguese repulsed—Desperate exertions of the French—Final charge of Clinton's division— Complete defeat of the French army.

THE situation and position of the hostile armies have been described in the last chapter; it left them on the banks of the Douro: and the probability, nay the certainty, that a collision was about to take place between them was manifest to the lowest soldier of both. This collision did take place in a few days afterwards; and as the battle about to be recorded stands in one of the first, if not the very first, classes of those memorable combats in which the British army contended, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to detail with some minuteness the actual strength of the two armies, as likewise the end proposed by each commander. But to do so I must go back a little.

I have before stated that every effort that could be

made to place the army of Lord Wellington in that state to ensure the success of an advance into the heart of Spain, had been attended to; its arrival at Salamanca, and the success of its operations before the forts of that city have been described; and it now only remains, before detailing the great events which followed, to briefly mention the views of his opponent. They were based upon one principle, and one only—namely, to take the field with an army that, after weeks of consideration and calculation, was deemed competent, not only to keep Lord Wellington at bay, but to take advantage of any fault he might commit, and to profit by it on the moment. The French General had no one to controul him; because, since the opening of the campaign in May, he had no communication with France; his acts were his own—unshackled, unrestricted. It is, therefore, plain that he courted the meeting which subsequently took place on the plains of Salamanca; but it is nevertheless due to him, and but fair to state, that if he was not commanded, he could not be said to command any troops except those placed under his immediate orders; for the French Generals at the head of detached corps, from the want of a competent chief, were each invested with power to act according to their own particular discretion; and thus the machinery of the French army became dislocated and disjointed beyond the possibility of cure. Of all this the Marshal Duke of Ragusa was aware; he weighed well the force, and the description of force, he had in hand; he was not ignorant of the numbers as well as the quality of the troops of his opponent; therefore upon his head must be attached the disgrace of the total failure of the campaign, which he opened with the idea that its conclusion would be the total overthrow of the Anglo-Portuguese army; and it is now only left to state the

number of soldiers that filled the ranks of both armies. It was this:—

The army of Lord Wellington counted fifty thousand men—horse, foot, and artillery; but they were composed of different nations; some without discipline, or order; others without that *esprit* necessary to encounter even the French riflemen; and all—twenty thousand British veterans excepted—unable to withstand a regular attack from a French column. Thus then the brunt of the battle was to be sustained by those twenty thousand British. So it seemed, and so it was. The artillery counted fifty guns, and the cavalry three thousand sabres, or thereabouts, two thousand of which were British. This was the amount and description of force that Lord Wellington had in hand to stem the torrent which was directed against him.

The French Marshal, if he could not boast of the same number of infantry, had nevertheless under his command forty-two thousand veteran Frenchmen. His cavalry, it is true, were, at the commencement of the campaign, inferior in number to that of the Allied army; but numbers, in comparison to the quality of the troops is as nought! He had two thousand French horsemen; yet he, with great care, and at the risk of his popularity with the army, caused a thousand horses to be seized and taken from those of his officers who were not entitled to have them (their full value being paid to the owners): and thus reinforced, his horsemen were equal in number to those commanded by the British General. The artillery consisted of twelve brigades of six guns each; and while he seemed in doubt as to the plan he would adopt, General Bonnet, with an entire division, joined him from the Asturias, and thus reinforced, he decided upon crossing the Douro.

The line of the Douro has been already described.

Its passage in presence of an army in a condition for battle is difficult; and it requires much circumspection on the part of the General to hazard it in the face of an enemy. The French Marshal employed the days of the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of July in a series of evolutions we had hitherto been unaccustomed to witness; and, in fine, on the morning of the 17th, after having made a night-march of thirteen Spanish leagues, his army was in battle array on the plain to the right of Nava del Rey, and immediately facing the ford of Tordesillas, while the bulk of our army was in full movement upon Toro, distant several leagues from the 4th and light divisions and the two brigades of heavy horse. The village of Tordesillas de la Orden was in their front.

Marmont finding how well the passage of the Douro had been masked by his night-march, and seeing the small number of troops that were at hand to oppose his movement, ordered his masses forward in the hope of crushing them. The 4th and light divisions, covered by Bock's heavy dragoons, retired upon the rising ground behind the villages. At this point various charges were made by the cavalry of both armies; and it was not until after a retreat of three hours, under a burning sun and a torrent of shot, that the two divisions reached the heights of the Guarena. The soldiers, famishing with thirst, their tongues cleaving to their mouths, and fainting with fatigue, rushed headlong towards the river; and before they had drank sufficiently to satisfy their burning thirst, the heights above them were crowned with forty pieces of cannon at half-range. Great was the confusion caused by the cannonade; and it was not without suffering some loss that they effected their retreat to the opposite bank. In less than an hour they joined the 1st and 3rd divisions, and the entire continued the retrograde movement.

The French then advanced in two columns of twenty-five thousand men each; the intervening space between them might be reckoned at two miles. The right wing commanded by Clausel, the left by Marmont in person. Clausel had scarcely arrived before the point occupied by the 4th division, when, seeing the smallness of their force, he conceived the idea of making a sudden rush, in the hope of cutting them off. His troops had scarcely formed when he pushed onward at the head of two divisions of infantry and the brigade of dragoons commanded by General Carrie; but, Cole, placing himself at the head of the 27th and 40th Regiments, received him with steadiness, and drove the French infantry back in disorder. Meanwhile Carrie, seeing some open spaces in Cole's line, caused by their movement against Clausel's infantry, thought to profit by this disorder, and galloping forward at the head of his troopers, sabred many men; but at this moment the cavalry sent to sustain Cole met them, and after a severe but short conflict, totally overthrew the brigade of Carrie, who was himself numbered amongst the prisoners.

The defeat of Clausel and Carrie checked in a great degree the ardour of the French Marshal. The following day he rested; and on the 19th threw back his right wing, and moving forward with the left of his army menaced the right of the British; but Lord Wellington, anticipating the movement, was prepared for him, and offered battle on the plain of Yelosa. This was refused on the part of the French General; and from this until the 20th, the two armies manœuvred within half cannon-shot of each other, the British retiring as it had advanced—moving, not directly rearward, but rather in a line parallel with the march of the French. The columns were in movement in an open country, fairly in the view of each other, and their respective attitudes were of that novel sort that

it would be difficult to find the like recorded in the history of any two armies. At times the French and British were within musket-shot of each other, the soldiers of both in momentary expectation of being engaged, yet not one shot was fired by either.

On the 20th, the British army reached the strong position of San Christoval, on the right bank of the Tormes, distant a league from Salamanca, the French General likewise resting for the night upon the heights of Aldea Rubea, holding the ford of Alba on the Tormes. Towards mid-day on the 21st the French passed the river in two compact bodies, and, screened by the woody nature of the country, established themselves upon a new line of operations, threatening, in a manner, the communication of the British with Rodrigo. This manœuvre—a bold one it may well be called—under the cannon of an army that had proffered battle but a few days before on a plain of vast extent, was enough to puzzle a man less capable of command than he who was at the head of the Allied army; but, unruffled in his temper by such vacillating conduct, and keeping a steady eye upon his opponent, the British General diligently followed his track. He passed his army, the third division under Packenham excepted, across the Tormes, and taking hold of one of two isolated spots called Arapilles, he resolved to rest the right of his army upon this point while his left leaned upon the Tormes river at Santha Martha, and, in the event of a battle taking place, to stand the issue on the ground I have described. The third division still held the position of San Christoval on the right bank, but was in readiness to pass over the river by the bridge of Salamanca, in the event of a battle taking place. The British General thus threw down the gauntlet for the second time; and whether it was the impetuous spirit of the French soldiers, or the temper of their leader, or both combined, wrought a

change in either, it is not easy to say; but one thing is certain, that from this moment Marmont made up his mind to try the issue of a battle.

In front of the Arapilles hill, which was the *point d' appui* for our right, stood another of the same name of greater altitude, distant five hundred yards from the one we possessed. This mound commanded the one occupied by us, and, after some severe contention, was finally held by the French; and it was evident from the earnest manner in which they sought to gain the possession of it, that it was destined to be the support of the left of their army, as the other was clearly marked out, by the previous events, to be intended for our right.

All doubts as to a battle not taking place were now hushed; and the soldiers of both armies were aware that the result was to decide to whom Madrid belonged. The die was cast; neither were inclined to back out of it, or to gainsay what they had in a manner pledged themselves to fulfil; and the evening of the 21st July, 1812, closed upon the heads of many a man who was destined never again to behold the setting of that sun. Nevertheless, the third division under Packenham had not been recalled; on the contrary, they were busy in throwing up breastworks, and by other means adding to the strength of the position they occupied. This division, though encamped on a height of considerable altitude, had received strict orders to intrench themselves; the earth was thrown up, the works were pallisadoed, and in fine they were so well secured, that they had no fear of an attack or surprise. It is this precaution that marks the great general. Lord Wellington had no idea of being taken aback by any change in Marmont's plans during the night: on the contrary he was convinced that he was serious in his desire to give battle; but to guard against any and every chance was but right.

Marmont might have again, on the night of the 21st, passed the river, and brought his army in battle array before a handful of men, and cut them off piecemeal before his movement could have been arrested by the British General. The thing was not probable—barely possible; but where possibilities, much less probabilities, exist, it is essential that the mind of the commander should be awake, and instead of brooding over what is likely to take place the following day, look to what may take place in the night. It was a remark of that eminent general, Kleber, that to be surprised was much more disgraceful than to be defeated: he said, "the bravest man may be beaten; but whoever suffers himself to be surprised is unworthy of being an officer."

At Trafalgar, when Collingwood was leading on the centre ships of attack, Nelson attentively watched him —saw what was right,—and then looked about him to see what was wrong! He observed that the ships of the combined French and Spanish Fleets had the hoops round their masts painted yellow, while the British—five ships excepted, which carried yellow hoops also—were black. Judging that some mistake might occur in the heat of the action, he made a signal to the yellow-hooped ships. It was seen and acknowledged. "Paint your hoops black" was the order. In less than an hour afterwards, one of the ships, which had changed the colour of her hoops from yellow to black, was engaged with a Spanish seventy-four. In the confusion, a British ship fired a broadside into her companion—the smoke cleared away—her masts were seen—the sailors called out—"She is one of us—she has black hoops, don't fire again;" and the ship was saved from another broadside, which would in all probability have sent her to the bottom. This circumstance, which, when the order was given, might have seemed to many as trifling,

while other events of more consequence were taking place, and, to the common eye, of greater import, was by no means so trifling as might at first have appeared. It is trifles like these that have oftentimes decided the fate, not only of a battle, but an empire.

The evening of the 21st of July was calm, and appeared settled, but persons well versed in those symptoms in the horizon which were unobserved by others, (who were unacquainted with their meaning, or so intensely occupied with the anticipations of the events which the morrow was to produce that they did not remark them,) pronounced that a hurricane was not distant. Packenham's division was occupied, as I have before said, in entrenching themselves, when about ten at night a torrent of rain fell in the trenches, and so completely filled them with water, that the soldiers were obliged to desist from their labour. Later in the night a storm arose, and the wind howled in long and bitter gusts. This was succeeded by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, so loud and vivid, that the horses of the cavalry, which were ready saddled, took alarm, and forcing the pickets which held them, ran away affrighted in every direction. The thunder rolled in rattling peals, the lightning darted through the black and almost suffocating atmosphere, and presented to the view of the soldiers of the two armies the horses as they ran about from regiment to regiment, or allowed themselves to be led back to their bivouac by the troopers to whom they belonged. The vivid flashes of lightning, which seemed to rest upon the grass, for a few moments wholly illuminated the plain, and the succeeding flashes occurred with such rapidity, that a constant blaze filled the space occupied by both armies. It was long before the horses could be secured, and some in the confusion ran away amongst the enemy's line, and were lost. By midnight the storm began to abate, and towards morning

it was evidently going farther: the lightning flashed at a distance through the horizon; the rain fell in torrents, and the soldiers of both armies were drenched to the skin before the hurricane had abated. Towards five o'clock the storm was partially over, and by six the dusky vapour which had before veiled the sun disappeared, and showed the two armies standing in the array they had been placed the evening before. All doubts were now set at rest as to which side of the river the battle would be fought. The entire army of Marmont remained on the left bank, and Packenham was ordered to move across the Tormes with the third division, by the bridge of Salamanca, with as much speed as possible; but it was one o'clock before it reached the station allotted to it—the extreme right of the British.

At half-past one o'clock the two armies were within gun-shot of each other; the British, placed as follows, awaited with calmness the orders of their General. The third division, under Packenham, were on the right of the line, but hid by the heights in their front, and unseen by Marmont; two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, and a brigade of Portuguese horse, commanded by General D'Urban, supported them. Next to the third division stood the fifth, led on by Leith; next to the fifth, and at the head of the village of Arapilles, were placed the fourth and seventh divisions; beyond them, and a little in the rear, was the sixth division, under General Clinton; and to the left of all was the light division commanded by Colonel Barnard. The first division, composed of the Guards and Germans, were in reserve; and the cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, was behind the third and fifth divisions, ready to act as circumstances might require. The guns attached to each brigade were up with the infantry; the park in reserve was behind the cavalry of Cotton, while in the rear of all, and nearly *hors de*

combat, might be seen the Spanish army, commanded by Don Carlos D'Espana. Thus stood affairs, on the side of the British, at half-past one o'clock.

The French army, composed of seven divisions of infantry, amounting to forty-two thousand men, four thousand cavalry, and seventy pieces of artillery, occupied a fine line of battle behind a ridge, whose right, supported by the Arapilles height held by them, overlooked the one upon which the left of our army rested. The fifth division occupied this point; the 122d Regiment, belonging to Bonnet's division, with a brigade of guns, crowned the Arapilles; the seventh division supported the 122d Regiment; the second division was in reserve behind the seventh; the sixth were at the head of the wood, protected by twenty pieces of artillery; and Boyer's dragoons occupied the open space in front of the wood to the left of all.

There was some irregularity in the arrangement of these troops, and the Duke of Ragusa essayed in person to remedy the evil. He marched with the third and fourth divisions to the head of the wood occupied by Boyer, and it was then he conceived the idea of extending his left, which afterwards proved so fatal to him. On our side all was arranged for defence; the bustle which was evident in the ranks of the enemy, caused no change in our dispositions. Lord Wellington having surveyed what was passing, and judging that something was meant by it, gave his glass to one of his aide-de-camps, while he himself sat down to eat a few mouthfuls of cold beef. He had scarcely commenced when his aide-de-camp said, "The enemy are in motion, my Lord!" "Very well; observe what they are doing," was the reply. A minute or so elapsed, when the aide-de-camp said, "I think they are extending to the left." "The devil they are!" said his Lordship, springing upon his feet,—"give me the glass, quickly." He took it, and for a short space continued observing

the motions of the enemy with earnest attention. "Come!" he exclaimed, "I think this will do at last,—ride off instantly, and tell Clinton and Leith to return as rapidly as possible to their former ground."

In a moment afterwards Lord Wellington was on horseback, and all his staff in motion. The soldiers stood to their arms—the colours were uncased—bayonets fixed—the order to prime and load passed, and in five minutes after the false movement of Marmont was discovered, our army, which so short a time before stood on the defensive, was arrayed for the attack! It was twenty minutes past four when these dispositions were completed; and here it may not be amiss to tell the reader the nature of the movement made by the French General, which so materially altered his position, as likewise that of his antagonist—and in doing so I shall be as brief as I can.

It has been already seen that both armies were so circumstanced as to almost preclude the possibility of a battle not taking place. Marmont coveted it—Wellington did not seek to decline it—both had the confidence of their soldiers—and both, as to numbers, might be said to be on an equality. When I speak of "numbers," I include the Portuguese troops. Military men know what was the *real* value of these soldiers! At two o'clock in the afternoon Marmont was the aggressor; he held the higher hand; yet at four, in two short hours afterwards, the relative situation of both was altogether changed. The natural question will be—How was this? It occurred just as I am about to describe.

The two armies took their ground under the impression that the French would attack, the British defend. All this was plain; but Marmont had no sooner mounted his horse and taken a survey of the field of battle, than he conceived the idea—like Melas at

Marengo—of extending his line, and that by marching his seventh division to a distance to his left, he might cause an alarm in the breast of the British General for the safety of his communication with the Rodrigo road, and in a manner circumvent his movements. Lord Wellington, at a glance, saw all that was passing in the mind of his antagonist—he saw the error he had committed; and calculating that his third division, distant but three quarters of a league from the French fourth, would reach them before the seventh French division could retrace their steps and be in a position fitted for fighting, he decided upon attacking the left before this division, commanded by Thomier, could regain its ground, or at all events be in an efficient state to resist the attack of his invincible old third. The result proved the soundness of the calculation, because, although Thomiers got into his place in the fight, he did so before his men had foreseen or expected it, and their total overthrow was in itself sufficient to cause the loss of this great battle.

The soldiers had but just resumed their arms when Lord Wellington, at the head of his staff appeared amongst them. The officers had not taken their places in the column, but were in a group together in front of it. As Lord Wellington rode up to Packenham, every eye was turned towards him. He looked paler than usual, but notwithstanding the sudden change he had just made in the disposition of his army, he was quite unruffled in his manner, and as calm as if the battle about to be fought was nothing more than an ordinary assemblage of the troops for a field-day. His words were few, and his orders brief. Tapping Packenham on the shoulder, he said, "Edward, move on with the third division —take the heights in your front,—and drive everything before you." "I will, my Lord," was the laconic reply of the gallant Sir Edward. Lord Wellington galloped

on to the next division, gave, I suppose, orders to the same effect; and in less than half an hour the battle commenced.

The British divisions were scarcely incorporated when fifty pieces of artillery crowned the ridge occupied by the French. A heavy fire was soon opened from this park at half range, and as the fourth and fifth divisions advanced, they were assailed by a very formidable fire; but as yet the French infantry, posted behind the ridge were not visible; Cole's troops advanced to the left of the Arapilles height, while Pack, with his brigade of Portuguese, two thousand strong, pressed onward to attain it. The fifth division, under Leith, advanced by the right of Cole's troops; and at this moment the French seventh division were seen hurrying back to occupy the ground they had so short a time before quitted, while the third and fourth French divisions were arranging themselves to receive the attack of Cole and Leith.

When all was in readiness, Packenham departed at the head of ten battalions and two brigades of guns, to force the left of the enemy. Three battalions, the 45th, 74th, and 88th, under Colonel Alexander Wallace, of the 88th, composed the first line; the 9th and 21st, Portuguese of the line, under the Portuguese Colonel, De Champlimond, formed the second line; while two battalions of the 5th, the 77th, 83d, and 94th, British, under the command of Colonel Campbell, were in reserve. Such was the disposition of the third division. In addition, General D'Urban, with six squadrons, had orders to make head against Boyer's dragoons; and that the third division might not be molested in its operation, Le Marchant's three regiments of heavy cavalry were placed in reserve in the rear of it. It now only remains to relate what actually happened.

No sooner was Packenham in motion towards the

heights, than the ridge he was about to assail was crowned with twenty pieces of cannon, while in the rear of this battery were seen Thomiers' division endeavouring to regain its place in the combat. A flat space, one thousand yards in breadth, was to be crossed before Packenham could reach the heights. The French batteries opened a heavy fire, while the two brigades of artillery, commanded by Captain Douglas, posted on a rising ground behind the third division, replied to them with much warmth. Packenham's men might thus be said to be within two fires; that of their own guns firing over their heads, while the French balls passed through their ranks, ploughing up the ground in every direction; but the veteran troops which composed the third division were not to be shaken even by this.

Wallace's three regiments advanced in open column until within two hundred and fifty yards of the ridge held by the French infantry. Thomiers' column, five thousand strong, had by this time reached their ground, while in their front, the face of the hill had been hastily garnished with riflemen. All were impatient to engage, and the calm but stern advance of Wallace's brigade was received with beating of drums and loud cheers from the French, whose light troops hoping to take advantage of the time which the deploying from column into line would take, ran down the face of the hill in a state of great excitément; but Packenham, who was naturally of a boiling spirit and hasty temper, was on this day perfectly cool. He told Wallace to form line from open column without halting, and thus the different companies, by throwing forward their right shoulders were in line without the slow manœuvre of a deployment. Astonished at the rapidity of the movement, the French riflemen commenced an irregular and hurried fire, and even at this early stage of the battle a looker-on could, from the difference in the

demeanour of the troops of the two nations, form a tolerably correct opinion of what would be the result.

Regardless of the fire of the riflemen, and the showers of grape and canister, Packenham, at the head of Wallace's brigade, continued to press onward; his centre suffered, but still advanced; his left and right being less oppressed by the weight of the fire, continued to advance at a more rapid pace, and as his wings inclined forward and outstripped the centre, his right brigade assumed the form of a crescent. The manœuvre was a bold, as well as a novel one, and the appearance of the brigade imposing and unique, because it so happened that all the British officers were in front of their men—a rare occurrence. The French officers were also in front; but their relative duties were widely different: the latter, encouraging their men into the heat of the battle; the former keeping their devoted soldiers back!—what a splendid national contrast! Amongst the mounted officers was Sir Edward Packenham and his staff, Wallace of the 88th, commanding the brigade, and his gallant aide-de-camp, Mackie, (at last a Captain—in his regular turn!) Majors Murphy, and Seton of the 88th, Colonels Forbes and Greenwell of the 45th, Colonel Trench of the 74th, and several others whose names I cannot now remember.

In spite of the fire of Thomier's *tirailleurs*, they continued at the head of the right brigade, while the soldiers, with their firelocks on the rest, followed close upon the heels of their officers, like troops accustomed to conquer. They speedily got footing upon the brow of the hill, but before they had time to take breath, Thomier's entire division, with drums beating and uttering loud shouts, ran forward to meet them, and belching forth a torrent of bullets from five thousand muskets, brought down almost the entire of Wallace's first rank, and more than half of

his officers. The brigade staggered back from the force of the shock, but before the smoke had altogether cleared away, Wallace, looking full in the faces of his soldiers, pointed to the French column, and leading the shattered brigade up the hill, without a moment's hesitation, brought them face to face before the French had time to witness the terrible effect of their murderous fire.

Astounded by the unshaken determination of Wallace's soldiers, Thomier's division wavered: nevertheless they opened a heavy discharge of musketry, but it was unlike the former,—it was irregular and ill-directed, the men acted without concert or method, and many fired in the air. At length their fire ceased altogether, and the three regiments, for the first time, cheered! The effect was electric; Thomier's troops were seized with a panic, and as Wallace closed upon them, his men could distinctly remark their bearing. Their mustachioed faces, one and all, presented the same ghastly hue, a horrid family likeness throughout: and as they stood to receive the shock they were about to be assailed with, they reeled to and fro like men intoxicated.

The French officers did all that was possible, by voice, gesture, and example, to rouse their men to a proper sense of their situation, but in vain. One, the colonel of the leading regiment (the 22nd), seizing a firelock, and beckoning to his men to follow, ran forward a few paces and shot Major Murphy dead in front of the 88th: however, his career soon closed: a bullet, the first that had been fired from our ranks, pierced his head: he flung up his arms, fell forward, and expired.

The brigade, which till this time cheerfully bore up against the heavy fire they had been exposed to without returning a shot, were now impatient, and the 88th greatly excited: for Murphy, dead and bleeding,

with one foot hanging in the stirrup-iron, was dragged by his affrighted horse along the front of his regiment. The soldiers became exasperated, and asked to be let forward. Packenham, seeing that the proper moment had arrived, called out to Wallace "to let them loose." The three regiments ran onward, and the mighty phalanx, which but a moment before was so formidable, loosened and fell in pieces before fifteen hundred invincible British soldiers fighting in a line of only two deep.

Wallace, seeing the terrible confusion that prevailed in the enemy's column, pressed on with his brigade, calling to his soldiers "to push on to the muzzle." A vast number were killed in this charge of bayonets, but the men, wearied by their exertions, the intolerable heat of the weather, and famishing from thirst, were nearly run to a stand still.

Immediately on our left, the fifth division were discharging vollies against the French fourth: and Pack's brigade could be seen mounting the Arapilles height, but disregarding every thing except the complete destruction of the column before him: Packenham followed it with the brigade of Wallace, supported by the reserves of his division. The battle at this point would have been decided on the moment, had the heavy horse, under Le Marchant, been near enough to sustain him. The confusion of the enemy was so great, that they became mixed pell-mell together without any regard to order or regularity: and it was manifest that nothing short of a miracle could save Thomier's from total destruction. Sir Edward continued to press on at the head of Wallace's brigade, but Thomier's troops outran him. Had Le Marchant been aware of this state of the combat, or been near enough to profit by it, Packenham would have settled the business by six o'clock instead of seven. An hour at any time, during a battle, is a serious lapse of time;

but in this action every minute was of vital import. Day was rapidly drawing to a close; the Tormes was close behind the army of Marmont; ruin stared him in the face; in a word, his left wing was doubled up—lost; and Packenham could have turned to the support of the fourth and fifth divisions, had our cavalry been on the spot ready to back Wallace at the moment he pierced the column. This, beyond doubt, was the moment by which to profit, that the enemy might not have time to recollect himself; but while Le Marchant was preparing to take a part in the combat, Thomier, with admirable presence of mind, remedied the terrible confusion of his division, and calling up a fresh brigade to his support, once more led his men into the fight, assumed the offensive, and Packenham was now about to be assailed in turn. This was the most critical moment of the battle at this point. Boyer's horsemen stood before us, inclining towards our right, which was flanked by two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons and two regiments of Portuguese cavalry; but we had little dependence on the Portuguese, and it behoved us to look to ourselves.

Led on by the ardour of conquest, we had followed the column until we at length found ourselves in an open plain, intersected with cork trees, opposed by a multitude who, reinforced, again rallied and turned upon us with fury. Packenham and Wallace rode along the line from wing to wing, almost from rank to rank, and fulfilled the functions of adjutants, in assisting the officers to re-organize the tellings-off of their men for square. Meanwhile the first battalion of the 5th drove back some squadrons of Boyer's dragoons; the other six regiments were fast approaching the point held by Wallace, but the attitude of the French cavalry in our front and upon our right flank caused some uneasiness.

The peals of musketry along the centre still con-

tinued without intermission; the smoke was so thick that nothing to our left was distinguishable; some men of the fifth division got intermingled with ours; the dry grass was set on fire by the numerous cartridge-papers that strewed the field of battle; the air was scorching; and the smoke, rolling onward in huge volumes, nearly suffocated us. A loud cheering was heard in our rear; the brigade half turned round, supposing themselves about to be attacked by the French cavalry. Wallace called out to his men to mind the tellings-off for square. A few seconds passed —the trampling of horses was heard—the smoke cleared away, and the heavy brigade of Le Marchant was seen coming forward in line at a canter. "Open right and left" was an order quickly obeyed; the line opened, the cavalry passed through the intervals, and, forming rapidly in our front, prepared for their work.

The French column, which a moment before held so imposing an attitude, became startled at this unexpected sight. A victorious and highly-excited infantry pressing close upon them: a splendid brigade of three regiments of cavalry ready to burst through their ill-arranged and beaten column, while no appearance of succour was at hand to protect them, was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The plain was filled with the vast multitude: retreat was impossible: and the troopers came still pouring in to join their comrades, already prepared for the attack. Hastily, yet with much regularity, all things considered, they attempted to get into square: but Le Marchant's brigade galloped forward before the evolution was half completed. The column hesitated, wavered, tottered, and then stood still! The motion of the countless bayonets as they clashed together might be likened to a forest about to be assailed by a tempest, whose first warnings announce the ravage it is about to inflict. Thomier's division vomited forth a dreadful

volley of fire as the horsemen thundered across the flat! Le Marchant was killed, and fell downright in the midst of the French bayonets: but his brigade pierced through the vast mass, killing or trampling down all before them. The conflict was severe, and the troopers fell thick and fast: but their long heavy swords cut through bone as well as flesh. The groans of the dying, the cries of the wounded, the roar of the cannon, and the piteous moans of the mangled horses, as they ran away affrighted from the terrible scene, or lying with shattered limbs, unable to move, in the midst of the burning grass, was enough to unman men not placed as we were: but upon us it had a different effect, and our cheers were heard far from the spot where this fearful scene was acting.

Such as got away from the sabres of the horsemen sought safety amongst the ranks of our infantry; and scrambling under the horses, ran to us for protection: like men who, having escaped the first shock of a wreck, will cling to any broken spar, no matter how little to be depended upon. Hundreds of beings, frightfully disfigured, in whom the human face and form were almost obliterated—black with dust, worn down with fatigue, and covered with sabre-cuts and blood—threw themselves amongst us for safety. Not a man was bayoneted—not one even molested or plundered; and the invincible old third division on this day surpassed themselves; for they not only defeated their terrible enemies in a fair stand-up fight, but actually covered their retreat, and protected them at a moment when, without such aid, their total annihilation was certain. Under similar circumstances would the French haved acted so? I fear not. The men who murdered Ponsonby at Waterloo, when he was alone and unprotected, would have shown but little courtesy to the third division, placed in a similar way.

Nine pieces of artillery, two eagles, and five thousand prisoners were captured at this point; still the battle raged with unabated fury on our left, immediately in front of the fifth division. Leith fell wounded as he led on his men, but his division carried the point in dispute, and drove the enemy before them up the hill.

While those events were taking place on the right, the fourth division, which formed the centre of the army, met with a serious opposition. The more distant Arapilles, occupied by the French 122nd, whose numbers did not count more than four hundred, supported by a few pieces of cannon, was left to the Portuguese brigade of General Pack, amounting to two thousand bayonets. With fatal, though well-founded reliance—their former conduct taken into the scale—Cole's division advanced into the plain, confident that all was right with Pack's troops, and a terrible struggle between them and Bonnet's corps took place. It was, however, but of short duration. Bonnet's soldiers were driven back in confusion; and up to this moment all had gone on well. The three British divisions engaged, overthrew every obstacle, and the battle might be said to be won, had Pack's formidable brigade—formidable in numbers at least—fulfilled their part; but these men totally failed in their effort to take the height occupied only by a few hundred Frenchmen, and thus gave the park of artillery that was posted with them full liberty to turn its efforts against the rear and flank of Cole's soldiers. Nothing could be worse than the state in which the fourth division was now placed; and the battle, which ought to have been, and had been in a manner, won, was still in doubt.

Bonnet, seeing the turn which Pack's failure had wrought in his favour, re-formed his men, and advanced against Cole, while the fire from the battery

and small arms on the Arapilles height completed the confusion. Cole fell wounded; half of his division were cut off; the remainder in full retreat; and Bonnet's troops pressing on in a compact body, made it manifest that a material change had taken place in the battle, and that ere it was gained some ugly up-hill work was yet to be done.

Marshal Beresford, who arrived at the moment, galloped up at the head of a brigade of the fifth division, which he took out of the second line, and, for a moment covered the retreat of Cole's troops; but this force—composed of Portuguese—was insufficient to arrest the progress of the enemy, who advanced in the full confidence of an assured victory; and at this critical moment Beresford was carried off the field wounded. Bonnet's troops advanced, loudly cheering, while the entire of Cole's division and Spry's brigade of Portuguese were routed. Our centre was thus endangered. Boyer's dragoons, after the overthrow of the French left, countermarched and moved rapidly to the support of Bonnet; they were close in the track of his infantry; and the fate of the battle was still uncertain. The fugitives of the seventh and fourth French divisions ran to the succour of Bonnet, and by the time they had joined him his force had indeed assumed a formidable aspect: and thus reinforced, it stood in an attitude far different from what it would have done had Pack's brigade succeeded in its attack.

Lord Wellington, who saw what had taken place by the failure of Pack's troops, ordered up the sixth division to the support of the fourth: and the battle, although it was half-past eight o'clock at night, recommenced with the same fury as at the onset.

Clinton's division, consisting of six thousand bayonets, rapidly advanced to assert its place in the combat, and relieve the fourth from the awkward predicament

in which it was placed, and essayed to gain what was lost by the failure of Pack's troops in their feeble effort to wrest the Arapilles height from a few brave Frenchmen: but they were received by Bonnet's troops at the point of the bayonet, and the fire opened against them seemed to be threefold more heavy than that sustained by the third and fifth divisions. It was nearly dark: and the great glare of light caused by the thunder of the artillery, the continued blaze of the musketry, and the burning grass, gave to the face of the hill a novel and terrific appearance: it was one vast sheet of flame: and Clinton's men looked as if they were attacking a burning mountain, the crater of which was defended by a barrier of shining steel. But nothing could stop the intrepid valour of the sixth division, as they advanced with a desperate resolution to carry the hill. The troops posted on the face of it to arrest their advance were trampled down and destroyed at the first charge, and each reserve sent forward to extricate them met with the same fate. Still Bonnet's reserves having attained their place in the fight, and the fugitives from Thomier's division joining them at the moment, prolonged the battle until dark. Those men, besmeared with blood, dust, and clay, half naked, and some carrying only broken weapons, fought with a fury not to be surpassed: but their impetuosity was at length calmed by the bayonets of Clinton's troops, and they no longer fought for victory but for safety. After a frightful struggle, they were driven from their last hold in confusion: and a general and overwhelming charge, which the nature of the ground enabled Clinton to make, carried this ill-formed mass of desperate soldiers before him, as a shattered wreck borne along by the force of some mighty current.

The mingled mass of fugitives fled to the woods and to the river for safety; and under cover of the

night succeeded in gaining the pass of Alba over the Tormes. It was now ten o'clock at night: the battle was ended. At this point it had been confined to a small space, and the ground, trampled and stained deep, gave ample evidence of the havoc that had taken place. Lord Wellington, overcome as he was with fatigue, placed himself at the head of the 1st and light divisions and a brigade of cavalry, and following closely the retreating footsteps of the enemy, with those troops who had not fired a shot during the conflict, left the remnant of his victorious army to sleep upon the field of battle they had so hardly won.

CHAPTER IV.

Importance of the Battle of Salamanca—Consequences of defeat —Gallantry of Captain Robert Nickle—Pursuit of the defeated Army of Marshal Marmont—French Infantry in square broken and destroyed by Cavalry—March on Madrid—Frolics at St. Ildefonso—Sudden attack of the French Lancers—Disgraceful conduct of the Portuguese Dragoons.

No battle since that of Marengo, in 1800, which opened the gates of Vienna to the first Consul of France, has been fought, whose consequences ought to be more duly appreciated than the battle of Salamanca.

While the north of Europe attracted the notice of the world by the gigantic efforts made by the French Emperor to conquer and to crush Russia, all eyes were at the same time turned towards the Peninsula, in the hope, though not exactly in the expectation, of seeing a stand made there, which might mar the designs of one who it would appear was determined at all hazards to lay prostrate at his feet the civilized world from the port of Archangel to the bay of Cadiz.

Philosophers, historians, and statesmen were all on the tiptoe of expectation to witness an event which, while it puzzled many as to its probable result, made

nine-tenths of Europe turn pale for the consequences. Independent of any other reasons—and there were many of much heavier weight in the scale—curiosity prompted many to reason as to the probability of one extraordinary, but certainly great man, being able to wield two armies with success in climes so many hundred leagues distant from each other, at one and the same moment. A war carried on on such a vast scale has not been recorded in modern times at least; and it may not come amiss to the reader if I touch on the consequences that might have followed the defeat of the British army on the plains of Salamanca, as also the results that actually followed that splendid victory.

Had that battle been lost, the disasters of the French army before Moscow would have been of little account in the scale of the south, and the Imperial Eagles would have soared with the same splendour, from Madrid to Cadiz, or perhaps to Lisbon, as if no event of importance had occurred beyond the Vistula. Portugal would have been then open to invasion—the siege of Cadiz continued—the lines of Lisbon once more invested—and what then?—why, the probable withdrawal of the British army from the Peninsula. Portugal would be thus conquered—Spain laid prostrate—England in utter dismay,—and one hundred and fifty thousand veteran French troops marched across the Pyrenees to take a part in the combats of Leipsic and Lutzen. These would have been the results of a defeat at Salamanca; and who is the man bold enough to say what the results in the north of Europe would have been, had such an augmentation of force—which would have been certain—joined Napoleon in the end of 1812, or even in the spring of 1813? As it was he gained the battle of Lutzen with a "green army." Had he been backed by one hundred and fifty thousand veteran troops from Spain, it requires no conjuror to tell what the upshot would

have been. These are the consequences which would have followed a defeat at Salamanca. The gaining that battle placed matters on a different footing; Portugal had nothing to dread—Soult was forced to raise the siege of Cadiz—Madrid was evacuated, and Castille and Andalusia were freed from the presence of a French force: but, above all, no reinforcement of any account durst leave Spain to succour the French army in the north of Europe; and the European struggle was brought to a favourable result, and England saved from invasion—perhaps conquest! But those services of the Peninsular army are forgotten, and unrewarded.

The battle of Salamanca has been attempted to be described by me in the preceding Chapter. I say "attempted," because it is not possible for me, possessing the limited means I have at my disposal, to give a full account of this important battle; and one which was held in such high estimation by Lord Wellington himself, that he selected it in preference to all his other victories as that most fitting to be fought over in "sham fight," on the plains of St. Denys, in the presence of the three crowned heads who occupied Paris after the second abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, in 1815. It was not only a hard-fought battle—a battle of points—but it was a parade battle in the fullest acceptation of the word. It was unlike those that had preceded it, where the bravery, and the bravery only, of the British soldier was to be called into the scale, and nothing else left to him but to defend the ground he occupied "to the death." But on this day the British soldier proved that he was as quick in movement as the redoubtable Imperial Veteran, and that he was able to foil him with his own weapon—rapidity of motion.

At ten o'clock at night, Lord Wellington at the head of twelve thousand infantry, and two thousand horsemen, was in pursuit of the routed and discomfited

army of Marmont, while the bulk of his own soldiers lay on the field of battle. The results of that battle were—prisoners, one hundred and thirty officers, seven thousand five hundred men, two eagles, and fourteen guns. The field of battle was heaped with the slain, and the total loss of the enemy may be estimated at seventeen thousand: it has been reckoned by some writers as exceeding twenty thousand; but I apprehend I am nearer the mark, and that seventeen thousand was the outside. The dead and wounded on the side of the British and Portuguese (for the grand Spanish army, commanded by Don Carlos de Espana, lost but four!) were nearly five thousand; but the greater number of the Portuguese either fell in their feeble attempt against the Arapilles height, or by the shot that passed over the first line, composed of British, which fell at random amongst the Portuguese placed in the rear.

I have already said, that at one period the battle was in doubt, and that it was prolonged until nearly ten at night; but what caused the delay, the doubt—the total annihilation of Marmont's fifty thousand men? —The failure of Pack's Portuguese brigade. Their failure caused the prolongation of the battle to ten at night, when there was a fair prospect of its successful termination at eight. Had it been finished at that hour, how was it possible for Marmont to escape in broad day with one man of his army, pursued as he was by three superb divisions that had not pulled a trigger in the battle? The thing was morally impossible.

Some there were who said, in the excitement of the moment, that Lord Wellington was to blame, because he placed too much confidence in the Portuguese under Pack. Perhaps he was—indeed the result proved that he was wrong in his estimate of this brigade; but how could he suppose that a body of two thousand men, opposed at most to four hundred—seeing the

battle at all points going in their favour—and commanded, too, by such a battle-general as Pack—would allow themselves, in the view, and within hail of their gallant and victorious comrades, the British, to be beaten by a handful of men that did not count more than one-fifth of their number? Yet so it was. The fate of this momentous battle was kept in doubt, and what was, if possible, worse, prolonged for two hours; the total annihilation of the army of Portugal which must have followed, averted, and the British General actually robbed of the fairest field he ever had of destroying, to a man, one of the most formidable and carefully-organized French armies he was ever opposed to.

I am aware that many may differ from these my opinions, but I speak from experience; and notwithstanding all that has been said and written of the Portuguese troops, I still hold the opinion that they are utterly incompetent to stand unsupported, and *countenanced* by British troops, with any chance of success, before even half their own numbers of Frenchmen; and if the front line of British at Salamanca had been worsted, every man of the Portuguese army would have been routed. The victory was nevertheless a glorious one, and was as much owing to the presumption of the French Marshal, as to the bravery of the British troops, and the wise combinations of their General; because the inconsistency of the Duke of Ragusa was palpable in seizing on the line of communication of an army that had offered battle but two days before on the plains of Velosa. This confirms the maxim which has oftentimes been repeated, that those principles should never be departed from which the art of war prescribes; and that circumspection should be invariably attended to which obliges all commanders never to swerve from rules which, even when everything favours such meditated projects, the surest way is never so far to despise an enemy as to

suppose him incapable of resistance. Good or ill fortune is decided in a moment—chance never resigns its rights; nevertheless, in this very battle, the failure of Pack was nigh being fatal to the British: yet it must be acknowledged that the description of the British troops that fought at Salamanca, and the qualities of the General who commanded them, considered, no great doubts could be entertained of the issue of the battle, notwithstanding the unlooked-for failure of the Portuguese under Pack. Of forty British battalions, twenty-two only were in action, and carried the victory; and it may be said, without any great metaphorical stretch, or much alteration in the words of Frederick King of Prussia, that the world rested not more securely on the shoulders of Atlas, than England on such an army and such a General.

No one ought to be surprised that the victory was not more complete, and the French closer pursued: both were impossible. The attack against the French line was unavoidably delayed until five; it never would have taken place but for the false movement of Marmont's seventh division, and the unlooked-for failure of Pack's Portuguese brigade prolonged the battle until it was too late to profit by its results. Night had set in; the wooded country near the Tormes favoured the French in their flight; and to all these circumstances is attributable the escape of a single man of the French army of Portugal.

The battle, though short, was one continued effort; and although the desperate fighting of Clinton's men re-established it towards its close, it was not possible for a single division, no matter how brave, to undo altogether what had been effected by Pack's failure. The time lost could not be recalled, and Lord Wellington saw, without being able to control it, two-thirds of the French army scrambling, in a manner, from his grasp. Besides this, the Spaniard who commanded

the troops that garrison Alba, gave up that post without any cause whatever, and thus left the pass open to the French, and Lord Wellington was not even made acquainted with his having done so.

The troops that had gained the victory lay buried in sleep until two o'clock of the morning following, when the arrival of the mules carrying rum aroused them from their slumber, but the parties sent out in search of water had not yet reached the field. The soldiers, with parching lips, their tongues cleaving to their mouths from thirst, their limbs benumbed with cold, and their bodies enfeebled by a long abstinence from food, and the exertion of the former day, ran to the casks, and each man drank a fearful quantity. This for a short time satisfied them, but a burning thirst followed this rash proceeding, and before any water arrived, we were more in need of it than at the close of the battle.

The inhabitants of Salamanca, who had a clear view of what was passing, hastened to the spot, to afford all the relief in their power. Several cars, most of them loaded with provisions, reached the field of battle before morning; and it is but due to those people to state, that their attentions were unremitting, and of the most disinterested kind, for they sought no emolument.

They brought fruit, and even quantities of water, well knowing how distant from us, and how scantily the country near the field of battle was provided with so necessary a relief to men who had not tasted a drop for so many hours, under a burning sun, and oppressed with the fatigue they had endured during the fight.

The soldiers, thus refreshed, forgot all their toil, and proceeded to examine those parts of the field where each battalion had been most engaged. The men of Wallace's brigade naturally turned their attention to the hill they had won, and to the flat space behind it, where Le Marchant's horse had so gallantly

seconded them: at both they found ample food for reflection—for a horrible massacre had taken place there! Hundreds of human beings lying dead, or what is worse, mutilated in a frightful manner—horses mangled by shot or shell, running here and there in disorder, or lying in a helpless state, still endeavouring to eat a mouthful of grass around the spot which it was evident they would never leave. These beautiful animals, unconscious of the cause of their agony, looked at us as we passed them, and their sufferings touched the heart of many a veteran, who never knew what it was to feel a tear moisten his cheek: but a field of battle, after a battle, is not easy of description; it is a fearful sight, even for those who are the victors. Men looking after their tried old friends and companions—women and children seeking for their husbands or fathers—looking for those whom destiny had decreed that they should never again behold, except as lifeless corpses, or as objects more to be shunned than sought after, is a frightful but too true a sketch of a battle-field. Those who but a short time before were in the prime of life and vigour, now lying dead—rode down—trampled into atoms, with not a vestige of face recognisable, is a melancholy feature in war, and a trying sight to witness, much less describe; nevertheless, many of the brave men who have taken a part in those battles—who have shared in all those dangers, and some who have volunteered their services on occasions when, without such gallant men, matters might have taken a different turn—when in place of a victory being proclaimed, a defeat would perhaps have been announced—are passed over unnoticed and unrewarded!

During the battle there were many circumstances which, if related in their places at the period they occurred, would have broken in upon the narrative, but may be told with more propriety now.

When the third division under Packenham had

crossed the flat, and were moving against the crest of the hill occupied by Thomier's tirailleurs, a number of Caçadores commanded by Major Haddock were in advance of us. The moment the French fire opened, these troops which had been placed to cover our advance, lay down on their faces, not for the purpose of taking aim with more accuracy, but in order to save their own sconces from the French fire. Haddock dismounted from his horse and began belabouring with the flat side of his sabre the dastardly troops he had the misfortune to command, but in vain; all sense of shame had fled after the first discharge of grape and musketry, and poor Haddock might as well have attempted to move the great cathedral of Salamanca as the soldiers of his Majesty the King of Portugal.

At the time the Colonel of the 22nd French regiment stepped out of the ranks and shot Major Murphy dead at the head of his regiment, the 88th, a number of officers were beside Murphy. It is not easy at such a moment to be certain who is the person singled out. The two officers who carried the colours of the regiment, and who were immediately in the rear of the mounted officers, thought that the shot was intended for either of them. Lieutenant Moriarty, carrying the regimental flag, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me!" "I hope so," replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the other colour, with great coolness—"I hope so, for I thought he had *me* covered." He was not much mistaken: the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and also carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulette! This fact is not told as an extraordinary occurrence, that the ball which killed one man should strike the coat of him who happened to stand in his rear, for such casualties were by no means uncommon with us; but I

mention it as a strong proof of the great coolness of the British line in their advance against the enemy's column.

The staff of the wounded pole and its companion, have been, with good taste and true soldier-like feeling, preserved by Colonel O'Malley, who commanded the 88th, and he was, by special permission, allowed to affix on the old poles—the silent evidence of many a hard-fought day—the new colours that have been presented to the 88th. It was a happy thought, and I doubt not but there are many officers at the head of regiments, who, when they hear of it, will feel regret at not having done the like. On the wounded pole there is engraved, on a plate of silver, the day, and the manner in which it was so mutilated, and when the "Connaught Rangers" again take the field against the enemies of their country, if the sight of those bits of stick don't inspire them with a proper recollection of the former deeds of the regiment—the sooner they go back to their native homes the better.

It may be asked why I dwell so much on the poles that carry the colours? I do so, first, because I think that the touch—the very sight of those "bits of stick" is sufficient to inspire men who have never before fought beside them, with a feeling that they ought to look up to them, and if they cannot add to their lustre, at least never to forsake or allow them to fall into the hands of the enemy. But I turn to the poles in preference to the colours, because the former stand firm on their own deeds!—they may be lopped down—cut smaller—shaved to a shred!—but still, there they are, the very same identical poles that were present in every battle which the silk that out-tops them *ought* to mention! One battle (the battle of the Pyrenees) has been withheld from the 88th; and it is a singular fact

that a part of that regiment* was in a most particular manner distinguished on the very day for which it is, in a manner, disgraced: for most unquestionably, if it be an honour to a regiment to receive a badge for a battle, it is a disgrace to them if one is withheld from them on the day they have been under fire with the enemy.

When the cavalry of Le Marchant passed through Wallace's brigade in their advance against Thomier's

* On the 28th July, 1813, when the third and fourth British divisions occupied a post in the Pyrenees, the latter was warmly engaged, and every regiment belonging to it charged with the bayonet; but the third division was unmolested, although menaced, until about five o'clock in the afternoon. At this time a considerable body of the enemy's tirailleurs pressed forward to that part of the ridge occupied by the third division, and immediately in front of the 88th Regiment, the light infantry company of which, commanded by Captain Robert Nickle, was ordered to drive back this force: he did so in the most gallant manner; but the enemy could ill brook such a defeat, the more annoying, as it was witnessed by our third division, as also by a considerable portion of one of the enemy's corps d'armée. A reinforcement, commanded by an officer of distinction, rushed forward to redeem the tarnished honour of their nation. The detachment of the 88th lay behind a low ditch, and waited until the French approached to within a few yards of them; they came on in gallant style, headed by their brave commanding officer, who was most conspicuous, being several paces in front of his men. The soldiers of the two armies, posted at a distance, and lookers on at this *national trial*, shouted with joy as they beheld their respective comrades on the eve of engaging with each other. But this feeling on the part of the French was of but short duration, for at the first fire their detachment turned tail, and were what they themselves would term "culbutés," leaving their brave commandant, with many others, mortally wounded behind. Captain Robert Nickle ran up to his bleeding opponent, and rendered him every assistance in his power. He then advanced alone, with his handkerchief tied on the point of his sword, which he held up as a token of amity, and, thus re-assured, some of the French soldiers returned without their arms, and carried away their officer with them. They were delighted with the considerate conduct of Captain Nickle,

column, Captain William Mackie of the 88th, the discountenanced leader of the forlorn-hope at Rodrigo, who acted as aide-de-camp to Colonel Alexander Wallace, was missing. In the confusion that prevailed it was thought he had fallen. No one could give any account of him; but in a short lapse of time, after the cavalry had charged, he returned covered with dust and blood, his horse tottering from fatigue, and nothing left of his sabre—but the hilt! He joined the cavalry so soon as the fighting amongst the infantry had ceased, and those who knew the temperament of the man were not surprised at it: wherever glory and danger were to be met, there was Mackie to be found, and nothing —not even the chilling slights he had experienced— could damp his daring spirit.

At the first dawn of the morning of the 23rd of July, Lord Wellington continued the pursuit of the defeated army of Marmont. He placed himself at the head of the light division, which opened the march, followed by the heavy German cavalry under General Bock, and Anson's brigade of light horse. Those two superb brigades of dragoons had only joined the army the night before. The first division of infantry, composed of the Guards and German Legion, followed the cavalry, and Lord Wellington at the head of thirteen thousand men that had not pulled a trigger, or unsheathed a sabre in the battle, followed the enemy's

and embraced our men on parting. Perhaps, for so much, there never was a more gallant exploit; and it may be better conceived than expressed what the feelings of the bystanders must have been. It may also be asked, what favour was granted to the brave 88th for their distinguished behaviour, or what mark of distinction was conferred on the chivalrous Captain Robert Nickle. He was not *even noticed,* and the 88th is THE ONLY REGIMENT OF THE BRIGADE TO WHICH THEY BELONGED THAT IS NOT ALLOWED TO BEAR THE BADGE OF THIS BATTLE (termed Pyrenees) ON THEIR COLOURS!!!

track; but the retreat was so quick, that Marmont's head-quarters were thirty miles from Salamanca the day after the battle. Nevertheless, the corps that covered the retreat, consisting of three battalions of infantry and five regiments of cavalry, were attained near the village of Lerena. The infantry formed themselves into a square, the cavalry were posted on the flanks for its support, but the panic with which all were infected by the defeat of the preceding day had taken such a fast hold of them, that the French horse in advance could not be prevailed upon to show a front. This threw those that were at hand to support them into disorder: confusion was communicated to the remainder, and the field of battle was precipitately abandoned by the cavalry, who, in the most unaccountable manner, left their companions, the infantry, to their fate.

The cavalry having thus fled, Bock, with his German horse, galloped at the square, and breaking through it, slew or took prisoners the entire; and the contest ended in one dreadful massacre of the French infantry. Nevertheless, many of the troopers fell; for one regiment in particular, the 105th French, bravely stood their ground, but the ponderous weight of the heavy cavalry broke down all resistance; and arms lopped off, heads cloven to the spine, or gashes across the breast and shoulders, showed to those who afterwards passed the spot, the fearful encounter that had taken place; and from this moment nothing more of the Army of Portugal was to be seen.

If anything was wanting to prove what I have before said of the certainty of the total annihilation of this army on the 22nd at Salamanca—had that battle not been prolonged until dark by the failure of the Portuguese under Pack—the overthrow of the rear-guard on the following day, after such a lapse of time, when

the spirits of the enemy had a reasonable time to recruit and refresh themselves, is a sufficient evidence of the manner in which they would have behaved on the field of battle in the midst of their routed companions—in the hearing of the shouts of their victorious opponents—opposed to that invincible infantry, which no fire, poured in as it was from the formidable masses that it broke through, could shake—under the edges of those sabres that cut in piecemeal their best organized squares! Behaving as this rear-guard did on the day after the battle, when the rout had ceased, and was converted into a regular retreat—acting thus, I ask, is not the conclusion I have come to as to what might, or rather ought, to have been the results of the battle of Salamanca, a fair estimate?

The overthrow of the rear-guard, which covered the flight of the army of the Duke of Ragusa, and the rapid manner in which Clausel made good his retreat from the heights of La Serena, where that army for the last time made any show of a stand against the British troops that had defeated him on the plains of Salamanca, finished the campaign, so far, at least, as regarded the army of Portugal.

The leading regiments followed the enemy's track as far as Flores de Avila, which town, distant ten leagues from Salamanca, had been evacuated by them two days after the battle. The cavalry and artillery of the northern army met them on their retreat near Arevela; but nothing—not even this reinforcement—could inspire them with confidence; and the mass of fugitives hastily followed the road leading to Valladolid. The good generalship displayed by Clausel, and the steady front he showed when in the presence of a victorious army, raised him considerably, and justly so, in the estimation of his own troops; but all his skill would have been of no avail had the battle not been unavoidably prolonged until dark.

The British general continued the pursuit; but for what end? The moment for crushing that army was lost at Salamanca; and he might, with as much chance of success, have attempted to catch the tail of a comet as the tail of the army that fled before him. The failure of Pack ruined all. One flitting hour, lost by that failure, was productive of the disastrous results which followed—but of them hereafter. War, with all its terrible accompaniments, is a fearful-sounding thing; yet it is, nevertheless, a complicated and delicate web, the meshes of which require to be as delicately handled as if they were composed of the finest materials. The least false touch may destroy all its arrangement; and that which cost so much time and labour to render perfect, may be undone by falling into hands unable to appreciate its texture. But to speak without any metaphorical aid, so it is with soldiers going into battle. Their commander makes his arrangements—allots to each corps, brigade, or division, the part they have to take in the accomplishment of his end—the defeat of his foe. If any one part give way, the whole machinery becomes unhinged—broken up; and the repairing of it oftentimes costs more than the original outlay; or, more properly speaking, than the cost of the repair is worth, and the end sought for—is lost!

So it was at Salamanca. The failure of Pack's brigade caused the loss of half the fourth division; and the bloody conflict which the sixth, under Clinton, were engaged in to save not only Cole's troops, but the general issue of the battle, never would have taken place had the Portuguese done their duty. But the fate of a battle often hangs, as it were, by a hair. At Marengo, when the day was, to all appearance, lost to the army of the First Consul, Dessaix arrived on the field. It was two o'clock. Napoleon asked his opinion. —"What do you think of it?" said the First Consul.

Dessaix replied, with the bluntness of a soldier, "By G—d, it is lost!—but," said he, at the same time taking out his watch, "it is only two o'clock, and we have time enough left to gain a battle yet." Dessaix's division gained the battle of Marengo—Clinton's decided Salamanca.

The march of the British army continued without interruption. Those divisions which followed the enemy were enthusiastically welcomed as they passed through the different towns and villages on the Valladolid road; the inhabitants flocking in vast numbers with a supply of wine, fruit, bread, and vegetables, which were all bought up by the soldiers. Arrived at Valladolid, and finding himself as far as ever from being able to overtake the army of Marmont, Lord Wellington made a full stop. Giving the army one day's rest for the purpose of allowing the stragglers to come up, he, on the 1st of August, turned off abruptly towards the grand Madrid road; while Hill, with the second corps, reached Zafra.

Marmont being thus disposed of for the present, and Lord Wellington having formed the resolution of marching to the Spanish capital, every road leading to it was occupied, and thronged by cavalry, infantry, and artillery, baggage and commissariat mules, stores of all descriptions, the reserve park guns, and the followers of the camp, such as suttlers, Portuguese servants, and women who followed the soldiers. These, when assembled together, formed one vast mass of between sixty thousand and seventy thousand souls. The sight was an imposing one; the weather was beautifully fine, and the advance of the army as it moved onward towards the capital was one scene of uninterrupted rejoicing. Never was the general feeling in Spain so much in favour of the British nation, the British army, and the Hero who commanded it,

as on the present occasion. The news of the great victory gained by the British army only a few days before, under the walls of Salamanca, which was witnessed by thousands upon thousands of Spaniards, was spread afar; and the different routes which the army traversed were crowded almost to suffocation by the Spanish people, who vied with each other to gain a passing view of the men who had so distinguished themselves, and to supply them with every assistance in their power. Every face was cheerful; and at the termination of each day's march, our bivouacs, or the villages we occupied, were crowded with Spanish girls and young men, who either brought wine, lemonade, or fruit; the evening was wound up by boleros and fandangos; and, in short, our march to Madrid more resembled a triumphal procession—which, in point of fact, it really was—than the ordinary advance of an army prepared for battle.

Meanwhile the King of Spain hastily endeavoured to make arrangements to stop the torrent which threatened his capital. He had advanced upon Blasko Sancho on the 25th of July; but there hearing of the fate that had befallen his favourite General at Salamanca, he retraced his steps, and gaining the passes of the Guadarama, retired towards the palace of the Escurial. He collected all the disposable force that could be taken from the capital; but his army, chiefly composed of *Jurementados*, (Spaniards that entered into King Joseph's service,) counted not quite fifteen thousand bayonets and sabres—a force as to number, without taking into account its *morale*, not of that formidableness very likely to disconcert the grand designs of Lord Wellington. In short, the army continued its march towards the Spanish capital without molestation. On the 6th of August the head-quarters were at Cuellar; on the 7th, at the ancient town of Segovia,

so celebrated in Spanish romance; and on the 8th the divisions destined to march upon Madrid were concentrated at Saint Ildefonso.

Saint Ildefonso is beautifully situated. The magnificent waterworks, the elegant taste with which the gardens and pleasure-grounds are laid out, and the vast concourse of people who thronged them on the day of our arrival, gave to it the appearance, in our eyes at least, of the most enchanting spot on the face of the globe. At each of the principal walks, bands of music played inspiring airs; and at half-past six in the evening the water-works were in full play. These works, situated at the base of a lofty blue mountain, cast up water to an immense height; and one in particular seemed to us to be much superior to anything we afterwards witnessed at either Versailles or St. Cloud. To me it certainly seems so; but I, in common with many others, may be wrong: for, in truth, we were so charmed with the novelty of the scene we then witnessed, and the vast contrast it presented to the scenes we had for such a length of time not only witnessed, but taken an active part in, that all due allowance ought to be made—if we are wrong—for our prepossession in favour of this spot.

At eight o'clock Lord Wellington, surrounded by a number of generals of different nations, a splendid staff, and many grandees of Spain, entered the gardens. All the bands, at one and the same moment, played "See the Conquering Hero comes," the singers joined in chorus, and the vast multitude rent the air with acclamations. The females, disregarding all form or etiquette, broke through the crowd to get a nearer view of his Lordship, and many embraced him as he passed down the different alleys of the gardens. The groups of singers continued to sing; this was succeeded by bolero dancing, fandango dancing, and waltzing; and all was wound up by one of the most intoxicating

and delightful nights of pleasure that we had ever witnessed, and, if I mistake not greatly, that was ever acted on the same spot. It was late before we retired to rest—and indeed we had need of repose: our minds as well as bodies required it; and when the shrill note of the bugle, the following morning (for that matter, it was the same morning) aroused us from our sleep, all that had passed seemed but as a dream.

The causeway leading to Madrid is broad and well arranged: as we reached each league-stone, we counted with anxiety the distance we had yet to pace ere we arrived at the capital of Spain. The mountains which overhang the Guadarama passes are bold and lofty: these passes, easy of defence, and requiring but a small force, were abandoned without a musket-shot being fired for their protection; and, in fine, on the 11th, Lord Wellington was near the village of Majalahonde, distant but one march from the capital. Thirty thousand infantry were encamped half a league in its rear; the different brigades of horse and artillery attached to the infantry were at hand—in short all was in readiness, but the advanced guard of cavalry, unfortunately intrusted to the brigade of Portuguese of D'Urban, was in front of all. Behind them, at the distance of a mile, were the two regiments of heavy German horse, while the splendid "parc" of horse artillery, commanded by Captain Macdonald, was ready to support D'Urban.

The greatest part of the day had passed over without any event taking place between the advanced posts; some slight skirmishing with the enemy's lancers and D'Urban's cavalry left matters as they were at the commencement. The army was preparing its arrangements for the night's repose and the march of the following day, when the thunder of Macdonald's artillery aroused us in an instant from our occupations. It was soon manifest that the enemy's advance had attacked the Portuguese cavalry; and the vast cloud

of dust that came rolling onward towards the village, where the German horse were placed in reserve, told but too plainly that the Portuguese were routed, and the Germans about to be cut off. The infantry betook themselves to their arms, and in a few moments the entire were in readiness to march to the scene of action, for so in fact it was. The Portuguese dragoons fled at the first onset, without waiting to exchange one sabre-cut with the French; and so rapid was their flight,—for they rode through the village where the reserve of Germans were posted to support them,—that not more than half of the Germans were mounted: many men thus fell before they could defend themselves, and their colonel was cut down while in the act of shaving himself; but his brave soldiers, forming themselves together in the best manner the time would admit of, closed with drawn sabres upon the French lancers, which turned the stream, broke the mad fury of the attack, and drove back the lancers in confusion.

Up to this time the combat was one scene of desperation. An irregular and furious crowd might be seen mixed together, fighting without order or regularity, and from the confusion that prevailed, it was not possible to see distinctly to which side the victory belonged; but at a distance, far from the scene of action, the burnished helmets of the Portuguese troopers were distinguishable as they fled from the post they had deserted, and from their brave campanions, the Germans, whom they left to be massacred. The din of arms, the clashing of swords, and the thunder of the cannon, mingled with shouts from every side, completed the confusion. In the hurry of the moment, some tents belonging to the 74th Regiment took fire, the flames soon communicated with those of the next regiment, and the camp was enveloped with smoke: but this was soon overcome; and by

the time we approached near the point in dispute, the French cavalry had been driven off the field, but not before many of the Germans had fallen. Two guns of Macdonald's brigade had also been taken; and upon the whole, it was one of the most disgraceful and unlooked-for events that had taken place during the campaign. To be beaten at any time was bad enough, but to be beaten, by a handful of lancers, on the eve of our entering Madrid, almost in view of the city, was worse than all. But what caused our defeat—our disgrace—under the eyes of the people of Madrid? The placing undue reliance on the Portuguese troops.

CHAPTER V.

The British army approach Madrid—Enthusiastic welcome—Preparations to carry by assault the Fortress of La Chine—It surrenders—Description of Madrid—The Puerto del Sol—The Prado—Unsociability of English officers—Seizure of a Spanish priest—Proved to be a spy in the service of the enemy—His execution by the garrotte.

Order having been at length restored, and the French pushed back again to their former ground, the German horse took the advance and the night passed over quietly, but in the disgraceful encounter, which I have related in my last chapter, two guns of Macdonald's troop, which were upset during the clamour, fell into the enemy's hands.

As we passed over the ground which had been the object of dispute the preceding evening, we beheld many of the brave Germans lying dead and naked. Every wound was in the breast, and at the skirts of the village lay the two captured guns; their carriages were broken, and they could not in consequence be removed; the French had set fire to the wheels, which were still smoking.

In less than two hours we reached the heights which command Madrid; the soldiers ran forward to catch a glimpse of the countless steeples that were dis-

tinguishable through the haze, and their joy was at its height when they beheld a city that had cost them so much toil and hard fighting to gain the possession of. Ten thousand voices, at one and the same moment, vociferated "Madrid! Madrid!" The enthusiasm of the army was still further increased by the thousands upon thousands of Spaniards that came from the town to accompany us in our entry; for miles leading to the capital the roads were crowded, almost to suffocation, by people of all ranks, who seemed to be actuated by one simultaneous burst of patriotism, and it was with difficulty that the march was conducted with that order which we were in the habit of observing. The nearer we approached the city the greater was the difficulty of getting on, for the people forced themselves into the midst of our ranks, and joined hand in hand with the soldiers. Wine was offered and accepted, though not to the extent the Spaniards wished, but the soldiers were too well-disciplined, and felt too proud of the station they held in the estimation of the people, and in the estimation of themselves, to allow anything bordering on excess to follow the latitude they thus had. There was nothing like intoxication, not the slightest irregularity, and the appearance of the officers, almost all of whom were mounted, and the respect with which they were accosted by the soldiers when occasion required it, was so strongly contrasted with the loose discipline of the French army, to say nothing of the bands of half-naked creatures that composed the army of their own nation, that it may be fairly said no troops ever entered any capital with all the requisites necessary to ensure them a cordial as well as a respectful reception, as the British army did on the present occasion.

At length we entered that part of the town near which the palace stands, but the obstacles which impeded our march, great as they were before, now

became tenfold greater. Nothing could stop the populace, which at this period nearly embraced all that Madrid contained, from mixing themselves amongst us. The officers were nearly forced from their horses in the embraces of the females, and some there were who actually lost their seats if not their hearts. Old or young, ugly or well-looking, shared the same fate; and one in particular, an old friend of my own, and a remarkably plain-looking personage, was nearly suffocated in the embraces of half a dozen fair Castilians. When he recovered himself and was able to speak, he turned to me and said,—"How infernally fond these Madrid women must be of kissing, when they have nearly hugged to death such an ill-looking fellow as me." I would mention his name, but as he is still alive he might not like the joke second-hand. We soon reached the Convent of St. Domingo, near the Plaza Major, which was destined for our quarters, and for a time took leave of these people who had so cordially welcomed us to their capital. The soldiers, thus quartered, were left to arrange their barracks, while the officers, who were billeted in those parts of the city adjoining the barrack, proceeded to occupy the houses allotted to them, and to partake of the hospitality of their patrons.

Evening had scarcely closed when every house was illuminated. The vast glare of light which the huge wax candles and torches, placed outside each balcony, threw out, so completely lighted the town, that night seemed to be converted into day, and the whole population of Madrid might be said to fill the streets. Nothing could exceed the popular feeling in favour of the British, and although the ancient palace of the Retiro was garrisoned by two thousand five hundred French troops, with a park of artillery at its disposal, sufficient to batter down the city, the gaiety was continued as if no enemy was within several leagues of

the place. The illuminations lasted for three nights, during which not the slightest irregularity or misunderstanding took place.

On the morning of the 13th of August, the General commanding the fortress of La Chine having refused to give it up, orders were given to carry it by storm. The 3rd, or "fighting division," as ours was called, was selected by Lord Wellington for this duty. At eight o'clock in the morning all the ladders were in readiness, and the division commanded by Sir Edward Packenham defiled under the walls of the botanic gardens. The sappers had succeeded in opening several breaches in the wall, and the fire of the riflemen in the interior of the gardens announced that the attack of the out-posts had commenced. One hundred thousand people of all ranks, ages, and sex crowded the streets, houses, and house-tops to witness the contest. No sooner was the first gun fired, which was the signal for attack, than an universal shout was raised by this vast multitude of spectators, and it would be very difficult indeed, if not quite impossible, to describe this animated scene. The soldiers, infected by the example thus set them, cheered in turn, and it was several minutes before any word of command could be heard from the Babel-like tumult that prevailed. Little or no orders were given—they were unnecessary. The men were directed to carry the fort at the bayonet's point, and this was all that was said or that was necessary to be said. The troops were then put in motion, and this was the signal for another burst of enthusiasm from the Spaniards, several of whom joined our ranks. The *vivas* now became so tremendous that nothing else could be heard, and the leading platoons had made some progress through the shrubberies before the order to halt was known; owing to this a few men were killed and wounded, and those old and tried soldiers lost their lives or were disabled in a mere *bagatelle*, for

the French General commanding in the fort displayed the white flag in token of submission the moment he saw the third division in movement towards the Retiro.

The fall of this place was of vast importance to us. In it was found a large supply of provisions, as well as one hundred and eighty-nine pieces of cannon, including a complete battering train. There was likewise a great quantity of powder and ball, and some clothing, as likewise twenty thousand stand of arms. The garrison, consisting of three thousand veteran soldiers, were made prisoners and sent to Lisbon, and the fort was converted into a state prison for disaffected or suspected Spaniards.

All the partizans of king Joseph were loud in their denunciations against the French Governor for not having defended the fort to the last extremity, and, by way of enforcing their argument, added that there was a sufficient number of guns in the Retiro to have battered Madrid to the ground; this indeed the governor hinted he would do should he be molested, —but what man of common sense would pay attention to such a threat? Was it to be supposed that a handful of soldiers, no matter how brave, could defend a place of such extent, that twelve thousand men for its garrison would be nearer the mark than three thousand—which was the outside of their number—in presence of fifteen thousand troops that had beaten all before them from the lines of Lisbon to the heights of Salamanca? The town, it is true, might have been battered down—but for what end? The General who could be guilty of so wanton an act would deserve, if he escaped, to be hanged by his sovereign for destroying his capital, and if he fell into the hands of the Spaniards—as he would to a moral certainty have done—he would have been torn to pieces or perhaps reserved for a more cruel and lingering death. No, no—the man was right in what he did, and the only

fault he committed was not surrendering sooner, for the people of Madrid were so incensed at the injury done to the botanic gardens, during their occupation by our troops, that it required a strong British escort to save the Governor and his soldiers from being murdered on the Prado.

There was no blame to be attached to the General. He could do no more than simulate a defence. The fault of leaving him and his garrison at Madrid rested not with him, but was a great error in King Joseph; three thousand good troops could not be so easily thrown away, and notwithstanding the fulminations of General Sarrazin, who is no doubt a very competent judge in matters of the kind, I am of opinion that in this instance he is wrong when he accuses the General of cowardice in not defending his post to the last extremity.*

Thus ended our operations for the present, and we had leisure to make our observations upon Madrid, and avail ourselves of the hospitality of such of our patrons as were disposed to show us attention.

Madrid stands in a flat uninteresting country, devoid of scenery; fields of tillage encompass the city up to the mud wall that surrounds it, and the rivulet that meanders round it is in summer so insignificant as to be barely able to supply the few baths on its banks with a sufficiency of water; nevertheless this side of the town, which is next the Grand Park, and the regal cottage called Casa del Campo, is far from uninteresting, and as the Park, which abounds with game of all sorts, was open to the British officers, we had abundance of sport when we wished to avail ourselves of it. The streets are wide, and the principal ones, generally

* "Lord Wellington granted him the honours of war, of which he was certainly unworthy. It is allowable to profit by the cowardice of another, but it is painful to see a brave man honour a poltroon whom he despises."—General Sarrazin.

speaking, clean, but by far that part of the town possessing the greatest interest is the great street called Puerto del Sol: some centuries ago it was the eastern gate of the town, but as the city became enlarged from time to time, it is now, like the University College of Dublin, in the heart of the metropolis, instead of at the verge of it. Half a dozen or so of the principal streets empty, in a manner, their population into this gangway, where the Exchange is held, and all public business carried on, so that any one desirous of hearing the news of the day, the price of the funds, or any other topic discussed, has but to station himself here and his curiosity will be satisfied, as almost the entire of the population of Madrid pass and repass under his eye during the day. Merchants, dealers, higglers, charcoal venders, fellows with lemonade on their backs, girls with pamellas of water incessantly crying out "Quien quiere aqua?" all congregate to this focus where every thing is to be known.

Next to the Puerto del Sol must be placed the Prado or public walk, which is decidedly the most agreeable lounge that Madrid can boast of; but as the promenade never commences before five in the evening, while, on the contrary, the bustle of the Puerto lasts during the forenoon, it must have from me the precedence though not the preference. By five o'clock, as I before said, the walk begins to be frequented, the great heat having by this time subsided, and the siesta over. At seven it is crowded almost to suffocation, and groups of singers with guitars slung across their shoulders enliven the scene. At each side of the walk are tables at which sit groups of people enjoying the scene, but you rarely see men and women seated at the same table; indeed, it would seem as if the men totally shunned the company of the fairer sex, and engrossed themselves more with the news of the day than the gaiety of the Prado. Much has been said of

the jealousy of the Spaniards, and in England it is a generally received opinion that they are a jealous race, but I never found them such,—quite the contrary. In Madrid a married woman may go to any house she pleases, or where and with whom she wishes. They might have been a different people when Spanish romances and Spanish plays—old ones I mean—were written, but if the manners and habits of the people were then truly narrated, I can with truth say that no nation in the world has undergone a more wholesome, thorough, and radical reform than Spain.

In some instances we experienced much hospitality from the people, but those occurrences were rare: for the Spaniards are naturally a lofty and distant people, and most unquestionably our officers did not endeavour by any act on their part to do away with this reserve, and in fact after a sojourn of nearly three months in the Spanish capital they knew nearly as little of its inhabitants as they did of the citizens of Pekin. This is a fatal error, and I fear one that it will be difficult to counteract, for it is not easy to correct national habits and national prejudices; but if the officers of the British army were to reflect upon the effect their conduct must have on the people of a different nation, and if they could be made to understand how different, how far different, their reception in foreign countries would be if they unbent themselves a little, and conformed themselves to the modes of those nations amongst whom they were sent by their sovereign; but, above all, if they knew how much the British nation would be raised in the estimation of foreign countries by a different line of conduct than that pursued by our officers in Spain and Portugal, they would at once come to the resolution of changing their tone, and they would by so doing get themselves not only respected and regarded, but the British nation as much beloved as it is respected.

It is a singular fact, and I look upon it as a degrading one, that the French officers while at Madrid made, in the ratio of five to one, more conquests than we did! How is this to be accounted for? The British officer has the advantage of appearance: his exterior is far before that of a Frenchman; his fortune, generally speaking, is ten times as great; but what of all this if the one accommodates himself to the manners, nay the whims, of those he is thrown amongst, while the other, disregarding all forms, sticks to his national habits, struts about, and not only despises, but lets it be seen that he despises, all he meets, save those of his own nation. What a fatal error! The British army under Lord Wellington have immortalized themselves in Portugal and Spain; the people of those nations know, and have witnessed, their prowess in arms, but the British army—although they have emancipated those two countries—have made but few friends in either.

While we thus continued to pass our time in gaiety and idleness, other divisions of the army had moved onwards towards Burgos, which was strongly held by a chosen garrison under the command of an experienced and skilful general of the name of Dubreton. The means at the disposal of Lord Wellington to effect its reduction were not of that magnitude to warrant a confident hope that the enterprise would be as successful as the two former sieges of Rodrigo and Badajoz; but so much was at stake on the issue of the thing that it was resolved to hazard the trial. Meanwhile we continued at Madrid, and either enjoying the amusement of the theatres, the luxuries of the hotel called El Fonte d'Oro, the hospitality of the good citizens, or the gay but noisy scenes at the Calle de Baimos, we passed our time as agreeably as men could do considering the scanty amount of pay which was issued to us, for from the difficulty of getting a supply of animals

sufficient to bring up specie from Lisbon, where there was an abundance, the army was at this period five months in arrear of pay, and except for the commissaries and some paymasters who cashed our bills (at seven shillings the dollar!) many of us would have been in a sad plight. Those who were enabled to raise money at this enormous per centage got on well enough, but others, who were limited in their resources, were obliged, per force, to be lookers on at all that was passing.

My regiment (the 88th) established a mess at an hotel kept by a Spanish woman who had been married to a Frenchman, but who made his escape with King Joseph. We paid her a dollar a day each for our dinner and a bottle of wine. Our paymaster, Rogers, was a good man and discharged our bill weekly, and although we all considered the price high, no one complained, thinking it better to have the certainty of having right good cheer while we were in the land of the living, than the chance of never touching a sou of our arrear of pay which we thus mortgaged, by a sort of post-obit, to our worthy *pagador*.

An event was now about to take place that engrossed much of the conversation of all Madrid, and created amongst the army no little curiosity. It was the condemnation to death, by the *garrotte*, of a Spanish priest named Diego Lopez. This ill-fated man, it appears, had been, for some time previously to his arrest, in the pay of King Joseph; he acted as a spy, and gave circumstantial information of all that was passing in our army. Accurately acquainted with his proceedings, the police agents narrowly watched his motions. For some days he had been missing from his lodgings in the Calle de Barrio Nuevo. No enquiry was made after him by the police, they being too conversant in their calling to raise any suspicion in his breast by a step that they knew would be abortive; but his return

was eagerly looked for, carefully watched, and his apprehension made more certain. At length he did return.

It was midnight when he reached the barrier at the Toledo gate, where a police agent was stationed. He was asked but few questions and was allowed to pass, and mounted as he was on a jaded horse fatigued by a long journey, it was not difficult for the agent to keep near enough to him to track him unobserved to his dwelling. The trampling of his horse was soon recognized by an old woman who kept watch for his return. A light was placed at the window as a beacon that all was safe within, and he was about to dismount when he was seized by three police agents who hurried him away to the bureau of the director, while another entered his house for the purpose of seizing his papers. He underwent an immediate examination, but nothing could be elicited from him to criminate himself, and no papers, excepting commonplace ones, were found at his lodgings. He was then stripped of his clothes, and another suit given him in their stead. Every part of his dress was examined, the linings carefully parted, his clothes in fact cut into shreds, when, at last, after a scrutiny of an hour, was found, folded up, in a button, covered with cloth, which corresponded with the rest, a note from King Joseph to some person in Madrid, briefly detailing the information he had received from Lopez, and asking his advice as to the plans to be pursued.

No more was required, or indeed necessary, to confirm his guilt, and the next day he was by the orders of Don Carlos de Espanaga, Governor of Madrid, hurried before a military tribunal summoned together to try him. The only evidence brought forward against him was the concealed note; and nothing could induce him to betray the name of his confederate. The trial was, therefore, of but short duration,

and when called upon by the president to make his defence, he calmly stood forward, and looking his judges full in the face, prepared to address them.

Every eye was fixed upon him, and it would be difficult to look upon a man of a more imposing figure. In stature he was about five feet eleven inches, and his make was in proportion to his height; his lank black hair lay flat on his forehead, and hung behind over the cape of his coat in loose but neglected masses; his face bore the marks of care, and his fine dark eye was sunk and wan,—he was, in short, the outline of a once fine, but now broken-down man. Having wiped away the drops of sweat that covered his forehead caused by the heat of the weather, the crowded state of the court, and, no doubt, the agitation of his mind, he spoke as follows:—

"It is now something more than two years since I first attached myself to the service of his Majesty King Joseph: during that period I have served him faithfully, and with the utmost diligence. I have rendered him some service, and he will be, I doubt not, sorry when he learns my fate. I have said that I served his Majesty faithfully: the expression is too weak—I but *lived* for him; and the only regret I feel in now laying down my life, while endeavouring to promote his interests, *is*, that I have not been able to succeed in this, my last mission, which is the only one I ever failed in. Gentlemen, I have done." He then bowed to the court, and resumed his former place.

During the delivery of this short but impressive speech, the court and spectators were silent. When it was concluded, a buzz of admiration and pity burst forth from almost every person present, and there were many who would, if they dared, have expressed their sentiments more fully, but the strong guard which occupied the hall was sufficient to maintain order; and though no lives were lost, many arrests took place.

When order was restored, the chief of police conducted the prisoner, under a strong escort, back to his dungeon; and the court being cleared, the president asked the opinion of the members as to the guilt of Lopez. They were unanimous—indeed there could be but one opinion, and by that his life became the forfeit. The sentence pronounced against him was, that he should suffer death by strangulation, on the following day, at two o'clock; and the Plaza Major, or Great Square, where a vast market is daily held, was the spot decided upon as most fitting for the execution.

This decision was soon known throughout Madrid; and so greatly does the bent of man lean towards sights and scenes of horror, that, notwithstanding the individual was a priest, and one belonging to a nation proverbial for its superstition, the catastrophe that was about to befal him, so far from calling forth commiseration, was hailed with joy by the populace of the city, who counted with impatience each hour as it tediously followed the one that preceded it, until the moment arrived which was to gratify their curiosity.

It was thought necessary to augment some of the British Guards in the neighbourhood of the Plaza; and the barrack occupied by the 88th being close to it, I, as the next subaltern for duty, was ordered to repair there to take charge of thirty soldiers, lest any rioting should take place during the night. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the square on my way to the barrack. It was already much crowded with people of all classes; some led by curiosity to see if any and what preparations had been made towards erecting the platform upon which the *garrotte* was to be fixed; others bargaining for and cheapening seats either at the windows of the shopkeepers, or on the tops of the market stalls; others calling out a sort of programme of the offences, &c., for which Lopez was

to suffer; and, though last not least in the list, a host of beggars, who assailed the bystanders with entreaties for charity *in the name of the soul about to depart!* In this appeal they had a powerful auxiliary; and many who would not give the one-fourth part of a *real* to ensure the safety of the unfortunate Lopez, in the world to come, "came down handsomely," in the hope that they, at some future period, might get value for their money!

The arrival of several carts carrying planks for the formation of the platform, the presence of a large body of police, and the appearance of the workmen entering the square, dissipated anything like apprehension of a disappointment. This circumstance, or announcement, had an instant and powerful effect on the price of seats —the same as the intelligence of a great victory would have on the funds in London. "Omnium was above par," and "much business was effected." Every person seemed pleased with the bargain he had made, and I myself was among the number. I paid, by way of deposit, half a dollar to ensure my place; the remaining half to be handed down the following morning. All being settled, so far as related to myself, I left the square to look after my guard. I found all quiet in the quarters of our barrack, and towards nightfall I again returned to the Plaza. It was quite deserted, except by the workmen, who were busily employed in marking out and completing the rude platform for the scaffold, in which they had made considerable progress. Its height from the ground was about four feet; the square or area was fourteen by twenty; and from the quantity of materials, and their grossness, it might be supposed that it was meant to sustain, at one and the same moment, half the population of Madrid. But it yet wanted that terrible instrument of death—the iron clasp, to complete its structure.

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The night passed over quietly and uninterrupted, except by the arrival of the peasants with their usual supply of fish, fruit, and vegetables, to the market-place, where the execution was to take place the following day. It was not until two o'clock in the morning that I quitted the guard-house to take a little repose; but before doing so, I turned once more into the square. The men employed in erecting the scaffold were working by torchlight, surrounded by a crowd of peasants who had arrived from the country with provisions. The look of horror which was depicted in their countenances when they learned that a *padré* was to be strangled, was a striking contrast to the ferocious exultation expressed by the mob of Madrid; but such is, I believe, the difference in all countries. Scenes of the worst sort, which are in a manner indigenous to the inhabitants of a vast city, are unknown to the lower orders, who are too far removed from its vicinity to be contaminated by its excesses, its crimes, and its familiarity with scenes of horror; and much as I approved the justness of the sentence pronounced upon the culprit, I could not but admire the native simplicity with which the country people gave vent to their sorrow for the fate that awaited him.

It was three o'clock before I lay down to rest, but I slept little. I had never seen a man strangled, and there was a novelty in the thing that awakened my curiosity. I had seen men die in many shapes and under distressing circumstances, but there was a certain something so repulsive to my ideas of death in the word "strangling," that I could not rest. I fancied myself amongst a parcel of Turks. The din of hammers, and the creaking of waggons, put sleep out of the question. I took up a volume of Gil Blas, and attempted to read and laugh, but in vain; I could do neither the one nor the other—the *garrotte* was still in perspective, and nothing could banish it from my

thoughts. At length the stillness which prevailed terribly told that all was prepared, and I went once more to the spot. I found it deserted by the workmen, who had done their part, and these preparations now wanted nothing to complete them but the presence of the man who was to die by the pressure of the clasp, which hung from a beam of wood placed in the centre of the platform.

I have before described the height and dimensions of this platform: at each side of it was a flight of four steps; one for the criminal, the other for the two executioners. In the centre was a beam, to which was attached a chair or stool; through the beam a clasp was introduced, and behind was a screw, or sort of vice, which at one turn crushes the neck. Having so far satisfied my curiosity, I once more returned to my post, and awaited with impatience for the coming of the hour destined for the arrival of the priest. So early as ten o'clock the square was thronged with Spanish troops, and the platform upon which the scaffold stood, surrounded by a strong guard. Vast multitudes already began to congregate towards the spot, in order to take possession of the places they had paid for, or to secure those which would give them an opportunity of witnessing the execution. All business was at a stand-still, and every idea, except that connected with the coming event, seemed to be extinct. By mid-day, the square, the market-sheds in its centre, and the houses which formed it, were filled nearly to suffocation; and the other streets leading from the prison to the Plaza were thronged with people of all ranks. At length the shouts raised in the streets nearest the prison announced the removal of the criminal, and the huzzas from that quarter were rapidly taken up as they passed onward towards the square: they increased by degrees, and, like a vast torrent which is formed by tributary streams, each stream contributed its quota to the current, until at length it reached the

vast vortex, the Plaza Major. At this place the shouts were so deafening, that for some minutes it was impossible to ask a question, much less hear one. At length the head of the cavalcade was in sight, and a death-like silence followed the tumult that had preceded it. The soldiers stationed in the square, as also those that surrounded the platform, resumed their firelocks; the words "Los armas a l'ombro" was quickly obeyed, and the entire procession was soon within the precincts of the Plaza.

The convict, Lopez, dressed in black with a loose cloak covering his shoulders, was on horseback, attended by two priests, also mounted, one at each side of him. He wore a hat of large dimensions turned up in the front, and his demeanour was the same as at his trial—firm, collected, and calm. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, he dismounted with ease, and throwing a rapid glance, first at the vast crowd, and then at the *garrotte* itself, he ascended the flight of steps leading to it. The two priests followed, but did not speak to him, his wish being that they should not. He then, without flurry or agitation, took off his hat and cloak, and handed them to the assistant executioner, to whom he said something. He wished to address the people, but was prevented by the officer commanding the Spanish troops. He bowed obedience, and instantly took his seat upon the stool under the clasp. His arms were then bound with cords, and the iron collar passed through the stake and placed upon his throat. This scene had a strong effect upon the multitude: the quiet but determined self-possession of the man; his extraordinary resolution, devoid of any bravado, was enough to check any indecent ebullition of patriotism: but the sight of that terrible collar seemed to awaken feelings, and to call forth that sympathy which, a few moments before, was nowhere to be found. Women, who, to their shame be it told,

waved their handkerchiefs with joy upon his arrival at the scaffold, now might be seen covering their eyes to hide from their view the horrid sight, or to wipe away the tears that traced their cheeks.

All was now in readiness: the executioner stood behind, holding the screw with both hands; at each side was a confessor; and behind one was the assistant executioner, with a square piece of cloth in his hand: one of the priests read from a book, while the other held the hand of Lopez. This ceremony occupied but a few moments; and when the priest had finished reading, he stooped down to kiss the cheek of the ill-fated Lopez. He then closed the book; the man behind him threw the cloth over the culprit's face; the executioner turned the screw—and Lopez was dead! The two priests hurried down the steps, and, in their confusion and fright, ran headlong under the horses of the cavalry which were posted round the scaffold. One of them, a corpulent man—as indeed most priests are—was dreadfully lacerated, but the other escaped uninjured.

During the entire of this scene, the vast crowd preserved the most profound silence; but the sight they had just witnessed was succeeded by another of a more disgusting nature. The assistant executioner removed the cloth from the face of the dead man: it was perfectly black; the eye-balls were forced from their sockets; the throat was pressed quite flat, and the mouth, with the tongue hanging down on the chin, was dragged under the right ear.

The troops then defiled out of the square, the multitude dispersed, and by six o'clock in the evening, not more than twenty persons were near the scaffold upon which the dead priest was still bound. The body was at length put into a cart, the platform was removed, and the spot which so short a time before was the

theatre of this tragedy, now bore no evidence of the horrid scene that had been acted upon it.

The day but one after this event, it was publicly announced that, in honour of the British Army, the Plaza de los Toros, which had been shut for many years, was to be opened, and bull-fights exhibited upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence hitherto unrivalled.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrests at Madrid—Advantages of speaking French—Seizure of Don Saturio de Padilla by the police—The author effects his liberation—Bulls and bull fights—A bull day at Madrid—Lord Wellington in the Plaza de los Toros—A courageous bull.

THE execution of the priest Lopez, narrated in the last chapter, was followed by many arrests. In eight days no fewer than one hundred and forty-nine persons were thrown into prison; some on good grounds, others on trivial circumstances, and many on the charge alone of having held employment under the late government. The consequence of this ill-judged severity was, that all those who escaped arrest in the first burst of tyranny practised by the local authorities, fled from Madrid, and scarcely a family was to be found who had not to lament the loss of some individual belonging to it, either by flight or imprisonment; and had the siege of Burgos been successful, and the French troops driven to Pampeluna, which would have been the natural result, a tragical scene would have been enacted, not only at Madrid, but throughout the whole of Spain. Yet all the time nothing but forgiveness for the past, and promises for the future, were to be heard of—except the daily and nightly imprisonments that took place!

Two evenings after the execution of Lopez, I met a number of Spaniards at the house of my patron, Don

Miguel d'Inza, who had himself been an engineer in the employment of the late King Charles IV.: different topics, as a matter of course, were discussed; the sieges of Rodrigo and Badajoz, the battle of Salamanca, and the triumphant entry of our troops into the capital of Spain. Most of the party seemed well inclined towards us, and towards the king we proclaimed, Ferdinand VII.; but there was little confidence amongst the party themselves, and there was some who would, if they dared, have spoken in favour of the French.

One old Donna, in particular, was rather severe in her observations on the dress of the British officers, and remarked, that not one in fifty of them could speak French. Whether it was that she was piqued at my paying much attention to a lady who sat near her, or that she wished to display her wit at my expense, I being nearer to her than any other Englishman, I can't say, but she turned round, and asked if I spoke the French language. I replied, that I understood it tolerably, but that I spoke it but indifferently. "I thought so," was her reply; "I knew by that young fellow's appearance he was a booby (*sot*)," said she, addressing one of her friends. This she spoke in the very worst French that ever came from the mouth of a Bastan peasant. I was determined to have my revenge. I mustered up all my resolution, made a rapid *repasser* of all I had ever learned of French grammar, and took the first opportunity that presented itself to attack her. In a word, I completely out-talked her, out-spoke her, and out-crowed her in the estimation of her friends; and she who had been so short a time before the "leader of the opposition," was mum for the remainder of the evening.

Harmony was once more restored, and we were beginning to forget the bickerings that party feeling had introduced amongst us, when a violent knocking at the door from the street threw the company into

consternation and dismay. Every one looked confounded; some were for barring the door, others wished to escape, but this was easier said than done; for in front stood the police agents (for it was them, and none other), and in the rear—if rear it could be called—was nothing but a pile of buildings, to the full as lofty as the house we inhabited. "What is to be done?" was a demand much easier made than answered; though in fact the proper and only reply to be made was—"Open the door, and see who the gentlemen are looking after." Several persons, who had nothing to dread, loudly called out for this proceeding, but it was far from palatable to the majority of the company. It was idle, however, to talk, and, in fine, the massive door was heard to creak on its rusty hinges. At the same moment, six ill-looking fellows entered the saloon, and having taken a hasty but scrutinizing survey of the company, seized the son-in-law of my patron, and rudely carried him away.

Saturio de Padilla was the name of this gentleman, and his only crime was that of holding the situation of Juiz de Fora, under the government of King Joseph. Nothing could be more unjust or impolitic than this arrest: it was, however, idle to reason so with the police agents; Saturio was taken off to the Fort of La China, and thrown into a dungeon, without bed, or any other comfort which a gentleman of his rank might have expected. At an early hour the following morning I was awoke by his father-in-law, the venerable Don Miguel de Inza; he begged of me to allow my servant to convey some bedding to him, which I not only consented to do, but, at the entreaties of his daughter, Donna Maria Ignatia de Inza, (whose sister was married to Padilla, and who, by the way, was one of the most beautiful women in Madrid,) went to the prison myself. All entreaties to allow us to see the prisoner were vain, and, had it not been for the kindness of Colonel Manners of the 74th, who was the

Governor of the Fort, we should not have been allowed to send even a change of linen to this gentleman.

A week passed away, and no tidings were heard of Padilla; and his friends, fearing that he might be made away with, became extremely uneasy. Without mentioning my intention, I waited upon Colonel Manners, who was much interested in his behalf, when I told him the circumstances; and, owing to his intercession, I had the happiness of seeing my friend, Don Saturio, at liberty the day but one following. I need scarcely say that this exploit of mine, for so my Spanish friends termed it, raised me considerably in the estimation of the ladies, and all of them, my old formidable antagonist not excepted, were lavish in their praises of my conduct. Nothing but balls, concerts, and parties to the theatre and the Prado, were thought of, until the announcement in the newspapers, and the never-ceasing cries of *affiche* venders in the streets, that the bull-fights were to take place, put a stop to all thoughts on any other but this, to a Spaniard at least, momentous affair.

This national amusement is of so old a standing, and has been so often related in novels and romances, that a description of it may, in the present day, be thought ill-timed; but, as many of my readers may have never thrown their eyes over such works—which, to say the truth, give but an imperfect outline of these combats—I shall, as far as my recollection will permit, detail the particulars of the day's fighting I witnessed at the Plaza de los Toros; as also the manner in which those animals are bred and trained, before it can be ascertained by their owners how far they will justify the expectations held by them of their probable success in their *début* before a Madrid audience, or, more correctly speaking, before the eyes of the bulk of the population of that city.

So soon as those bulls which, from their pedigree,

are thought to be worthy of entering the public lists for fame, attain the age of one year, they are collected together by the breeder, who invites his friends, to be present at the trial. The fate of the bull is decided in a short time; he is either destined for the plough, the butcher, or the *matador*. To attain the chance of dying so honourable a death as by the hands of the latter, he must attack a horseman, armed with a long spear, twice, bearing its point on his neck or shoulder, before his pretensions to figure at the amphitheatre can be admitted; and it is really astonishing that animals so young possess such daring; but such is the fact, nevertheless. The bull who thus "passes muster," is destined for the long Toledo blade of the matador; those who hang back, for the ploughman's *rivo* stick, or the butcher's knife. Poor devils!—if they knew but all, it is—as regards the two latter at least—but "hang choice" between them; and, for that matter, they have a better life than he that falls to the lot of the ploughman. We soldiers of the Peninsula used to say, "a short life and a merry one;" so say, or think, I suppose, the pugnacious bulls, and so say I; so said the veterans who went out to this same Spain, to fight for the Spanish queen; so say the young men who have never "smelt powder," and have gone out likewise; so say the old pensioned soldiers, and so say the raw recruits. All, one and all, are carried on by the destiny marked out for them; and, though we sometimes *make* "bulls," we, nevertheless, follow our destiny as they do. But, as I am going to write a chapter on "bulls," or bull-fights at least, I must go on regularly, lest I should write a *page of bulls!*

Those animals destined for the amphitheatre on the day I am speaking of, were conducted from the wilds they were brought up in, and, amidst a number of oxen and cows, were, on the evening previous to the

display of the following day, within a league of Madrid. It was deemed necessary to confine them as short a time as possible, in order that their spirit might not be broken. There was something extremely exciting in this scene; for a number of gentlemen on horseback, armed with spears, went out to witness the shutting-in of the bulls. They were followed by the greater part of the mob of Madrid, and the bulls became so wild at the novel scene, that two of the most savage rushed among the crowd, and killed an old man, a shoemaker, and dreadfully wounded two women. Yet this, so far from being a warning to the rest, seemed to stimulate others to the risk which they madly courted. I saw one fellow, certainly in a state of intoxication, run forward and take a bull by the horns. He was tossed in the air, and fairly caught again by the infuriated brute, who had him placed in a sitting position on his head. Some of the boldest among the vast crowd ran forward to extricate him, which was effected by means of cloaks thrown over the bull's face. The man, to the astonishment of all, escaped unhurt, and was about to attack the bull again, but was restrained by his friends.

My man servant, Dan Carsons, whom I have more than once introduced to the notice of my readers, was on the spot, and, seeing the fool-hardiness of the Spaniard, attempted to expostulate with him, but Dan either speaking the Castilian language imperfectly, or the fellow being so drunk that he could not or would not take his council, turned away, and was about to break from his friends, when Dan quickly walked up to him, and, seizing him by the collar, thus addressed him :—

"Will ye be quiet now; can't you be aisy, and don't be afthur frettin' your poor ould mother there? See what a takin' she's in at your manner of misconducting yourself; you ought to know bether, before so many

jontlemen, how to bemane yourself; and that baste of a bull gave you enough already to put a start in your poor ould mother."

The number of bulls destined for the sports of the morrow was nine; these were shut into a small court-yard, divided by partitions, with a sluice-gate attached to each; by this means the bulls were got one by one into their respective cells, where they were lodged for the night.

A *dia de los toros*, or bull-day, at Madrid, is an event of such importance that all business is at a stand-still; young and old, female as well as male, are, one and all, engrossed by this all-powerful amusement; and, as the hour approaches for the opening of the amphitheatre, the streets of the city are nearly impassable from the vast and dense mass which throng them, all bending their steps towards the Plaza de los Toros. The spirits, too, of the multitude are wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and it is by no means safe to walk the suburbs on these occasions.

So early as ten in the morning the doors of the amphitheatre were thrown open for the admittance of those who had tickets of admission, to witness the final arrangement of the bulls previous to their appearance on the stage. This part of the ceremony consists in arranging a bunch of ribbons, called the *devisa*, tied to a piece of barbed iron, which is fastened in the neck of the bull. This is meant to distinguish the breed of the animal, something like the colours worn by our jockeys at the different race-courses, which denote to whom such and such a horse belongs.

The clearing of the amphitheatre, where a vast number of people remain up to the last moment, is considered a part of the exhibition, and is termed *el despejo*. Some hundreds of soldiers are on duty to perform this ceremony; they enter at one of the two great gates in a solid body, and, debouching to the

right and left, perform a variety of evolutions, which, while it attracts and amuses the multitude, gains the object in view—their dispersion. The arena is thus cleared by this *ruse militaire;* a splendid band of music, playing inspiring national airs, heightens the effect; every countenance is gay; and the ground once cleared, the gates are shut. The soldiers then perform a few evolutions, which are meant as a sort of peace-offering to those who have been ejected from the circus, and immediately afterwards retire behind the palisadoes.

To accomplish what I have described, occupied three hours and a half, that is to say, from ten o'clock, until half-past one. At that hour all was in readiness; nine magnificent bulls were prepared for the fight; and the picadors, banderilleros, and matadors, were equally ready and equally anxious to enter the lists with their formidable antagonists. The amphitheatre was filled almost to suffocation; all the rank and beauty of Madrid were here congregated together, and the arrival of Lord Wellington was looked for with breathless expectation. The hour named for the commencement of the combats was two; it now wanted twenty minutes of the time, and every minute was counted over in awful suspense until the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army should be announced. True to his appointment, Lord Wellington reached the Plaza de los Toros at two o'clock precisely. A shout of approbation from without announced the fact, and his appearance in the royal box was hailed by a thunder of applause. He wore the uniform of a Spanish General, and was attended by a numerous staff of British, Spanish, and Portuguese officers. The whole assembly stood up to greet him on his arrival, and the different bands of bull-fighters, according to their precedence in rank, passed before him in turn. They were as follows:—

First, the banderilleros, in number, twenty, dressed in scarlet and blue cloaks, silk breeches and stockings, their hair clubbed like the soldiers of Napoleon's guard, advanced in a line across the arena, and made their bow in front of the box occupied by Lord Wellington. These were followed by the two matadors, attended by their assistants; then came the picadors on horseback, wearing brown jackets trimmed with silver lace, and adorned with a profusion of silver buttons. Their pantaloons were of buffalo leather, extremely wide and stuffed with a quantity of cotton, which resists the bull's horns; their hats were large, tied under the chin, and turned up in the front, a plume of feathers out-topped the hat, and their appearance altogether was of a very imposing nature. A pike, six feet in length, with a spike at the end not more than three inches long, was all they had to defend themselves against the desperate fury of the bull. So soon as this part of the ceremony finished, the trumpets sounded, the two large gates were again thrown open, and the three classes of combatants quitted the arena; the horsemen by the gate to the right, those on foot by the one opposite to it.

The amphitheatre of Madrid, perhaps the finest in the world, is capable of accommodating several thousand spectators. The seats in the pit and gallery rise one above the other, like our Opera-house. The gallery is flanked on each side by boxes, where those who wish to take a more distant view of the combat can sit with ease and safety; but the greater portion of the spectators, young ladies as well as gentlemen, prefer, like our play-going critics, the lower seats, as being best suited to give them a nearer view of those terrific, but certainly most exciting, encounters. This tier, protected by a strong palisade, or fence, six feet in height, with a space twenty feet wide between it and the first tier, is considered a sufficient defence against most bulls:

but, to guard against accident, there are several doors which open from this space into the circus, as a high-mettled bull will not be stopped in his pursuit by this barrier. We looked upon this as an exaggeration, and did not credit it, but the sequel of the day's fighting proved that we were in error, and that the precaution was one of absolute necessity.

The ceremony of giving the key of the toril, or bull's cell, having been finished, the trumpets again sounded, the doors were flung open, and the two picadores entered the arena by separate gates; their attendants on foot, unarmed, and unprotected, except by a cloak which is rolled in a coil round the left arm, followed close after the horses, and the interest which these preparations excited was so intense, that a pin might have been heard had it fallen in any part of the amphitheatre. But when the door of the bull's den was thrown open, and the animal himself, like a roused tiger, burst into the arena, a shout arose that resembled more a thunder-clap than the voices of human beings, and there were some who feared that the building would fall, so great was the shock.

The bull, unused as he was to such a scene, was no way shook or daunted; he threw a rapid and ferocious glance at the vast crowd, but in a second one of the horsemen caught his eye. Rushing onward with desperation, he was met by his cool and scientific adversary, but, although the point of the lance was well directed and took effect in the bull's neck, it was not of sufficient weight to throw him back, and he turned on the picador before he was again in an attitude to receive him. Seeing the advantage he had thus gained, the bull seemed resolved to make the most of it, and, by one desperate effort, raised horse and rider from the ground; but the force of his attack was so great, that he fell forward, and the spearman, his horse, and the infuriated bull tumbled in one mingled

group in the centre of the arena, which was covered with the blood of the horse. The sight was a terrific one. The horse in the agonies of death, his bowels literally torn out, lay on the man; the bull stood over both, trampling and goring the dying horse; the banderilleros in vain exerted themselves by loud shouts and waving their flags to attract the attention of the bull, while the spectators in the pit, boxes, and gallery, rent the air with thunders of applause. At length the men with the flags succeeded in drawing off the bull, who was met by the other picador, and the cavalier who had sustained defeat, extricated himself from under the dead horse, and remounted a fresh one.

The courage of the bull remained unbroken, but his impetuosity was checked; and he paused for a moment to take breath. He then made a rush at the other horseman, but was cleverly met by his spear and fairly turned off. This defeat but increased his fury, and he attacked the spearmen five successive times; in four of them he was worsted, but his last effort against his first opponent was crowned with success. The spear of the picador snapped in two, half of the shaft remained in his hand, and he and his horse were left to the mercy of the bull, who galloped forward and killed the horse on the spot; the picador had one of his legs broken. The trumpets sounded, the other horseman retired, and the disabled man was carried from the bloody arena amidst the shouts of the spectators, while the bull remained sole master of the battle-field, awaiting with impatience any fresh attack that might be directed against him. The trumpets again sounded, and the banderilleros entered the circus.

The banderilla is a piece of cane two feet long, at the end of which is a barbed dart and small flag; it is ornamented with festooned ribbons of varied and gay colours. The men hold one of these in each hand,

and the group of fighters encompass the bull in a circle. He may make choice of any one of the number, and the man so selected and attacked is bound to meet him. The fighter so marked out, runs headlong at the bull, and, stopping for an instant to await the attack and measure his distance, plunges the two darts into the neck of the bull, making a vault or kind of summerset over the head of the animal. The man who fails to accomplish this is in a perilous state, and has nothing to depend on for safety but great swiftness, great presence of mind, and great activity; for the bull follows him with extraordinary speed, and at one time was so near one of the flag-men that his horns touched him as he vaulted over the palisadoes. There were many who said the man owed his safety to having placed his feet on the bull's head; but, although he was certainly very close to him, I will not take upon myself to say whether he did so or not.

At the close of this part of the fight six men advanced with darts prepared with a sort of fire-work inside, something like what are called "Roman candles." These darts are so arranged that, by the pressure attendant on forcing them into the bull's neck, they attain a sufficient force to reach the combustible matter inside the cane, which explodes in regular order. The poor animal becomes more or less stupified; his former efforts against the pike and flagmen were sufficient in themselves to weaken his strength and subdue his courage; but this last mode of attack did more than all the rest put together. Worn down by fatigue, harassed by so many different and formidable opponents, his neck streaming with blood, and pierced by numerous darts which still adhered to him, his faculties impaired by the stunning noise of the fireworks, his head enveloped in one continued blaze, was enough to damp the courage of any beast, no matter how brave or ferocious; but on him

it seemed to have but little effect—except from the fatigue of his own exertions. His courage was still the same; and when the trumpets sounded for the third time, and the flagmen left the arena, the gallant brute looked about undismayed as before.

He was not long kept in suspense. The matador entered, flung off his cloak, and approached the bull with a quick step and fearless bearing; in his left hand he held a short pole, upon which was rolled a narrow piece of cloth, which hung like a flag at the end of it, and in his right a sword of great length and breadth. The moment he placed himself before the bull he held out the flag, which, in a great degree, screened him from his view, but the high mettled animal rushed forward, and was near killing him at the first onset. A shout from the audience inspired both the matador and the bull; the latter made another and last effort against the matador—the rush was fatal—he tumbled on the sword, which, passing through his body, came out at the hip—and he fell dead at the feet of the victor.

The uproarious applause which followed might be termed awful. The amphitheatre shook as if an earthquake had visited us. Four mules, beautifully harnessed, with a bar and crook attached to the traces, entered at a gallop; the crook was fixed to the bull's neck, the mules passed across the arena at a rapid pace, the gates were thrown open, mules, drivers, and bull disappeared in a twinkling; the trumpets again sounded, and a fresh bull bounded into the middle of the arena.

CHAPTER VII.

The entertainments of the Plaza de los Toros continued—A cowardly bull—Private theatricals—Frederick Meade—Horrors of amputation—Lord Wellington leaves Madrid—Qualities of French and English soldiers—The retreat from Burgos—Evacuation of the capital—Disasters of the retreat.

It is not my wish to dwell with too much minuteness on the different features that marked the day's fighting with which I concluded the last chapter. Many of my readers were, no doubt, present on the day I speak of; to them it would be irksome; but as, in all human probability, nine-tenths of those who may perchance throw their eyes over what I have written, or what I now write, never saw a Spanish bull-fight, much less a day's fighting where nine bulls were killed, I must for their gratification—not to say one word in defence of the amusement it affords myself to give my own memory a jog after so many years having passed over my head since I witnessed those scenes—go a little into detail, and this I will do as briefly as is consistent with the object I have in view.

The bull that now occupied the arena was to the full equal in courage and swiftness with the one that preceded him, but the horsemen to whom he was opposed were better mounted, and had learned experience from their contest with his comrade. His attacks

were, therefore, less fatal; neither horse nor man sustained any serious injury, and he was killed by the matador after a gallant struggle against the different bands of fighters, as well as missiles, he was obliged to encounter. The same detail might be given of the next five bulls, who all fought gallantly, and excited the same feeling amongst the spectators as the two first; but the eighth and ninth bulls created a strong sensation, though the cause was as different as night is from day.

The eighth bull, the most active of any that had yet appeared, the moment he entered the arena, took a hasty glance at the horsemen—it was, however, but a glance—and in a trice bounded over one of the gates, upwards of five feet in height! It would be impossible to give a description, a just one at least, of the astonishment, not to say indignation, of the Spanish part of the company. Cries of "shoot him—tear him to pieces." were vociferated from thousands of throats; but those in "office" did their duty without paying attention to public clamour, and drove the bull back again into the arena. It was in vain—for fight he would not with the horsemen. He ran round the circus, and crouched on his belly, looking fearfully around at the vast multitude. It was then decided that two dogs of a ferocious breed should be let loose at him—but this also proved fruitless; his activity was such that they could not catch him, and it was too evident, even to the most thorough-going amateur, that fighting was not his forte. Nothing could exceed the mortification of the lookers-on.

It would seem as if the honour of all Spain had been tarnished, and had the fate of the nation depended on the trial of the unfortunate brute they could not have felt much more. The disastrous battle of Ocana, in which the Spanish General, Venegas, was defeated by Sebastiani, who killed, wounded, or made prisoners some 24,000 or 25,000 men,* and by which Spain was

* See note at the end of this Chapter.

nearly conquered, did not make a greater impression on the good people of Madrid than the want of "pluck" in one of their favourite bulls. Some excuse might be made for the one,—the troops might have been badly fed, badly commanded, or over-matched—there, there was a loop-hole, some chance of glossing over the disgrace of defeat,—but what could be said now? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The bull was in proper "trim," brought to the "mark" as he should be, fairly pitted against his antagonists—and yet he would not fight! An old man who sat next me cried out in an agony of despair, "The character of the nation is lost!" another said, "We have degenerated; what will be said after *this* defeat?" The clamour throughout all parts of the amphitheatre was at its height—nothing could be heard except execrations against the bull and his breeder, whose name was told me about fifty times over, but I cannot now take upon me to say who he was, nor is it, I believe, of much consequence to the reader,—in fine, other dogs were brought in, and the bull at length made some fight with them, but the president of the ceremony put a stop to the combat by ordering two file of soldiers to advance and shoot the bull on the instant. When he fell, a general shout of bitter execration followed his remains as they were dragged out of the circus.

It is a true, though trite observation, that after a storm comes a calm. So it was in the present instance. The gates were scarcely closed upon the delinquent bull, when the sound of trumpets announced the entry of the next and last; and if the Spaniards had suffered mortification before, they were amply recompensed by the splendid animal that now entered the arena. The moment he got footing, he attacked the first horseman he saw, killed the horse in almost a second, and then turned to the other, who shared the same fate. The two picadores lay under the dead horses, and the field of battle was fairly won. The bull had no enemy to

encounter; he ran about with the utmost fury, when the uproarious shouts in the lower tier of seats attracted him. Looking ferociously at the crowd that caused the tumult, he sprang over the outer fence, which was thickly lined with people, and disabled nineteen persons. The consternation was great, but had he killed half those in the Plaza de los Toros he would have been held in higher estimation than his predecessor who so disgracefully fled from his opponents. The arrangements were so excellent, that he was soon got into the arena again, and he died gallantly, like his companion, who first entered the lists, by the hands of the matador.

Thus ended the day's fighting, and a tremendous day's sport it was. Nine bulls were killed, seven horses shared the same fate, and one of the fighters was dreadfully injured. More than twenty people were hurt by the last bull, but fortunately, and indeed miraculously, no person was killed. Thus the "casualties" of the day may be summed up as follows:—Killed, nine bulls, seven horses: total, sixteen; wounded, twenty-three men and women; grand total of killed and wounded, thirty-nine. I have not thought it necessary to enumerate the particulars of each combat, as it would be tedious to the reader. The first encounter, which I have already described, is sufficient to put the reader in possession of all the rest: the limits of these volumes do not afford scope for more than has been said—too much, perhaps, for the casual reader—too little, no doubt, for the thorough-going bull-fighter. I would wish to please both if I could, or indeed to please anybody, but the task is not so easy as many imagine, and I shall wind up my narrative by stating, that the animals are small but well-proportioned, formed by nature for great activity and muscular power, and trained from their infancy to attacks the most daring.

The bull-fights once over, the execution of the Priest Lopez forgotten, and the probability of our soon leaving

Madrid taking place, were not things to be passed over lightly by the ladies of that city; and no matter what may be said or written of their being "a grave people," I saw, during my sojourn amongst them, no symptoms of "gravity," except when they thought we were about to leave their capital. It was palpably evident that something should be done to drive away the gloom that had in a great measure already begun to take a fast hold of our friends; and the officers of the Light Division, aided by some of the other regiments in the garrison, resolved to treat the inhabitants with a specimen of their dramatic powers. The play selected was the "Revenge," and "Zanga" was well personated by Captain Kent of the Rifles; but whether it was that the other characters were ill cast, or that the tragedy was too dull for the Spaniards to relish, it is a positive fact, that long before the second act was ended, the audience were heartily tired of the play; and, notwithstanding the fine acting of Kent, the play would have never been allowed to proceed had not the performers been British officers, and the object, the relief of the poor of the capital. The "Mayor of Garrett" followed, and this amusing farce was a set-off against the "Revenge," and put the audience quite at ease; for from the moment "Zanga" (or *El Preto*, as they styled him) appeared, there was one universal buzz of disapprobation. It is not possible for me to say why they were so averse to the play; it might have been their dislike to the Moors; but be this as it may, I would advise my friends in the army never to try the same play before a Madrid audience—that is, which is a hundred to one—should they ever have the same opportunity we had. This was the first and last play ever attempted by us to be got up at Madrid.

The season was on the wane, summer was almost over, and it was well known that Lord Wellington meditated an attack on the town of Burgos; nevertheless all was tranquillity and gaiety with the troops at

Madrid, and many of the sick and wounded from Salamanca reached us. Amongst the number was my friend and companion, Frederick Meade of the 88th: he had been badly wounded in the action of the 22nd, and, with his arm in a sling, his wounds still unhealed, and his frame worn down by fatigue and exhaustion, his commanding officer was surprised to see him again so soon with his regiment; but various rumours were afloat as to the advance of the Madrid army upon Burgos, and Meade was not the kind of person likely to be absent from his corps when anything like active service was to be performed by it. Endowed with qualities which few young men in the army could boast of, he soon made his way into the very best society that the capital of Spain could be said to possess. A finished gentleman in the fullest acceptation of the word; young, handsome, speaking the Castilian language well, the French fluently, a first-rate musician, endowed by nature with a fine voice, which had been well cultivated, it is not surprising that he soon became a general favourite. In a word, wherever he went he was the magnet of attraction, and when we quitted Madrid it would have required a train of vehicles much more numerous than would have suited our order of march, to convey those ladies who were, and would like to be more closely, attached to him. Poor fellow! he was greatly to blame, but it was not his fault; if the ladies of Madrid liked his face, or his voice, how could he help that? My man, Dan Carsons —and here I must say a word of apology to my friend Meade for coupling their names together—told me when we were on the eve of quitting Madrid, "that he (Carsons) didn't know how the devil he could get away at all at all, without taking three women, besides his wife 'Nelly,' with him."

The accounts of our wounded and sick friends, left at Salamanca, were of a varied description; some had

died, others were in a bad state, and many had suffered amputation; amongst the latter was Lieutenant William Nickle, who lost his leg while volunteering the duty of another officer, who should have been on the baggage-guard at Salamanca; but poor Nickle, who was in command of the Light Infantry company, could not bear to see them going into battle without being at their head, and he lost his leg, but gained the esteem of his brother soldiers in consequence. Captain Adair was wounded just in the same spot, the cap of the knee, as Nickle, and they were both put into one room. For several days the surgeons delayed the operation upon Nickle, hoping that his constitution and youth would bring him through, but it was a vain hope. The limb by degrees became numb, and mortification was making rapid strides, when at length it was resolved to take off the leg high above the knee. Adair, circumstanced precisely as his companion, with this difference only—and it is no small difference notwithstanding—that he was some twenty years his senior, listened with horror to the determination of the surgeons to commence operations upon his friend. His feelings on the occasion might be likened to those cast away at sea, when lots are drawn to ascertain who is to be the first victim. It, as has been seen, was decided that Nickle was the first, but poor Adair ("Robin" we called him) looked more like a criminal going to execution, while he observed the hangman commencing his vocation by arranging the noose round the neck of his fellow-companion who was about to precede him.

The surgeons, seeing the state of agitation which not only their presence, but that which they were about to do, caused Adair, with great humanity—and humanity is not their *forte*—examined his knee and told him he had nothing to fear, as amputation would not be necessary. Adair, though advanced in years, was what we, in the Peninsular army, used to dub a

"Count." Although a perfect gentleman, he had a dash of puppyism attached to him, which no circumstance, no matter how grave, could get the better of. Whether it was that he felt revived by the reprieve he had just got, or that he was indignant at the insinuation of the surgeons, I know not, but it is most certain that he turned on them with great wrath. "Gentlemen," said Robin, "it is not for myself that I feel—it is for my friend Nickle." He then called for his servant-man, whose name was Walton, and ordered him to remove him to another chamber. Walton obeyed, and poor Adair was spared the sight of the operation upon Nickle. Had he witnessed it, I firmly believe he would not have been a living man in forty-eight hours afterwards.

In taking off Nickle's thigh, by some mismanagement the bandages and tourniquet gave way, and he lost so much blood that his life was in danger, but he recovered and gained his rank of Captain. He has been dead some years, and in him his regiment lost a young man of tried gallantry, and the army one of its most promising officers. He lost his leg by volunteering the duty of another, and never gained promotion by it: so much for volunteering extra duties! I have known many do the same who were never rewarded or even noticed, and unless the system in our army be greatly ameliorated, I would advise young men to be content with doing their duty and nothing more.

So far all went on gaily at Madrid; but Lord Wellington was deeply occupied with matters of a different nature, although he joined in the amusements that took place. The capture of Burgos was what he aimed at, and his stay at Madrid was but a cloak to cover his real intentions. On the 1st of September he quitted the capital, and took upon himself the direction of that part of the army which he had decided was to march upon Burgos. He crossed the Douro on the 6th, and

arrived at Valladolid on the same day, and from thence he followed the enemy on their retreat to Burgos. On the 16th he was, with a portion of his army, before that fortress, which he soon invested and laid siege to. The result of that siege, its failure, and the circumstances which led to it, have nothing to do with my adventures; they are the property of Colonel Napier—the only writer that, I believe, can be held up as a standard to refer to on the Peninsular War.

We are to bring forward to the public eye, and the eye of posterity, too, the character of the Peninsular soldiers, whether they be showed up as men who were able to conquer the choicest legions of France, or whether they would sell the most essential part of their dress for a glass of brandy. No matter: they would, and have done both. Perfection is no where to be found; and if the British soldier equalled the Frenchman in habits of sobriety and caution, there could be no possible comparison between them: but the retreat from Madrid and Burgos, which I am about to relate, will give the reader a clearer insight into what I have just now written: and I will here say, without the least fear of contradiction, that the French soldier as far surpasses the British soldier in the essential qualities requisite for general operations, as the latter excels the Frenchman in a pitched battle. Let two armies of the two nations be placed in circumstances the same, in advance or retreat. The supply of provisions may be scanty or abundant,—no matter which. Both armies, for argument sake, we will say are placed in the same position as to food: it may be asked what, then, is this great difference between the soldiers of two nations who have been opposed to each other for so many campaigns, and who ought to have profited by the better system followed by either? It is this: the British soldier is not so moderate in his appetites as his neighbour, and he wants the head, which the other possesses,

to control him. Then, again, there can be no comparison between our army and the French as to the facility of cooking. And why? Because their method is the best. In the French army, every company carries the kettles requisite for their mess, and every soldier carries, according to circumstances, a certain number of days' provisions—say ten or twelve days.

Can this be done in the British Army? Certainly not. Because the temperament of the soldiers of the two nations is widely different. The one is frugal in the extreme, always hoarding up what he has gained, and looking forward to amass more. Give to a British regiment ten days', nay five days' bread at a time, and, as may be necessary, five days' rations of spirits; at the end of the second day—not the fifth, to which period it ought to last—what quantity will be forthcoming? Not one half ounce of bread, or half pint of spirits—half pint did I say! not one thimbleful, nay, less than that, not one drop! Should the ration be limited to bread, and in all armies, even the most temperate, a large advance of spirits ought to be avoided, the danger would be the same in any British army, because the soldiers would barter their bread for spirits or wine, and would become equally inefficient, as if they had been supplied with both by our commissaries. Added to this, what means had the soldiers of the Peninsular army to compete with the French in celerity of cooking? None. The latter carried their cooking utensils on their backs, while the camp-kettles for our troops were often leagues distant when the meat arrived. This was the state of our Army when the retreat from Burgos, on the one side, and Madrid on the other, commenced, and it will be seen in the following pages how that retreat was conducted, and how the subordinate officers of the army were blamed for not performing a duty which was impossible; and for this reason was it impossible, that

the means did not rest with them. Our system was altogether faulty, and no exertions of the junior, or even senior, officers could remedy it. Lord Wellington at length discovered this, and in his next campaign profited by the example which the enemy showed him, and which ought to have been followed long before.

On the 20th of October, 1812, the siege of Burgos was raised, and the troops before it retired towards the Douro, while the portion of the Army which occupied Madrid made arrangements to join him when the proper time should arrive. Accordingly the fort of La China was mined, the battering train found there removed, and all the necessary arrangements for retreat were completed. On the 31st of October, the army quitted Madrid, and bivouacked in the Royal Park near the palace; no disaster occurred, and, was it not for the loss of one life, the evacuation of the capital might be termed bloodless. The person I allude to was a young man attached to the ordnance department: he was a storekeeper, and had the management of some part of the placing the gunpowder in the Fort of La China. This unfortunate fellow, and he was an unfortunate fellow, as the sequel will prove, was a man of cadaverous aspect, was always prowling about the magazines with such an air of dejection, that it might have been supposed he anticipated the fate he was destined for, namely, being blown up by the very powder he had the charge of. He was better known in the division by the soubriquet of "Guy Fawkes," than his own proper name, which I now forget. "Fawkes," if history is to be credited, was an ill-looking man, but if he surpassed in ugliness the person of whom I am now writing, he must have been plain indeed. Poor "Fawkes," for so I will call him, not thinking that the different trains were well arranged at La China, ventured in after the match had been lighted by himself; he calculated, or thought so at

least, with much exactness, the precise time the first explosion would take place, but he, like many of us, reckoned without his host, and, in short, before he could quit the building, the mine exploded, and he was blown into atoms. One of his legs was thrown out towards the botanic gardens; the foot was perfect, and to it was attached a large brass spur which was bent in its fall. The soldiers were shocked when they beheld the mangled leg, but the long spur, bent as it was, caused some merriment. My servant, Dan Carsons, who always had his joke ready, said "he was *spurred* on to do a mighty foolish action." "Well! and *iv* he was," replied Paddy Lowry, "wasn't it *bent* on the occasion, and how could the poor creature help that?" On this day our commanding officer, Colonel Alexander Wallace, was attacked with fever and ague, and was, in consequence, sent to Salamanca.

The conflagration of La China continued all night, and story after story fell in until it became a heap of ruins. The following day, the 1st of November, the advance of the French entered Madrid, and on that day our army commenced its retreat upon Rodrigo and Portugal. On the side of Burgos matters were in the same state. The attack against the citadel having failed in default of means to carry it on, the army before it broke up on the 20th of October, and by the admirable arrangements of Lord Wellington, who took the command in person, gained two marches on the enemy before he was aware of it. Nevertheless a vigorous pursuit took place, and the Burgos army was closely pressed, until it reached the heights of San Christoval, where it was joined by the troops that had occupied Madrid.

Up to this time no serious disaster had occurred, although from the heavy rains that had fallen, which rendered the roads nearly impassable, and the scanty supply of rations which the troops received, it was feared

that, if Soult pressed on vigorously, our army would shortly become much disorganized; but the Marshal took six days, that is to say, from the 10th to the 16th of November, to examine the ground occupied by the British General. On the 14th, our army was in battle array close to the spot where we had fought the battle of Salamanca the July before, but Soult, although at the head of 90,000 soldiers, and two hundred pieces of cannon, declined the offer, and confined his operations to the sending a brigade or two on the line of our communication with Rodrigo. On the 17th, Lord Wellington commenced his march for the frontiers of Portugal, and from that moment he was closely pursued by Marshal Soult; the rain fell in torrents, without almost any intermission; the roads could no longer be so called, they were perfect quagmires; the small streams became rivers, and the rivers were scarcely fordable at any point. In some instances the soldiers were obliged to carry their ammunition boxes strapped on their shoulders to preserve them while passing a ford which on our advance was barely ankle deep. The baggage and camp-kettles had left us; the former we never saw until we reached Rodrigo, and the latter rarely reached us until two o'clock in the morning, when the men, from fatigue, could make but little use of them. The wretched cattle had to be slaughtered, as our rations seldom arrived at their destination before the camp-kettles, and when both arrived, there was not one fire in our *bivouac* sufficient to boil a mess.

Officers as well as soldiers had no covering except the canopy of heaven; we had not one tent, and the army never slept in a village. We thus lay in the open country; our clothes saturated with rain, half the men and officers without shoes, nothing to eat, or, at all events, no means of cooking it. What then could be much worse than the situation in which the army was placed? But this was not the worst, because, from

the nature of the retreat, and the pursuit, neither the cavalry nor artillery horses could be supplied with forage. The retreat each day generally began at four in the morning, in the dead dark of night; towards eight the army had gained perhaps six miles, perhaps not five, start of the enemy. At ten they were at our heels. The rear, as a matter of necessity, for the preservation of the whole, was then obliged to face about, and show a front, to enable the remainder to proceed on their retreat. The position taken up was, as a matter of course, according to the urgency of the moment, sometimes in a vast tract of ploughed land, where the troops were drawn up ankle deep in mud. In this position, those who were not fighting were obliged to remain in their tattered uniforms, worn to rags after two years' service, scarcely a good pair of shoes or trowsers on any, and the greater part without the former. The ague had also attacked the bulk of the army, and as the soldiers picked up the acorns that fell from the oak trees (which, by the way, is the property of the pigs in Spain, but who, fortunately for themselves, had not as yet appeared in the woods we just now traversed,) many were unable to eat them, so much were they enfeebled by the disorder.

Yet under all these privations, the soldiers, at least the "Connaught Rangers," never lost their gaiety. Without shoes they fancied themselves "at home," and there were few, I believe, who would not have wished themselves there in reality. Without food they were nearly at home, and without a good coat to their backs equally so! My man, Dan Carsons, came up to me, and with a broad grin, said, "By gor, Sir, this same place" (at the time we were, and had been for hours before, standing in a wet ploughed field,) "puts me greatly in mind *iv* Madrid." "Of Madrid! why, Dan, no two places can be more unlike." "By Jasus, Sir, the're as like as two *paise*, only that we want the houses,

and the fires, and the mate, and the dhrink, and the women! But, excepting that, don't the jaws *iv* the boys with the ague, when they rattle so, put your honour greatly in mind *iv* the castonetts?" Dan's joke was not quite so palatable as it might have proved at a more fitting opportunity, or in a more fitting place, for at that moment I felt a queer sort of motion about my own jaws, which in less than an hour proved itself to be a confirmed attack of ague On this night the rain never ceased; the rations could not be cooked, having arrived too late, and the army had no food except biscuit.

What I have related took place on the 16th. The following day matters became worse, the rain continued to come down in torrents, and in the passage of one river, out of ten that we forded. a woman and three children were lost, as likewise some baggage mules, which the women of the army, in defiance of the order against it, still contrived to smuggle into the line of retreat. The rations arrived alive (I mean the meat), as usual after midnight, but no kettles reached us for an hour after the poor famished brutes had been knocked on the head. Each man obtained his portion of the quivering flesh, but before any fires could be re-lighted, the order for march arrived, and the men received their meat dripping with water, but little, if anything, warmer than when it was delivered over to them by the butcher. The soldiers drenched with wet, greatly fatigued, nearly naked, and more than half asleep, were obliged either to throw away the meat, or put it with their biscuit into their haversacks, which from constant use, without any means of cleaning them, more resembled a beggarman's wallet, than any part of the appointments of a soldier. In a short time, the wet meat completely destroyed the bread, which became perfect paste, and the blood which oozed from the undressed beef, little better than carrion, gave so bad

a taste to the bread, that many could not eat it; those who did were in general attacked with violent pains in their bowels, and the want of salt brought on dysentery. A number of cavalry and artillery horses died on this night, and fatigue and sickness had already obliged several men and officers to remain behind, so that our ranks were now beginning to show that we had commenced, in downright earnest, a most calamitous retreat.

Lord Wellington wished for a battle, if he could fight one on advantageous terms, before his army became disorganized; but this was not to the interest of the French army; and the Duke of Dalmatia, who could at any time make choice of his own field from his vast superiority in horsemen, was too experienced a tactician to be led into so fatal an error as that of fighting. Experience had shown him that a retreat, such as the one I am describing, would cost him little trouble to inflict as great a loss upon our army as if he gained the advantage in a battle, and that it would be a bloodless victory to him; whereas, if a general action took place, and the entire of the two armies were thrown into the fight, he could not expect to get off with a loss of less than six or eight thousand men, with the chance, perhaps the probability, of being defeated.

No Marshal in the French army knew the good and the bad qualities of the soldiers he now followed better, few so well, as Soult. He had pursued them to Corunna, and fought them at Albuera. Knowing then, as he did, their imperfection in retreat, and their superlative perfection in a pitched battle, it would have been strange had he risked by a battle what it was as clear as the noon-day, he would gain without one, namely, the loss to us of several thousand men and horses, who, if they did not fall into his hands, or die on the retreat, were sure to be lost to our ranks in consequence of its effects. The game was in his hands,

and if he lost it by bad play, the fault would be his, and his only; he did not do so, but played a safe game, and when battle was offered him near Salamanca, he *reneged.* He finessed well, and though he did not drive us before him at the point of the bayonet, his flank movement on the Rodrigo line, by a side wipe, effected his purpose just as well for him.

A circumstance occurred on this day, that so strongly marks the difference between the British soldiers and the soldiers of any other nation on such a retreat as we were engaged in, that I cannot avoid noticing it. I have already said that we had no means of cooking our meat, and that the soldiers and officers, for all shared the same privations alike, carried their meat raw, or nearly raw; consequently it was not an additional supply of "raw material" that we so much needed as the means of dressing what we had. Nevertheless, towards noon, while a portion of the army was engaged in a warm skirmish with the enemy's advance, which lay through a vast forest of oak, some hundreds of swine, nearly in a wild state, were discovered feeding upon the acorns which had fallen from the trees the autumn before. No flag of truce ever sent from the advance post of one army to the advance of another had a more decisive effect. Our soldiers immediately opened a murderous fire upon the pigs, who suffered severely on the occasion, being closely pursued on the route, which they followed with that stupid—and for them, on this occasion, fatal—pertinacity which the pig tribe are so proverbial for, namely, going to the rear when they ought to go straight forward. Had this herd of swine deviated from the old beaten track of pigs in general—had they, in short, gone forward instead of rearward—many valuable lives, in the eyes of the owners at least, would have been saved, because they would have soon reached the French advance; and our fellows, once more placed *vis à vis* with the riflemen of the *grande*

nation, would have left off the pursuit—if for nothing else, *but to save their bacon!* This *rencontre*, one of the most curious that came within my knowledge during my Peninsular campaigns, or indeed during my sojourn in this world, led to consequences the most comic as well as tragic. Colonel O'Shea, who commanded the cavalry of the French advance ordered to support the tirailleurs, was astounded when he saw the direction which the British fire took. He could not be mistaken; the fire of the advance of his own soldiers had slackened—ceased. It immediately occurred to him that some corps must have got in rear of our advance, and he galloped up to the tirailleurs to ascertain the real state of affairs. He was soon undeceived; but when he learned the cause of the retrogade movement on the part of our men, he could not avoid—and who could?—laughing heartily.

Meanwhile the discomfited and routed pigs fled, and soon got out of the clutches of the advanced guard. The bulk of the fugitives took the road to their *right*, but here they were again *wrong*. Had those ill-fated animals known anything of the "rules of the road," they would have kept to the *left*. On the right they were encountered by a nearly famished brigade, that had received no rations at all the preceding twenty-four hours; and when they were, as has been seen, so roughly handled by men whose haversacks were amply stocked with meat, what chance had they—I ask the question fearlessly—of any mercy from a body of famished, ferocious fellows? The question I have just put is easily answered. They had none to expect, and none did they receive. Neither age nor sex was spared; and out of this fine herd of swine, scarcely one in one hundred escaped unhurt. No victory was ever more complete; and the grunting and squeaking of the wounded pigs and hogs throughout the forest was a sad contrast with the merriment of

the soldiers, who toasted, on the points of their bayonets—intended for other and more noble game—the mangled fragments of their former companions.

The line of retreat had been well considered by Lord Wellington. Several brigades of infantry and a division of cavalry, perfectly competent to the task, had been placed on this part of the country which I have described. He had nothing to fear, and the Generals commanding divisions or brigades were equally confident; in short, there was nothing left undone to guard against any surprise, and, in fact, there was nothing to apprehend on this side. Day was drawing to its close, and the third division, commanded by Sir Edward Packenham, was about to retire from the ground it had held during several hours in face of the enemy, when a warm fire of musketry on our left led us to suppose we were outflanked. The officers of the staff galloped in the direction from whence the firing proceeded. Sir Edward did the same, but it was some time before they reached the scene of action. In the meantime, the different regiments were so arranged as to be ready either to advance or retreat, as circumstances might require; and the French corps in our front made demonstrations of a similar kind. In this state of suspense we remained for nearly an hour, when at last Sir Edward returned with the news that the firing was caused by a fresh attack on the pigs that had escaped the first brunt of the attack against them. He ordered the different advance posts to be placed, which he superintended in person; the soldiers then prepared to fell timber for fires, and some ran to an uninhabited village—they were all uninhabited on the line of our march, for that matter—for the purpose of getting dry wood, that is to say, the doors and roofs of the houses, to enable us to light up the green timber, which was the only fuel we could command. The soldiers and officers of all ranks

were nearly exhausted from cold and wet; and had the village in question belonged to the king of England, much less to a parcel of Spanish peasants, it would have shared the same fate as the one in question.

The party from the village soon arrived, some bringing doors, others articles of different kinds of household furniture, such as chairs, tables, and bedsteads; but nothing in the shape of food was to be found. No doubt, had it been day, something might be got at, but warmth was what we stood in need of more than food. Several of us still carried the parboiled beef of the night before, and when the fires were lighted we made a shift to roast it either on our swords, bayonets, or bits of sticks, which we formed into respectable skewers. This operation finished, the fire around which each group sat or stood, in order of companies, their arms regularly piled behind them, was replenished with green and dry timber, according to our supply of each or both. The soldiers then placed their knapsacks round the outer part of the circle, and having given the best place to their officers inside the circle, all lay down together, or at their own choice, with their feet towards the heat of the fire. Some arranged in this manner, others did not lie down at all; and those who had captured a door, propped it up as a defence against the rains and winds. There were others who got a blanket and fixed it with branches of trees and stones against some uneven spot, and lay down in the mud. It was, in fact, all mud and wet; and in whatever manner we accommodated ourselves, according to circumstances, whether walking, standing, or sleeping, it was of little difference. No matter what *mood* any of us might have been disposed to follow, the *imperative* had the call; and, as has been seen, we could not *decline* it. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Thus ended the operations of this day; officers and soldiers were placed exactly, or nearly, as I have des-

cribed. Many were so feeble as not to be capable of the least exertion; others, on the contrary, were hale and stout, and I, myself, was amongst the number of the latter. I had lain sometime with my feet near the fire, but I dreaded an attack of ague, and I walked about to keep my body warm, which was but thinly clad. I had not been long on my legs, and I was at the moment standing near the small tent where Sir Edward Packenham lay in his wet clothes, when a rush of pigs,—the remnant, I suppose, of those that had escaped in the day,—disorganized several piles of arms. The soldiers stood up, and every man seized his firelock. A Portuguese regiment near us, thinking the enemy were at their heels, began to fire right and left, without knowing what they fired at. Sir Edward Packenham ran out of his tent, and while in the act of mounting his horse, and giving directions to his orderly dragoon, the man was shot dead by the side of the General. It required some time before the confusion that prevailed could be remedied; but the soldiers never for a moment lost their presence of mind, and the third division was formed with astonishing celerity in battle array. The error into which the Portuguese had fallen was, with some difficulty, remedied, and, except a few men who were wounded, nothing serious happened. The pigs, who were the cause of all, escaped without any loss, but whether they ever found their way back to their original owners I know not. Trifling as the affair was, with troops less accustomed and less ready to face an enemy than those that composed the third division, it might have had a different result.

The rations and camp-kettles soon after arrived, but it was late before the bullocks were slain, skinned, and delivered to the men; and the retreat commenced before any provisions could be cooked. This was the worst night we had passed since we crossed the Tormes.

Many of the young soldiers and worn-out veterans could no longer march, and were abandoned to their fate; many died during the night, and the artillery and cavalry horses perished in vast numbers, the infantry, however, was still formidable and efficient. The heroes of Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca, were the same men in spirit; but it cannot be denied that the privations they had suffered in a great degree undermined their stamina. It is true the marches were short, but the long halts, under an almost constant torrent of rain, were worse than can be conceived; and under any other general except Lord Wellington, it would be hard to say what the result might have been. The officers, placed on a par with the soldiers, like them obliged to march on foot, many without shoes, and all with scanty and bad clothing, obliged to lie out in an open country without shelter of any kind, with no means, generally, of cooking their food, how can it be wondered at that they were not able to cope with their more hardy companions, the soldiers, in the actual essentials necessary to carry them onward, much less fulfil those duties which were afterwards—during a halt for the night—expected from them?

I shall touch but lightly on this matter now, it shall be the subject of my next chapter; but I will put one plain question to any officer who was present in the retreat from Burgos and Madrid—it is this. What duty could a subaltern officer perform more than he did perform during that retreat? Lord Wellington, in his circular letter to officers commanding regiments —after the retreat had been effected—says much as to the duties officers should attend to. He was perfectly right in so writing. But what duty did the officers neglect on that occasion? Did the subaltern officers offer any impediment to the cooking? I think not. Was there any deficiency of wood to cook? The

fires around which we endeavoured to warm ourselves, and dry our tattered uniforms, is an answer to the question. Was there any want of water to cook the provisions when they reached us? The ground that we lay upon, surrounded by dikes of water, settles that point. Where, then, did the error rest? I will explain presently.

The march was continued the following morning. The troops commenced the retreat some hours before day. Towards ten o'clock the enemy's advance were at the heels of the rear-guard, which, as before, disputed the ground. A rapid stream on the Rodrigo side of the village of San Munoz was to be passed before the rear could be considered safe. Many regiments had already forded the river, but one entire brigade was missing, and the haze was so great that it was difficult to distinguish any object clearly.

Packenham's division was already on the left bank of the stream, while the brigade of nine pounders, commanded by that admirable officer, Captain Douglas, opened its fire on the French advance. This, for a moment, arrested their progress; but O'Shea, at the head of fifteen hundred dragoons, passed between the French infantry and the river, and, disregarding the fire of our artillery, overtook the brigade before it had passed the ford. The confusion at this point was great, some men were sabred; but the fire of Douglas's guns caused the French dragoons many casualties, and they galloped back to their former ground. The safety of the brigade which was missing was thus insured; but Sir Edward Paget, who had gone in quest of it, and knowing nothing of what had taken place at the river's edge, was taken prisoner by O'Shea. We thus lost our second in command, as also many men; and the cavalry and artillery horses had become so enfeebled for want of forage, that it was manifest our retreat, if vigorously followed by Soult, would, as a

matter of necessity, have been protected by the infantry alone; but Soult either could not or would not press us, and the remainder of the day passed over languidly.

A heavy cannonade on both sides was the principal feature in the operations of the day, and, as we were now within one march of the fortress of Rodrigo, the French Marshal appeared to be satisfied with the loss inflicted upon us. It is not possible for me to say what his motives were for discontinuing a pursuit which had been productive of so great a disorganization in our army. His own, perhaps, were nearly as ill off; but it is most certain, that, had he followed our footsteps for three days longer with the same energy he had done on the preceding ones (for the country was still open), our artillery and cavalry must have suffered serious loss.

NOTE.—Amongst the trophies captured by the French at the battle of Ocana, were the astounding number of thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven guitars; twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-two being in cases, and one thousand one hundred and twenty-five without cases; being nearly in the ratio of *two* guitars to each combatant!

CHAPTER VIII.

Sufferings of the army on the Retreat—Jokes of the Connaught Rangers—Letter of Lord Wellington—The Junior Officers—Costume of the Author during the Retreat—An unusual enjoyment—Lord Wellington's censure on Officers of Regiments.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attitude of Packenham's troops, and the excellent arrangement of the park of artillery under Douglas, the troopers of O'Shea still menaced the ford. A brigade of French guns ascended the heights, and opened their fire upon the third division, but they were replied to with vigour by Douglas, who, on this day, surpassed himself; and the decided superiority which his fire had over that of the enemy was so palpable, that, after a short trial, the French left the heights. Day was drawing to its close, and our march, as usual, commenced soon after dark. The entire day had been one of drizzling wet, but, towards evening, the rain came down in torrents; the army had to march two leagues ere they reached the point marked out for them on the line of retreat, and it would be difficult to describe the wretched state of the troops. The cavalry half dismounted; the artillery without the requisite number of horses to draw the ammunition-cars, much less the guns; the

infantry without shoes, or nearly so; and the roads, even in the broad day nearly impassable, made the march of this night one of great loss. When a halt occurred, which was often unavoidable, in consequence of the guide mistaking the way, or by means of the narrowness of a part of the road, or the difficulty of ascertaining the pass of a river, those in the rear fell down asleep, and it was next to impossible to awaken them, so much were they exhausted; it then became incumbent on every man who was awake to rouse those in his front, who impeded the line of march, not only of the individual himself, but of the army in general. Nevertheless, many were obliged to stay behind, and were abandoned to their fate. None but the stout and hale could bear up against the inclemency of the weather and the want of food; but the worst of all was the wretched state of the horses of the cavalry and artillery: these poor animals, when they reached the place marked out for our resting for the night, had not one morsel to eat, for it was absolutely impossible to forage for them at such an hour and under such circumstances, and the consequence was that many died from cold and famine, either in the harness of the artillery or under the saddles of the dragoons.

It was nine o'clock this night of the retreat before we reached the ground where we were to rest; and we had scarcely lit our fires when the bullocks and kettles arrived. This circumstance—a rare one—put us in good spirits, and, by the time we had eaten our first meal that day, we became more gay, and the "boys" of the 88th had their joke about the slaughter of the pigs by the fourth division, of which I have made some slight mention in the last chapter. That I might have said more on the subject I am aware, for it was a subject that much might be said upon; but, had I done so, my readers, perhaps, would consider me a

bore. However, the Connaught Rangers would have, and had, their joke at the expense of the defunct pigs. Jack Richardson, of the light infantry company, said, "The poor craturs must be blind intirely when they run into the mouth of the fourth division." "No," replied my man, Dan Carsons, "they wern't blind all out, but perhaps they had a *stye in their eye!*" This sally of Dan was loudly applauded; and this kind of gaiety of spirit never forsook the men of the 88th under any circumstances. It was well for themselves, and for the service also; for I believe no regiment in the Peninsula had more up-hill work to contend against than the ill-fated 88th. No matter!—all that is past and gone now; and those who survive, and recollect the events that took place during their stay in the third division, are now changing positions; they had up-hill work *then*—*now* they are going down the hill. It is, nevertheless, a galling reflection to those who bravely earned notice and promotion, to find themselves passed over, while others, of regiments in the same division, and under the same General, and placed in circumstances the same, and sometimes less hazardous, have been lauded and promoted, while those of the 88th were not even noticed!

But I am digressing. After Carsons' pun we soon fell asleep; and were again on our legs at four in the morning; but our appearance was greatly changed for the worse: several soldiers had died during the night from exhaustion and cold; and those who had shoes on them were soon stripped of so essential a necessary; and many a young fellow was too happy to be allowed to stand in a "dead man's shoes." Others were so crippled as to be scarcely able to stand to their arms. Ague and dysentery had, more or less, affected us all; and the men's feet were so swollen, that they threw away their shoes in preference to wearing them. The cavalry presented a miserable

sight: the horses nearly starved to death, and all, or almost all, with sore backs, caused by the friction of the saddles from the effects of the heavy rains that fell almost without any intermission. The artillery was even worse than the cavalry: out of every team of eight horses scarcely four were left; and, had the pursuit been carried on with vigour for two marches beyond Rodrigo, it would not require much knowledge on military points, or much foresight in common understanding, to predict what the result would have been.

As it was, the artillery and cavalry were nearly placed out of the fight. The infantry—the acknowledged best infantry in Europe—were still formidable and efficient, as compared with the other two arms; and had there been any thing like a good, even a tolerable, arrangement in their supply of provisions, or —which was of more vital consequence—their means of cooking them, all would have been right; but the reverse was the fact. Owing to the faulty arrangements of those who should have looked to it, the supply of rations never arrived in due time; and it is idle to say that such could not have been the case, for the army was not engaged in a rapid retreat—quite the contrary; therefore, it was easy to ascertain whereabouts the troops would halt for the night, and the mules carrying the provisions for each division might have dodged about the environs destined for the occupation of each corps. All this was easy, because it would be worse than childish to argue, in defence of the neglect, that the army was in retreat. To be sure it was: but after a certain time—after dark—what was to molest it?—what disaster had it to look to? None, except the bad arrangement of its own superiors, who neglected to do what was necessary and easy of accomplishment—namely, the supplying the troops with food. The French fire generally ceased before

five o'clock in the afternoon; it was then dark: could the army of Soult make any way—in short, dare he attempt it after that hour? It was well known he could not. Then why were not arrangements made for the comfort, the keeping life in the soldiers? No retreat was ever made in the face of an enemy where the marches were shorter or the halts more frequent. The army met with no disaster from the enemy—all rested with our own officers,—not the subordinate ones, but the chiefs.

In the memorable letter which Lord Wellington addressed to the army after this retreat, he takes notice of the celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with ours. Now, why should this not be the case in the campaign alluded to? The British soldiers had no more the means of competing with the Frenchmen in celerity of cooking then, than the French nation have now in competing with our Leeds and Manchester manufactories; and for this reason, that they had not the means of so doing. Had the Generals under the command of Lord Wellington paid as much attention to the minor duties of the army as he did to the principal ones—had they followed the example of the French, in the arrangements of their divisions—had they, in short, provided their men with the means of cooking, as the French did,—the letter from his lordship, to which I have made allusion, would never have been published; and no letter ever gave, and justly so, more annoyance to the officers of the army. Was it possible, or was it fair to suppose, that that great man, whose mind was not only occupied with the deliverance of the Peninsula, but the deliverance of Europe into the bargain, could turn his thoughts into every little minutia? Was he to attend to the arrangement of camp-kettles, stew-pots, and ammunition? What had he, or what ought he to have had, to do with such minor duties? It was the

business of those in command of divisions and brigades—a subaltern with *nous*, for that matter, would have done it—to have looked to the evil.

So much for the Generals, the camp-kettles, and the porridge-pots. The retreat on this day was less severe than any of the preceding ones; but the bad food of the troops, and the misery and fatigue they had undergone, occasioned a great number of sick; the soldiers and officers were attacked with dysentery, and scarcely half the men of each regiment were free from this disorder. Subsistence was nowhere to be found, for the army traversed a wilderness. The towns and villages were deserted—no peasant came to us to sell provisions; in short, all the people forsook their homes, and, quitting the line of march occupied by the hostile armies, fled in every direction. No corps was allowed to enter a village—all were obliged to lie in the open country; and although this seemed, and was, a rigorous measure, it was one of absolute necessity—because, had the army been placed under cover, however desirable, the inevitable result would have been the complete disorganization of the whole.

Scarcely any provisions were to be found, but an abundance of wine could have been easily procured from the different wine-caves in each village. The troops, once let loose in this kind of way, could not be restrained, and all discipline would have been at an end; therefore, no one ought to be surprised that Lord Wellington forbade the occupation of a town. He did his part in the grand scale, but those who acted under him were deficient in every way. Sometimes the troops were bivouacked in a muddy swamp, when dry ground, in comparison at least, was nigh. The consequence of all this bungling was fatal: the troops became ill and inefficient; they became discontented; and, to wind up all, the junior officers of the army were blamed for those things over which they

had as much control as they had over the actions of the Dey of Algiers or the Great Mogul. The officers divided the misery of the retreat with their men; and it is well known that many of them had scarcely a covering to their backs. Scarcely a subaltern in the army had a dollar in his pocket, the troops being four months in arrear of pay; but, even supposing he had money in abundance, what use could he make of it? There was nothing to be had for love or money—we had no money, and few of us were inclined to make love; but even if we were, there was no one (the worst of it) to make love to.

It has been said by a celebrated warrior, that to raise the great superstructure of an army, it must be remembered the belly is the foundation. There are few, I believe, that will deny this axiom; yet, with the truth of this staring us in the face, our infantry, the main spring of the army, were left without food, or the means of cooking it, during one of the most inclement seasons that troops in such a climate ever witnessed. Happily, the army was not further pressed; but, if it had, it must have been totally disorganized. In default of food at home, the men must have looked elsewhere; and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that a marauding system would not have suited a British army at any time, much less when vigorously pursued by an enemy. As it was, it took six months to re-organize the troops, so as to enable them again to take the field.

Such was the end of a campaign, the commencement of which augured the most fortunate results. The men who composed this fine army—which, at Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca, carried all before them — were now greatly changed for the worse. Scarcely a man had shoes; not that they were not amply supplied with them before the retreat commenced, but the state of the roads, if roads they could

be called, was such, that so soon as a shoe fell off or stuck in the mud, in place of picking it up again, the man who had thus lost one kicked its fellow-companion after it. Yet the infantry was efficient, and able to do any duty. No excesses were committed, for Lord Wellington having taken the precaution of keeping the army away from the different villages, no man had an opportunity of obtaining wine or spirits, and thus drunkenness and insubordination were not added to the list of our misfortunes.

But the cavalry and artillery were in a wretched state indeed. The artillery of the third, sixth, and seventh divisions, the heavy cavalry, together with the 7th and 12th light dragoons, were nearly a wreck; and the artillery of the third division lost seventy horses between Salamanca and Rodrigo. It was next to impossible that the artillery and cavalry could have made, if vigorously pursued, three marches beyond the latter place. What force, then, was to arrest the enemy in his pursuit?—The infantry, and the infantry alone; yet this main-prop of the army was, by mismanagement, left without the means of nourishment! Had not the infantry, by their firmness in bearing up against all the evils they had to surmount—such as bad clothing, no tents to shelter them from the heavy rains that fell, and no means of dressing their food—presented the front they did, the army must have been lost before it could have reached Gallegos; and, if equal zeal had been exhibited by the general officers in providing for the wants of their troops, as was shown by the subordinate officers in the maintenance of discipline amongst them, the letter of Lord Wellington would never have been written.

Blame and praise, if properly employed, make a great change in the actions of a young man—so they do if improperly employed; and this letter of Lord Wellington, directed chiefly against the junior officers

of his army, had a bad effect. Those officers asked each other, and asked themselves, how or in what manner they were to blame for the privations the army endured on the retreat? The answer uniformly was—in no way whatever. The junior officers had nothing to do with it at all. Their business was to keep their men together, and, if possible, to keep up with their men on the march, and this was the most difficult duty they had to perform; for many, very many, of these officers were young lads, badly clothed, with scarcely a shoe or boot to their feet—some, attacked with dysentery, others with ague, and more with a burning fever raging through their system, had scarcely strength left to hobble on in company with their more hardy comrades, the soldiers. Nothing but a high sense of honour could have borne them on; and there were many who would have remained behind, and run all risks as to the manner in which they would be treated as prisoners, were it not for this feeling. The different bivouacks each morning presented a sad spectacle—worn-out veterans, or young lads, unable to move, were abandoned to their fate. Some were thrown across the backs of the commissariat mules, and conveyed to the rear; but this was rare, for the drivers were obliged to make all haste to reach their destination, and the frames of the men, worn down by sickness, unhealed wounds, or old ones breaking out afresh, were unable to bear the jolting of the mules, and these men generally preferred taking their chance on the line of march, to submitting to such an uneasy mode of conveyance.

Thus ended the year 1812, and thus ended our retreat upon Portugal. The details I have given of that retreat have not been the least exaggerated. It had, nevertheless, but little effect on my regiment, the 88th, for we scarcely lost a man by fatigue or sickness. The "boys of Connaught" were not much

put out of their way by the want of shoes, a good coat to their backs, or a full allowance of rations: they took all those wants *aisy!* In short, it was astonishing to see the effective state of the regiment, as compared with others, when we reached our cantonments.

Since I commenced these pages, I have endeavoured to impress my readers with the idea—and I hope I have succeeded—that the 88th were none of those hum-drum set of fellows that ought to be classed with other regiments: they, in fact, had a way of their own! There are many who will agree—cordially on this point, at least—with me; but their reading and mine, of the text, may be widely different, nevertheless.

The 88th was a regiment whose spirit it was scarcely possible to break, and the many curious incidents which occurred during this retreat, afforded them ample food for that ready humour for which they were proverbial, and for which they got *full credit*, but, nevertheless, they still are *in arrear*, and they owe a debt to themselves which they must pay off,—no matter what the price may be. It was well for them that they had food for their humour, for they had little for their stomachs; but that did not cause them much uneasiness. The state in which some of the officers were placed was quite pitiable. Many were obliged to throw off their boots, their feet having become so swollen that they could not bear them. Those so circumstanced were necessitated to look to the soldiers for a new fit-out; but where could that be found? The men themselves, not caring much whether they had or had not shoes, left those they had worn in the muddy roads, and it would not be an easy matter to find on this same retreat a second pair with any man. However, by hook or by crook, those who wanted shoes were supplied; yet, though the soldiers might be termed the *shoemakers* of their officers, they never got the *upper*-hand of them!

To describe the state of the officers would be impossible; for myself, I can truly say, I was in rags. I wore a frock-coat, made out of a dress belonging to a priest that was captured by my man Dan Carsons, at Badajos. I wore it during our sojourn at Madrid: it was lined with silk, and might be termed a good turn-out there; but, as it turned out on the retreat, it was the worst description of clothing I, or rather my man Dan, could have pitched on. Every copse I passed, and they were many, took a slice off my Madrid frock, and, by the time I had undergone three marches, it was reduced to a spencer! My feet never quitted the shoes in which they were placed from the moment of the retreat until its close. I knew too well their value, and, if I once got my feet out of them (no easy matter), I knew right well it would take some days to get them back again, they were so swollen; and, even if I were dead, much less crippled, there were many to be found anxious to stand in my shoes—to boot!

There were others, and many others, as badly off as I was. My friend, Meade, was obliged to leave his shoes behind him. He tried to walk barefooted for a while, but it was impossible. The gravel so lacerated his feet that he could not move, and he was obliged to make some shift to get a pair in place of those he had abandoned. Captain Graham, of the 21st Portuguese, a Lieutenant in my regiment, was so worn out with fatigue, barebacked, and barefooted, that, on one night of the retreat, having been fortunate enough to get a loaf of bread, he joined me and my companion Meade; but, so unable was he to eat of the food he brought to share with us, that he fell down on the ground and never tasted a morsel of it. It is, therefore, tolerably clear to any man possessing common understanding, that the junior officers of the army, from the neglect of their superiors, were not in a state to do more than they did.

During the retreat, a supply of money reached the army; but it was of no use, except to encumber the officers paying companies. I received, as paying a company, seven hundred and twenty dollars; some of the money was in pieces of eight, but the bulk was in dollars, and I was obliged to carry all. I was overweighted. It was not, on this race, "weight for age," but weight for character! and the "young ones," if good, had an additional weight placed on them!

The army was still four months in arrear of pay, and a young Ensign, who had just joined, hearing of an issue of money, although he was paid up, and two months in advance of the issue now made, went to the Paymaster, and demanded some dollars.

"On what account, sir?" was the reply.

"On *my* account, sir; for I have not a farthing in my pocket, and, as I am told there is an 'issue,' I have called upon you."

Now, the Paymaster was a pleasant fellow, and would have his joke, so he asked the poor Ensign if the "issue" he spoke of was "in his leg?" The lad was a ready boy, and seeing that the *pagador* was inclined to be witty at his expense, told him that he had not as yet put an issue in either of his legs, but that, if the retreat continued much longer, he feared he would have to do so, as they were much puffed, and, as he had drank nothing but water, he apprehended an attack of dropsy.

"In that case," replied the Paymaster, "you must be tapped."

"Very true, sir," rejoined the Ensign; "but I now should like to 'bleed' you!"

The Paymaster laughed, and so did the Ensign, for he saw that he had made a hit, and he was resolved to profit by it if he could.

"I will give you a bill on London, sir, at sixty-one days, for any sum you may choose to advance me."

"The date is too long, sir," replied the Paymaster. "I am not in the habit of cashing bills that have so many days to run before they are payable."

"But, sir," replied the Ensign, "you ought to recollect that this is the month of November, and those self-same sixty-one days are the *shortest* in the year!"

The Paymaster was delighted at the wit of the young man: he advanced him, without bill, note, or acknowledgment, one hundred dollars, which would, I have no doubt, been punctually accounted for, had the Ensign lived; but he, poor fellow! paid the debt of nature—the great debt—before we reached Portugal, and, consequently, before he could pay his friend; and the Paymaster died in Lisbon shortly afterwards. It is a pity that they could not have been both placed in the same grave. The commencement of their acquaintance was a *grave* one, and their exit from this world—though buried some leagues distant from each other—was equally *grave*. The Paymaster was a regular "dust,"—so was the Ensign,—and I have been obliged, in putting the sod over each, to go from "dust to dust!"

The retreat still continued, but the army was unmolested, and, at length, after an absence of so many days, we once more got sight of our baggage. The poor animals that carried it were in a bad state; but they were even better than our cavalry or artillery horses. Of the former, three-fourths of the men were dismounted; and the latter could, with difficulty, show three horses, in place of eight, to a gun.

On this night, I think it was the 26th of November, (that is to say, four weeks, less by two days, since we left Madrid), I enjoyed what I never expected to see again—a hearty meal. A knot of us got together under a tent belonging to Captain Robert Nickle, whose bâtman was one of the first to arrive with his baggage, and he kept open house for as many as the

tent could accommodate. In the centre was placed a huge pannella of chocolate, which was garnished by a couple of large loaves of Spanish bread. The contents of the pannella, as also the dimensions of the loaves, were soon altered in appearance, and so, indeed, were we. Our stomachs, which before were as lank as half-starved greyhounds, now became plump and full, and, moreover, some fragments were left even after the servants were fed, and abundantly fed.

A dog belonging to Nickle, that had been absent with the baggage, and which had been on as short rations as his master, also got a bellyful, and soon after came into the tent, but his owner was so changed in appearance and dress, that the dog did not at first recognise him; which proves the old adage to be correct, that "a man is sometimes so changed that his own dog don't know him."

The army continued its retrograde movement unassailed, and, by the 30th of November, was established in its different stations; but here the real effects of the retreat began to be felt. The soldiers, while in action, or in a state of activity, had not time to get ill! So long as the mind and body are occupied, every thing, in comparison, goes on well; but after a storm a calm succeeds, and that calm is sometimes as bad, and even worse, than the storm that has preceded it. So it was in the present instance. More than half the men were attacked with some complaint; but fever and dysentery, from over-work and bad treatment, were most prevalent, and the number of bayonets which we counted at the conclusion of the retreat, was considerably diminished before we were settled in our winter quarters.

Many men, whose frames were as robust as their minds were ardent, began to sink under the accumulation of the miseries they had endured during the retreat. The continued and unsparing exposure of their bodies under

such heavy rains as had fallen, and their being obliged to lie out, without any covering, for so many nights during so inclement a season, now began to be felt, and made visible ravages amongst our ranks. The oldest and most hardy soldiers, as well as the youngest, sank alike under diseases, and it was heart-breaking to see our ranks thinned, not only of the hardy old stock, but of the promising young suckers also. But, so it was! The men died by tens—twenties—thirties—and, in the course of a short time, every battalion was reduced to the half of its original strength.

"Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers" [What officers?] "could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather at a moment when they were most severe. Yet, the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts, and none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged. I have no hesitation in attributing those evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army."

These last twenty-one lines are Lord Wellington's own words; but how they are applicable to the officers of regiments I never could understand. What had the officers of regiments to do with "such long and repeated halts?" Those same "halts" were what

destroyed the frames of both men and officers: for, during the time of those "halts," the men were standing under arms, drenched with rain, neither making a movement in advance, or to the rear, or exchanging one shot with the enemy. Surely the officers of regiments had nothing to do with that! If the troops had such opportunity of repose, they might as well have been allowed time to cook their meat when it reached them, instead of being marched off their ground some hours before day!

Lord Wellington, in his letter, farther says—

"In regard to the food of soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the last campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked, in comparison with our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description;—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and to the conduct of their men; and their consequent want of authority over their conduct."

Now, it is plain that the French army were much more expert in cooking than we were. The French nation is proverbial for its proficiency in the art of cooking, and here the merits of the two nations might be left to stand upon the authority of gastronomic writers, without the interference of a military one; but, as the food with which each army was supplied, did not require much insight in the arcana of cooking, it only remains for me to show why our army was so far behind the French in "the facility and celerity" of cooking. It was this,—the army of France had a better method than we had. Their soldiers were obliged to carry their camp-kettles on their backs, and, consequently, had them always on the spot where they were required. Not so with our army. Our cumbrous camp-kettles were carried by mules, and, at the moment they were wanted, they were, perhaps, leagues

distant from the division they belonged to. Thus, then, it is plain that, while we were waiting for the means of cooking our food, the French had theirs not only cooked, but eaten. Who was to blame for that? Was it the junior officers? Certainly not. They had nothing to do with it; it all rested with the superiors.

Reader! only conceive, for a moment, what support Lord Wellington must have had, to be under the necessity of taking the trouble and the labour of writing such a letter to officers commanding *regiments*? Where were his Generals? One represented as his right arm—another his left arm—the next his special adviser, &c. Where were all those members of his body corporate? Was there none amongst them able to take such a weight off his mind? If there was one, why did he not do it? But the letter of Lord Wellington goes further, he says—

"The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent, at all times, the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article, and of the soldiers' necessaries. With this view, both should be inspected daily."

Now, these orders are much about the same that the officer at the head of a regiment would issue to his captains or officers commanding companies, and it comes to this, that Lord Wellington was obliged to fulfil the functions, not only of Commander-in-Chief, but also that of General of brigade, or Colonel of a regiment!

What I have now written is not assertion without proof, for I quote Lord Wellington's own words, and by that letter the merits of his subordinate officers should be judged, in preference to the overstrained encomiums of their admirers. Let every man—no

matter what his rank may be—have his deserts; but, to lay the blame of the misfortunes of the retreat upon the junior officers of the army, was the greatest injustice.

At the time that memorable letter was written, the terrible effects of the retreat had only commenced to be felt. In less than a month afterwards the hospitals were overstocked, and many officers were taken ill. I, for once, was amongst the number on the sick-list. A bad ill-healed wound, which I received in the breast on the night of the storming of Badajoz, now began to revisit me. A high fever was the consequence, but I was at length relieved by the taking away three pieces from one of my ribs. The reader is not to suppose from this confession, that I was a married man at the time this operation was performed; but I had, nevertheless, a "rib," though not a wife; and as to the "pieces" which I lost, it would be but a useless task to look after them now.

The Serjeant-Major's wife, a fine, fat, well-looking woman, amongst many others, was taken ill, and visited with a bad fever. She was the sister of my man, Dan Carsons, and had kept close with the regiment from the time of its first landing in the Peninsula to the time I am now speaking of. She acted in many a useful capacity towards the officers. She supplied us with wine and bread, and every other comfort she could afford us; and was, in fact, a necessary appendage to the officers, for she was one of the best foragers I ever saw in the 88th regiment; and the army knows —the Peninsular army, I mean—that we had some good ones. But this poor woman lost two fine mules during our retrograde movement, as also the cargoes with which they were laden, amounting to a good round sum, which, at the lowest estimate, I must value to be worth three hundred dollars. This loss affected her. She had left no stone unturned to realize it, and

this untoward event brought on a violent fit of illness. The fatigue she had undergone, no doubt, aided the cause of her disorder; but, be this as it may, she became quite delirious. While in her bed, she could not be made to understand that the army was not in full retreat. "Where," she would exclaim, "are my mules?" My man, Dan, was in constant attendance upon his sister, and was, as a matter of course, continually intoxicated! If she got better, he would say that he took a little dhrop "more than usual," for joy; if she relapsed, he did the same "to dhrown grief." So that, between Dan's "joy" and Dan's "grief," to say nothing of my own helpless state, I was anything but well off.

At length the poor woman became quite insane, but she still looked up to Dan as her sheet-anchor; nevertheless, Dan always paid her that respect which he conceived due to the wife of the Serjeant-Major, and always called her Misthress O'Neil; she, on the contrary, forgetting the station she held, always called her brother "Dan." "Och, then," said she, "Dan, what do the Frinch mane at all—where do they mane to dhrive us to?—an't my mules gone, and our baggage gone, and still we're on the rethrate? Haven't they taken all from us, even our necessaries?—where do they mane to send us to?" "By gob! Misthress O'Neil," replied Dan, with a broad grin, "I think they mane to *send us all to pot?*"

CHAPTER IX.

Shocking effects of excess in eating—The neighbourhood of Moimenta de Beira—Wolves—The author employed to cater for his regiment on St. Patrick's day—Is attacked by wolves on his return—Measure for measure—The priest and his plate.

DAN CARSON'S prognostication, which closed the last chapter, was not fulfilled, although a retreat on Portugal was necessary.

Once clear of the Spanish frontier, we arrived, by easy marches, at the different towns and villages appointed for our occupation, while the French army retraced their steps, and, it is to be presumed, followed the course we had taken, though not exactly the same route.

The village of Leomil was the one allotted to the 88th, and was also the head-quarters of Sir John Keane (the General of brigade) and his staff. This town, distant about five leagues from the city of Lamego, and two from Moimenta de Beira, was by no means a bad resting-place for men who had for so many days, and in such inclement weather, inhabited no town, or slept, if sleep it could be called, under any covering, except their tattered uniforms; but the transition was too sudden, and it is not difficult for the reader to see what the consequence was. An abundant supply of

money, a great plenty of wine, meat, and poultry, were things not to be lightly treated by a parcel of men in a state of nakedness and starvation. In a word, all were bought up greedily, and as greedily devoured. But the frames of the soldiers had undergone a great change; their stomachs were much weakened by the bad diet they had heretofore tasted, and the disordered state of their bowels was such, that in five cases out of six the soldiers were attacked with some complaint or other. The officers suffered little, because they had a greater command over themselves; but I knew an instance of a man of the company I commanded (his name was Travers) eating, for one week, independent of his rations, the head of an ox, daily!

Reader, do not laugh at this. It is a true but melancholy picture, not a laughable one, of what a half-starved man will do when opportunity favours. The result, as may have been foreseen was fatal. A violent inflammation of the bowels took place, and the poor fellow died in the most excruciating agonies. No remedy of our doctors could relieve him; they did all they could, but in vain. It has often since occurred to me that had our medical people been as conversant with the use of *oxygen* gas as those of the present day, they might, by a timely application, have extracted the head of the *ox-again* from his stomach. They had recourse to the stomach-pump, but, alas! there was no succour (sucker.)

To persons like me, of a serious habit, the catastrophe of this ill-fated man afforded as much food for reflection as the heads of the oxen he had eaten afforded food for his carnivorous maw. I, and many others like me, reasoned with the soldiers upon the undue liberty this poor fellow had taken with his stomach, but we might as well have attempted to arrest the progress of a ship in full sail, with a fair wind and all her sails bent. The men were "bent" on eating and drinking;

nothing could stop them; and, in less than six weeks from the time I speak of, more than one-half were on the sick-list.

The 88th, at this period, was commanded by Major Macgregor: he did all he could to check this terrible evil; but the junior officers, being more intermixed with the soldiers, had a better opportunity of controlling them, and they thus fulfilled the minor as well as the major parts of the duty. I was however, soon relieved (if relief it could be called,) from any trouble on this score. My old wound broke out again, and a large abscess had formed on my left breast, but, by care and attention, I was in a few days as well as ever. This wound, which to me was a bore, must not be so to my readers, and I will not "bore" them with any further details on the subject. It nevertheless re-visited me twice afterwards; once in Canada in 1814, and again in Paris in 1815. The aperture might be as large, each time, as an augur-hole; but my readers are not to "augur" from this, that I mean (as Colonel Trench, of the 74th, used to say when the same story was too often told) to give them the "real screw!"

The country in the neighbourhood of Leomil, and between that town and Moimenta de Beira, is in the highest degree grand; it moreover abounded in game, and officers who were fond of their gun, or of coursing, had ample opportunities of enjoying both. There was, however, one drawback which was an unpleasant one, and that was the vast number of wolves that infested the mountains. These fierce animals were so terrific, when pressed by hunger, that in one instance they seized the head of a sheep, which was in a house, having made their way under the door. The owner, hearing the cries of the animal, rushed to its assistance, and, catching hold of the hind legs, dragged it back, but the head and a part of the neck were carried away by the wolves. Another instance of their ferocity soon after occurred. A young child, who had wandered into

the street of a small village earlier than usual, was carried off and devoured by these animals; but this in no way damped the ardour of our sportsmen. With a double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, no one feared danger, though he might guard against it; and I never knew an instance of any one being attacked by a wolf, although we saw many in our sporting excursions.

Our cantonments, by this time, the first week in February, had undergone so great a change for the better, that they might be really termed comfortable. Chimneys had been constructed, and we were as well off as any set of men who could put up with fair winter quarters. We contrived to get up a sort of ball court, and we all, men and officers, amused ourselves at this game. The Irish, I believe, stand unrivalled as hand-ball players, and this healthful exercise afforded the officers and soldiers much amusement. Sir John Keane often looked on, and I believe, though I will not say so positively, joined in the game. He, however, approved of the means the officers of the 88th took to amuse their men, and it is attributable to those trifles that the soldiers of the "Connaught Rangers" were so devoted to their officers and their colours. Nothing, as has been seen, could shake their devotion to either. This line of conduct on the part of the officers had a magical effect. Those soldiers who were present at head-quarters never wished to leave it, although severely drilled; and those who were in the rear either in depôt or hospital, thought the hour would never arrive until they had again the happiness of being with their regiment. The consequence was, that on the day of battle the "Connaught Rangers" appeared nearly double the number of any other regiment in the division.

From the time we were first settled in our present quarters we established an evening club, which was superintended by Misthress O'Neil, who was by this time re-established in health. We wished to have a regular mess, but that was not possible, as the difficulty

and expense of purchasing materials would have been too great; so we were necessitated to content ourselves with our evening club, which was a source of great amusement and conviviality. It brought us together each evening after our requisite duties to the soldiers had been gone through; and we had no sort of gambling: whist, our favourite game, was always played at a low rate, and each night was wound up by a supper of such materials as could be procured. Our commanding-officer, Major Macgregor, gave up his best room for our use, and, all things considered, our club was most comfortable, and tended to keep up that feeling of harmony and action for which the "Connaught Rangers" were so remarkable during the Peninsular War. In 1809, after the battle of Talavera, the 88th, while quartered at Campo Mayor, established a mess. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, was nevertheless attended with a good deal of trouble and a heavy expense. I do not remember that any other regiment in the army did the same. In 1812, after the battle of Salamanca, the 88th established a splendid mess, for which the officers paid a high rate. During both these periods the 88th was commanded by Colonel Alexander Wallace, whose name I have repeatedly mentioned in these pages for his distinguished conduct. Now the object of all this must be clear to any military man: it had but one object, and one only—the keeping up a gentlemanly and social feeling amongst the corps; and when, as has been seen, such feelings did exist, will any man give credit to the calumnies that have been attempted to be fastened upon the "Connaught Rangers" by the biographer of the late Sir Thomas Picton?

Sir John Keane was to dine with the regiment on St. Patrick's day. Even at this early period I was their caterer, although in a far different way from that in which I am now employed: then I catered for their stomachs—their *faim*; now I cater for their honour—

their *fame!* At an early hour on the 15th of March, mounted on a good mule, with fifty dollars in my pocket, I left my regiment on the route to the city of Viseu, with a *carte blanche* to do the best I could in the purchase of provisions. I was followed by my man Dan, who had for his assistant, or coadjutor, as he styled him, my bâtman, Jack Green, as handy a "boy" as ever "listed" in the ranks of the "Connaught Rangers." The mule they took charge of was little inferior to the one I rode, but their pace was of necessity slower, as he was encumbered not only with a pair of panniers, destined to carry the prog for our St. Patrick's dinner, but also with the weight of Dan and Jack, who arranged themselves in the best manner they could astride his back. Viseu is five leagues from Leomil, but, as I knew the country tolerably well, I struck out of the high road, and, crossing the mountains, reached the town some hours before my servants. Here I unexpectedly met with a young officer of the regiment, of the name of Mills, who was on his way up to join the army, but, being taken ill with an attack of ague, was obliged to remain at Viseu. Nothing could exceed his good-natured attention, and, through his means, both myself and party were made very comfortable, and by the time my two trusty servants arrived, good beds and a remarkable good dinner were prepared for all.

The appearance of Dan Carsons and Jack Green astounded the servants, as likewise the men who composed the detachment commanded by Mr. Mills. There was something imposing in their demeanour as well as dress, to say nothing of their large whiskers, velvet waistcoats, bedecked with immense silver Spanish buttons (God knows how got,) and forage caps of no ordinary value, which at one period might have graced the head of some General or Colonel in the French Imperial Army. Although their appearance was imposing, the reader may rest assured that it would be

no easy matter to impose on them. Dan, after saluting his officer and, I might add, host, turned to the "green-horns," and desired them to look to the mules, and see that they were well fed; and "My boy," said he, turning to Mills's bâtman, "iv you're short iv forrage, wait until afther night falls, and we can go out and stale a thrifle for the bastes." But he was informed that there was an abundance provided, and, in short, that there was nothing wanting. He then came up to me, and said, "Now, sir, that we are aisy about ourselves and the poor bastes, would you allow me to go down the town for about half an hour, for I've a mighty great notion of paying a visit to a girl that was civil to me in this same town, before we were on the rethrate to the lines, last autumn was a twelvemonth; she would'nt come then, but I think I'll do something with her this time in spite of her ould father." I told Dan that he should have the *congé* he asked, but that he ought to recollect he had a wife. "To be sure I do," replied Dan, "but does she always remimber she has a husband?" Seeing that Dan was bent on making a conquest, I acquiesced, and he left me. The young soldiers were too happy in being allowed to take care of our mules, who fared as well as ourselves, and, to say the truth, we all fared well. The merits of several *canadas* of spiced mulled wine were discussed ere we retired to rest, and at an early hour next morning I proceeded to the market.

Viseu is a good town, one of the best in Portugal, and the shops are abundantly supplied with such commodities as would suit the taste of a general buyer. Brazil sugar, nearly as white as snow, green tea at a cheap price, cloths of every description, and a rich assortment of Braganza shawls, so much prized in England, were severally named to us, as we passed the different shops; but Dan, who was, or at least made himself, spokesman on the occasion, shrugged up his

shoulders and replied to each, "No, senor, me no care the chocolate, nor the suggera, nor the shawla; me care the peché." An old man, the proprietor of the shop before which we stood, addressed me in tolerable good English and said he had what we wanted. As he said this he cast a look of reproach upon Dan, which I did not at the moment understand; but I entered into conversation with him before I entered his shop, and found him to be a well-informed pleasant old fellow.

As I was about to cross his threshold, my man seized my arm, saying, with a significant nod, "Don't go next or nigh him; he's an ould blackguard, and only wants to thrick us out of our money!"

I told Dan, if he cheated us it was our own faults, as our eyes were as open as his shop-door, and there could be no great harm in going in.

"Why, Sir," rejoined Dan, "isn't it fish you want, and is it into an ould grocer's shop you'd go to be afther looking for it? I tell you, again, some of us will be sorry iv we have anything to say to that ould vilhain, and I've a mighty strong idea that we'll make a kettle of fish ov it before we part."

Despite of Dan's remonstrance I entered the shop; but, in place of the fish I sought for (good mullet and trout,) nothing was to be seen but dried Newfoundland ling. I explained to the old shopkeeper the description of fish I wanted, and that, although his stock was very good in its kind, we had abundance of it at the head-quarters of my regiment.

While we were in conversation, Dan got behind the counter of the shop, and when I turned round to take leave of the old man, and proceed to the market, I observed my servant in deep conversation with one of his daughters. The old grocer was enraged, and, jumping up on the counter, struck a blow at Dan that nearly floored him; but Dan gave him a "counter"

hit that *balanced* matters by putting the pugnacious old fellow into his own *scale*.

I felt greatly irritated at seeing my servant so unworthily treated, and with much heat demanded of the Portuguese why he presumed to act so towards a British soldier. But the mystery was soon unravelled. The daughter of the Portuguese shopkeeper was the self-same "girl" who was so "civil" to Dan on the "rethrate," by which means he had, some how or other, contrived to make the old man a grandfather before he expected it. To remonstrate further would have been futile, so I conducted my man out of the house, and having condoled with the Portuguese on the "untoward event," wished him and his daughter a very good morning.

When we got outside the door, Dan turned to me and said, "Well, sir, you see I was right about that ould thief, but you wouldn't listen to me, and now you see that I knew the ins-and-outs of it."

I made no remark—it would have been useless to do so; and we soon reached the market-place. There I found an abundance of what I most wished for—fish. I purchased a number of fine mullet, some hens and fowls, and a variety of other matters which I thought requisite to garnish our table the following day, and I dispatched my two trusty servants on their route some hours before I departed myself.

Being mounted on a superb mule, I did not mind much what road I took, but struck across the mountains above Leomil, bordering on Moimenta de Beira. Before I reached the passes I so well knew, it became dark, and I lost my way. On reaching a small village, I was informed by the peasants that I was still two leagues from Leomil, had a bad and difficult country to traverse before I could reach the road, and that the mountains were infested with wolves. I was aware that the latter part of their report was but too true; and

when they told me the name of their village, near which I had shot before, I was convinced that my knowledge of the country by night was not quite as perfect as in broad day. The peasants endeavoured to make me remain where I was for the night; but notwithstanding their offers of hospitality, I preferred taking my chance with the wolves to the certainty of being half-devoured by fleas, a commodity with which, I well knew, their houses were amply stocked. I therefore determined to proceed, as I was anxious to reach home; and I had no great fear of an attack, as I was well mounted, with a case of pistols in my holsters, and my sabre at my side. I left the reins loose on the neck of my mule, who, with wonderful sagacity, made her way through the different passes. We had nearly reached the high road without meeting any obstacle, save the different glens we were obliged to pass, when all of a sudden the mule became alarmed, and bounding to the right and left made it difficult for me to keep my saddle. The distant cry of wolves soon, however, explained the cause of her uneasiness; and although I pressed on at as rapid a pace as the nature of the country would admit of, I found that the pack were palpably gaining on me.

I was within a few yards of the high road, when three ringleaders of the pack came close to me. Two of them attacked my mule behind, while the other made a spring at her throat, and the remainder were coming rapidly into the field of battle, for so in fact it was. I discharged one of my pistols at the foremost, but whether I wounded him or no I cannot say; for, to speak candidly, I looked with more anxiety to secure a safe retreat than the honour of a splendid victory; and I can affirm, without the slightest qualm of conscience, that mine on this night was never surpassed—in rapidity, at least—in either ancient or modern times. Moreau was celebrated for his retreat through the Black Forest—

Wellington for his to the lines of Torres Vedras—but what was the disparity of numbers in either case to what I had to contend against? Neither of those great men had more than three to one opposed to him, while I had—if I may judge from the howling of the reserve, and the daring of the advance—fifteen to two! for my mule must have *her* share in the exploit, because had it not been for her I firmly believe I should have never had an opportunity of relating what took place on the night I speak of. In a word, never was mortal man nearer being devoured.

The rest of the story is easily told. At length I reached the high road leading to Leomil. I gave my mule a touch of the rowels of my spurs, which might have been dispensed with, for she, poor thing, was to the full as anxious as myself to quicken our pace. In less than half an hour I reached the head-quarters of the "Connaught Rangers," and no man, I will venture to say, ever rejoined his corps with greater pleasure than I did mine on that occasion.

On arriving at my billet I inquired if my man Dan had safely brought his cargo to port, and having received an answer in the affirmative from himself, I ordered him to provide me something to eat. He told me all was ready, that he had a stewed *galphinia* (by which he meant a pullet, but which turned out to be an old hen, and might have been, from her hardness, the mother of many clutches of chickens,) a piece of ham, and six quartellos of mulled wine. The latter part of the bill of fare appeared so strongly contrasted with the first, that I asked Dan why he had so badly "sized his company."

"Why, sir," he replied, "you know that Jack Green is the man that always manages the dhrink, and I the dinner; so says I to Jack, 'see that there's nothin wantin, for you know that our masther will be could whin he comes home—and that we're could ourselves.

So,' says I, 'Jack, see that you have enough iv wine; and, sure,' says I, 'it's a'most Pathrick's mornin, and might'nt we as well d'hroun our shamorick now as thin?' 'By Gob,' says Jack, 'I agree with you intirely,' and upon the same he put down the pannilla with the wine, and whin I tould him just now how you were all but ate by the wolves,—'Och! murther,' says he, 'I'll put down more!' 'Dont' do that,' says I, 'until you hear more from me.' So, sir, shall I let him have his own way this time."

It was manifest, notwithstanding Dan's elaborate explanation, that both he and Jack Green had determined to make a hole in my pig-skin of wine; and, as it was totally under their control, I thought it better to acquiesce with a good grace, and make a merit of necessity. I told Dan that I wished them to make themselves comfortable, and I have little doubt that they did so, as he told me at parting—after having given me a fair share of the mulled wine—that they would do so, "in honour iv the day." I soon went to bed, soon fell asleep, and at an early hour next morning awoke, and bent my steps towards our club-room, for the purpose of having a *tête-à-tête* with Misthress O'Neil on the subject of our dinner. I found all things right, the fish cool and fresh, the hams safe and sound, the turkeys in proper trim; but I observed in place of the three turkeys which I bought, that five were in the kitchen. I asked my bâtman, Jack Green, how this addition took place? "Why, you see, sir," said Jack, "I thought when we bought the first three, that the other two we left looked mighty lonely after them, so I bought them also, and I got them at less than half the price you paid for the rest." I am not prepared to say that there was not "fowl-play" on this occasion, but as Jack accounted scrupulously to the vintner for the money he was entrusted with, I asked no questions.

The hour for dinner at length arrived, and the dinner

was a good one; and I say it was such, although I was the person who provided it. The fish was excellent, the fowl of the best quality, and to any one who has ever had the good fortune to taste a Lamego ham, it would be but superfluous to descant on the merits of so delicious a morsel. For the beef and mutton I can't say much, but the wine was of the best quality. I had taken particular care on this essential point, and went to a convent where my friend Graham, with his Portuguese regiment, were quartered, and, through his interest, prevailed on the priests to send us some of their own best. In saying this I need not say more in praise of the wine, as it is well known those gentlemen never kept, for their own use, one drop of any wine that was not of the best quality.

The dinner went off well, the attendance was good, and we were all as happy as any corps could wish to be; but our doctor O'Reily being a little "Bacchi plenus," mistaking a veranda for the door, walked out of it and fell, uninjured, about fifteen feet! The spot in which he happened to fall, fortunately was a soft one, and he himself, being a little moist, escaped as by a miracle, without any mishap. Next morning I examined the spot, and was struck with astonishment at the exactness of the impression his features had left. Had he sat to have his likeness taken, and underwent the troublesome process of having his face daubed over with paste, it could not have been more perfect, and thus in a second of time, without any trouble to himself, he performed what would have cost him a full half hour at least with a great deal of annoyance into the bargain, had he regularly allowed a sculptor to take his bust. He had no doubt taken his wine without measure, and it is clear that the wine, or the effects of it had taken his "measure," and made him "measure" his length on the heap of mud upon which

he fortunately fell, and it was in this instance "measure for measure."

Major Macgregor, who commanded the 88th up to this period, now left us on leave, and was succeeded in the command by one of the most gentlemanlike officers, and best soldiers in the British Army—Captain Robert Nickle. Sir John Keane, as I have before said, commanded the brigade, Sir Edward Packenham the division; and from the period of our arriving at our quarters at Leomil, until our leaving it on our advance towards Vittoria, we had not one single syllable of annoyance with either our Brigadier or Major-General, nor do I believe we had as much as one court-martial in the battalion: and this embraced a period of more than six months.

A general court-martial was ordered to assemble at Lamego for the trial of some officers and soldiers, and I amongst others of the 88th was called upon to attend, but it so happened that none of us were required, and our stay at Lamego was a mere lounge. We were admirably billeted; the house in which I was quartered belonged to a Padre, and, as a matter of course, was excellent in accommodation of every kind. The old man, like all priests, was fond of good eating, good drinking, and was possessed of a quantity of plate. My quarter was therefore deemed the best rendezvous for our party, which consisted of six, myself included.

The old priest was a kind-hearted and good man, but very fond of his bottle, and violently passionate when heated by wine. He either dined with us or passed a portion of each evening in our company during my stay at Lamego; and upon one of those days we had a few friends to dine with us,—Hay, of the Staff, Hemming and O'Reily, of the 44th, Nickle and Mahon, of the 88th, and some others. The Padre on this occasion made a proud display of his

plate, all of which he gave in charge to me, and I made a transfer of the "trust-property" to my man servant, Dan Carsons, and my bâtman, Jack Green. We passed a most delightful evening. Nickle sang some of his best songs, and two or three glees were well executed. The old priest, whose voice was a decided bass, gave us some fine specimens of his musical powers, and Anna, a beautiful Spanish girl, who was under the protection of Hay, sang several songs, accompanying herself on the guitar, which so delighted the priest that he not only became intoxicated with music, but what was worse, with wine; and he had just taken a sufficient quantity to make him extremely cautious; he therefore left the room for the purpose of looking over his plate, and we were making merry in his absence, when of a sudden the door was flung open, and the Padre rushed into the room in a storm of rage. He thus addressed us:—"Senhores! eu tenho perdido a minha prata! e estou roubado! De seis garfos e cinco colheres—mas eu não penso qu'l sirga algum dos senhores (a Deos naõ agrade!), mas eu suponho um dos vossos moços, e principalmente hum de'elles, que se chama João, que as tira guardado, sem duvida, pois he muito desestrado!"

Now, it was clear from this harangue that the priest thought he had lost some of his plate, and his pointed language against Joao showed too plainly that he was the person suspected.*

It is merely necessary to say again that this same

* As many of my readers may not be sufficiently acquainted with the Portuguese language to understand fully the meaning of what the Padré said, I will enlighten them on this knotty point, and give the pith and marrow of his speech. It was thus:—

"Gentlemen, I have lost some plate! I have been regularly robbed! Six forks and five spoons are gone; but do not for a moment suppose that I think any of you were the culprits (God forbid that I should!) but I suspect some of those lads in the

Jack, or as the priest loftily denominated him, Joao, was my own confidential man, Jack Green. From the time I first joined the Connaught Rangers to the present, I had six servants or bâtmen killed in action, and most unquestionably if what the priest now charged my present man with was true, he did not deserve to be in the land of the living. I, however doubted the charge; but before sifting it too closely I attempted to reason with the priest, but he was too much intoxicated, and in too great a passion to listen to reason. It was in vain that I requested he would tranquillize himself; in vain that I told him the spoons and forks should be forthcoming; that he had no cause of alarm, but it was all to no purpose; his rage rather increased than diminished, and no words of mine could, in the slightest degree, pacify him. His shirt collar was open (which was a fortunate circumstance, as otherwise, I do think he would have been suffocated), and he was in a state that more resembled a devil incarnate than a teacher of the gospel. He was, moreover, greatly intoxicated, and was in that ungovernable state that much perplexed us all as to what we should do with him.

The little Spanish girl laughed at him, and rattled her "castanets" in his ears, which nearly set him out of his senses; but again turning to me, as I tried in vain to soothe him, "Vos falais muito bien, Senhor, e miuto politicamente, porem que' s'que isso me fas, qundo ainda eu nãa tenho mais a minha prata?"*

"Go," said Nickle to me, in his own quiet way, "and see what all this means. There must be some

kitchen, and one in particular, called Jack! He has, without doubt, *mislaid* them; and I am aware, from experience of him, that he is very unhandy!"

* "You speak very well, Sir, and with much politeness, but how does all that benefit me while as yet I am deficient of my spoons and forks?"

mistake." I was about to leave the room when the eye of the priest caught me. It was fortunate for me it was not his hand! "Principalmente um!" said he, as he raised his finger considerably beyond his eyebrows. This motion was like the evolution of a fugleman in front of a regiment, who gives the time to those who are to follow his motions. Yet annoyed as I was at the slur attempted to be cast upon my servant, I made no reply, but proceeded to the kitchen to inquire into the affair. The first person I encountered was my man Dan, who was in the act of delivering over to my charge the plate that he and Jack Green had been entrusted with. I asked the cause of the uproar with the priest, and how it was that he said his spoons and forks had been missing?

"Missin is it?" said Dan; "why thin, to tell you the plain truth, the priest is too fond ov 'miss-ing,' and too fond of his d'hrop; and i'dst these girls that puts him all asthray—and his things too; and whin he upbraided Jack in the regard iv the spoons, 'sir,' says Jack, 'the're all here, and I'll count thim out to your reverince.' 'You may put them in your ——,' says the ould thief iv a priest! But Jack knew betther how to bemean himself to his clargy than the priest did to him, and upon the same he asked his blessing,' and ids't what the ould vilhain tould him that he might go and be d—d!" This was enough for me. I had satisfied myself that all was as it should be, as far at least as regarded the *garfos* and *colheres*, and I returned to my friends, and to my great satisfaction and relief found the Padré fast asleep in his chair. We did not disturb him; and after passing a most agreeable night, left the old man to dream about his imaginary loss.

CHAPTER X.

Priests carousing—San Carlos gambling house at Lisbon—Cocking the card—The author quits the Peninsula—Arrival at Spithead—Visit to Vauxhall Gardens—The lobster feast—The priest of St. Omers—Pay of French priests—Adventures on the road—The author's return to Ireland—Irish farmers.

To those who have never seen service, or been present with the Peninsular army for a series of years, it would be rather a difficult task to make them comprehend the feelings of an officer upon his regiment being ordered home. There are many, no doubt, who would say it was a lucky "turn up;" but there are many, I know, who would have a contrary opinion. Years of hard fighting, fatigues, and privations, that we now wonder at, had, nevertheless, a charm, that, in one way or another, bound us together, though it severed some; and, all things considered, I am of opinion that our days in the Peninsula were amongst the happiest of our lives.

Nothing tends so much to enjoyment in this life as variety,—I mean at a certain age,—when the mind is free from the care of domestic anxiety; you then have no one to think of but yourself. If you lose a friend in battle, you say—"It might have been my own lot;

I am sorry for him, but perhaps my own turn will come next." So it is, no doubt, in private life; but then it wants the stirring impetus which carries the soldier through all dangers and difficulties, unshackled as he is, or ought to be; for no soldier should have a wife, much less a family!

With feelings such as I have described, or attempted to describe, I was on the eve of quitting the first battalion of the Connaught Rangers, but, before doing so, I resolved to spend a few days with my old friend and companion, Captain Graham. He was attached to the 21st Portuguese regiment, quartered in a large convent half-way between Leomil and Lamesso; and here, for the first time, I had a full specimen of the manners and habits of the priesthood of Portugal. I had, it is true, met them occasionally before, and always found them pleasant, agreeable companions; but I had little idea of the depraved state they lived in, until I became, in a manner, an inmate of the convent where my friend was quartered.

Dinner was about to be announced, when some five or six priests entered, each carrying under his arm a small pig-skin of wine. They were all merry, gay lads, and looked as if they had—which I have no doubt of—tasted the contents of their *fardau*. All were agreeable men; they talked upon all subjects; but the fair sex "had the call." My friend asked where the others were who had promised to come. He was told they were on duty; but what that "duty" was, I could not exactly define. Be this as it may, dinner was scarcely over when three monks entered the apartment. One, who seemed to be the provider, was loaded with an enormous pig-skin of wine, which he carried on his back; and, so soon as the door was flung open, he, with some difficulty, placed it in a corner, and then, with his two companions, joined our festive board.

Now, at the time I am speaking of, I was a very young lad. I had, nevertheless, seen something of the world; I had mixed in society, high and low; I had read books—some of them moral; some the contrary; but in all that I had ever seen, read, or heard of, I never could suppose that, amongst any set of men —much less priests—so great a scene of blackguardism could be amalgamated together as I witnessed on this night. Songs of the most indecent kind were sang, attitudes of the most indelicate nature were resorted to, in order to give effect to those songs: but still the fellows were so pleasant, that, if you could forget they were priests, it would have been well enough; but it is disgraceful to see men in this calling adopt the manners and habits of the most profligate; by which means, they not only disgrace themselves, but the religion they profess.

It was, as well as I remember,—for *then* I could not be exact as to the hour,—about four o'clock in the morning when a summons reached the "high priest" that "mass" was to be performed, and the "Host" carried to the dwelling of some person who was dying. The evening's, or rather morning's, work, was thus interrupted, and all those on duty were obliged to scamper off. However, those who were not on the muster-roll remained; and we were about to *begin the morning*, when a Serjeant of Graham's regiment entered, and told him—he being on duty—that the "Host" was about to pass, and that the guard was already drawn out to pay it those honours which were exacted from them.

It may be here necessary to remark, that, in Portugal, the troops not only "present arms" to the "Host," but fall down on their knees as it passes. This order was strictly enforced by Lord Wellington, so far as regarded the British troops, with the exception of *kneeling*. I was once on duty, when a procession passed,

and the man who was at the head of it, fulfilling, I suppose, the functions of some saint, was neither more nor less than the blacksmith who shod my mules! I, as a matter of course, presented arms with my guard, but the fellow laughed so immoderately, that he was near being unhorsed.

When Graham turned out his guard to receive the "Host," and his quondam friends, the "Headsman" was so intoxicated as he passed, that he nearly fell downright on the troops that were arrayed to pay him due honour. This picture of the Romish priesthood in Portugal, may be supposed by many to be an exaggerated one; but it is no such thing. What I have written is true, and those men I met with in this convent, were, most indubitably, the gayest set of drunken fellows I ever associated with before or since. I left the convent the next day; my head was confused from the liberal potations of wine which I drank, but the priests were as steady as rocks, and, ere we all parted, they gave me a friendly invitation to pass a week with them; but I had not time to do so, and I never saw them again,—nor is it likely I ever shall.

I took leave of my old regiment, and, with two hundred and sixty-five dollars in my pocket, bent my way towards Lisbon. My old friend, D'Arcy, accompanied me, and my man, Dan Carsons, took charge of our baggage-mule, which carried our kits. This, indeed, was a sort of sinecure to him; for, to say the truth, we were not overstocked with much extras. Little occurred worthy of notice until we reached Lisbon, and there we met with our companion, Simon Fairfield, so well known to the army.* Maurice Quill was also there, and, as they were both, like ourselves, waiting for a passage home by the first fleet

* Fairfield was better known in the army by his Christian name, and was almost invariably called "Sim," or, as Joe Kelly called him—"Simmy."

that was to leave the Tagus for England, we thought we could not do better than "club" together.

It was a rare circumstance to meet two such characters, and our time passed away agreeably in learning those anecdotes which have been told of both. Much has been related of Quill, but Fairfield was immeasurably his superior on some points. In the first place, he sang beautifully, while Maurice could not sing at all; and, if Quill possessed that extraordinary humour, which it is so well known he did, poor Simon Fairfield was an overmatch for him as a punster.

Our stay in Lisbon was but short, as, in a few days after our arrival, the fleet was in readiness to sail for Portsmouth. But, short as our sojourn was, it was of sufficient length to nearly empty our purses. That sink of profligacy and nest of sharpers, the San Carlos gambling-house, was the constant resort of all the idlers in Lisbon; and, in a few days, I and my friends were completely eased of all our loose cash. But we had one resource left, and, in the shape of a horse each, which was the same thing as ready money, we determined to try our luck once more at the gambling table. Accordingly, the horses were sent to the fair, were sold, and brought a "fair" price. Mine fetched one hundred and twenty-five dollars; those belonging to Hill, D'Arcy, and Adair, all of my corps, were also disposed of at a "fair" value. Poor "*Fair*"field had no horse or mule. He had an old jackass,—his companion for years,—which brought to the general fund only fifteen dollars. A sort of council of war was now held as to the line of operations we should follow, and it was unanimously agreed that D'Arcy, being a good judge of the game, should be the purse-bearer, and play according to his own judgment to any amount he might think proper, for the profit or loss of the entire party.

Matters were so far arranged, and we were ready

and panting with anxiety to have another trial with the bankers of the San Carlos tables, when Hill, a young man of sound sense, hinted that, to prevent any mistake, and not to leave all on the "hazard of the die," we should deposit a certain number of dollars each for the purchase of our sea stock. This hint was so replete with *rationality* that we all acquiesced, and fifteen dollars "*par tête*" was regularly pouched by Hill, who was understood to be our caterer. He laid in a capital stock of wine, brandy, fowls, and meat, —and, so far, all went on right. The wine and brandy he purchased from the far-famed Signor Cavizoli; but, if he paid high for them, they were of excellent quality.

Meanwhile D'Arcy, who conducted his department in the capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, was regular in his attendance at the gaming-table. He marked with much circumspection the gains and losses of the numbers on his cards, for and against the banker; but his caution was of no avail. In the first night's play one hundred dollars had been scooped from him by the Portuguese banker, leaving a surplus of about seventy-five more at his disposal. As this was our last stake, and as the fleet was to sail the following day, (I wish it had sailed ten days sooner,) we all went to San Carlos to witness the luck of D'Arcy. Before him lay seventy-five dollars, and before him sat the banker, ready and willing to relieve him of their weight. For the first half hour he played with some success, but afterwards the tide of luck was against him. Not one of the party interfered *pro* or *con*. Again he made a rally, and, like a ship at sea who has weathered the storm and begins to right herself, he went on, as it were, sailing before the wind. But, in a moment of exultation, and having, as he thought, calculated to a nicety the certainty of success, he staked the entire of our stock in trade on the turn

of the card. He was right,—the card turned up in his favour,—and he was a winner of three hundred dollars and upwards. I looked on quietly, and expected to see him take the money or double the card, (which means "double or quit,") thereby insuring his stake, at the worst, or doubling it in the event of success. What, then, was our astonishment and dismay when we saw him "cock" the card, and heard him, in a loud tone, addressing the dealer of the pack in the single monosyllable, "Cock." Now, the meaning of the word "cock," and "cocking" the card, that is to say, turning up one of the corners of it, implies, that you will have, if you gain, three times the stake on the table, but, if you lose, you lose all. So it was with D'Arcy; the wrong card turned up, and we, one and all, turned out, went home to our beds, sailed for Portsmouth next day, and I never wagered a shilling at a gaming table since. Perhaps it was the best "turn up" I ever had.

Our passage home was pleasant and short. No incident worth relating occurred; and, in twelve days after we left Lisbon, we found ourselves off Spithead. The number of Jews which crowded the vessel was astonishing. They all sought for gold, but amongst us, it was a scarce commodity. One solitary guinea was all I possessed, and I believe I could say as much as any of my companions. For this guinea I received, from a Jew, thirty shillings; and it was then that I really began to lament the loss of my "specie" in Lisbon. It was, however, of no use to repine. We had, after a good deal of peril, arrived once more on our native shore. We saw ourselves, on landing, hailed by our own people, and, though last, not least, had an order on the agent for seven months' pay! We were all splendidly dressed, with braided coats, handsome forage caps, rich velvet waistcoats, appended to which were a profusion of large silver Spanish but-

tons,—some wore gold ones,—and our pantaloons bore the weight of as much embroidery as, poor Fairfield once said, would furnish a good sideboard of plate! Thanks to the old German tailor in Lisbon, (I forget his name,) for this. If he charged high, he gave everything of the best quality; but, as we landed, and saw the garrison of Portsmouth in their white breeches and black gaiters, and their officers in red coats, long boots, and white shoulder belts, we must have appeared to them, as they did to us, like men who formed a part of an army of different nations.

We experienced much difficulty in the removal of Adair from the ship. He had been badly wounded in the knee at Salamanca, and we were obliged to construct slings to enable us to lower him into the boat. We at length succeeded, and got him on shore; and once landed, we were assailed by the different waiters and attendants belonging to their respective hotels, to give "their house the preference." Poor fellows! they little knew the scantiness of our purses, or they would not have been so obsequious. We, however, pitched upon one, the "George," and, as a matter of course, ordered a good dinner, good wines, and everything befitting the heroes of the Peninsula. It was nevertheless necessary to put our heads together, and see if we had the wherewithal to pay for what we had ordered, and pay for our seats up to London. We consulted, put our remnant of cash on the table, and found ourselves wanting in the scale! Hill, an Englishman, and his family known to the hotel-keeper, said he would manage the matter. "I fear it will be up-'Hill' work," said Sim. He accordingly spoke with our host, told him of our lackage of cash, and settled all by giving an order on our agent, M'Donald, of Pall Mall, for the amount of our bill. The landlord even offered to advance us any sum we might require, but we refused his offer, having no need of it, yet we were

not the less obliged by his good nature and confidence. Next day we started for London, where we took up our abode with our friend "Mrs. Tait," of the "Hungerford;" Fairfield "roosting" at his old perch, the "Northumberland."

The evening of the day of our arrival, there was to be a grand fête at Vauxhall. I had never been there, and expecting to meet, as we did, a great crowd, we thought our Peninsula dress would attract too much notice, so Hill wrote a note to his tailor, requesting he would send his foreman to us, and, if possible, let Hill and myself have a dress-suit,—that is to say, black coat, vest, and trowsers, in time for the gala. In less than half an hour, not the foreman, but Mr. ——, himself, *in propria persona*, was with us. He came fully prepared with all those essentials so necessary in his profession, such as parchment measures, scissors, &c., &c.

The process of measurement having been gone through, we were asked at what hour we wished the clothes. We answered, at six that evening, if possible, (it was then eleven). You shall have them at four, was the reply; and at four, to the minute almost, we had them, and shortly afterwards set off for Vauxhall.

I had expected to see, and also to hear, a great deal. When I say "hear," I mean as regarded the musical part of the entertainment; but I was greatly disappointed in this branch of the fête. The orchestra was not good, and the fire-works only a shade above mediocrity; however they were less annoying than the "fire-works" we had been in the habit of seeing in Spain, and the novelty of the scene amused me much. The gardens were crowded by people of rank, but the groups of drunken sailors, and women of not the most unexceptionable character, was a strong contrast to what I afterwards saw at the Tivoli Gardens in Paris. While traversing the dark walks, Miss Burney's novel

was brought forcibly to my recollection; but I saw no Evelina there. However, the songs of Taylor and Mrs. Bland were well sung in the style which belonged to each, and were not only loudly applauded, but loudly *encored*. Taylor's "Grand Panorama of London," was received with bursts of applause; and Mrs. Bland's "Oh! no, Mr. Jeremy," was equally successful.

Six of us retired to one of those arcades, (I forget the name that appertained to them,) and asked for something to eat. A slice of ham, to which was added bread and butter, was brought up, and as quickly dispatched. I had before heard of a "Vauxhall slice," but never witnessed it till then. To be plain, there was not two ounces of meat sent to us for our consumption. We had often been on short rations, but never paid so dearly for them before. The charge was five shillings each, to which I must add, by way of addenda, a glass of brandy-punch.

Upon our return home, we found Adair waiting for us, and in the act of dressing a couple of lobsters for supper. He prided himself upon his culinary knowledge in this branch, and would by no means allow the interference of any cook, no matter how *au fait* at her or his vocation. On the table stood the tin conjurer, as it is called, and at the head of the table sat (for he could not stand,) Adair, who was the real conjurer. Both conjurers were formed of the same, or nearly the same metal. The one of "tin" was of metal, and Adair a man of "mettle." They might thus be termed brothers, not quite as closely allied as the "Siamese twins," but nearly akin. So soon as "Adair" had scooped the meat from his second lobster, he thought the dish not capacious enough for his friends. He rang the bell and called for another.

"Sir," replied the waiter, "lobsters are very scarce and very high in price now, and we have but one left in the house."

"Scarce and dear! what does the fellow mean?" said Adair, turning to me. "Pray, sir," said he, addressing the attendant, "what do you call *dear?*" "Half-a-guinea each lobster, sir."

"Then bring me one more; I am a perfect glutton when I get lobsters:—quick—quick!"

The waiter disappeared, but did not return so soon as Adair expected, and he rang the bell in a furious manner. The waiter was soon on his legs, and brought up a remarkably well-featured lobster.

"Pray, sir, what has kept you away so long?" demanded Robin, (we always called Adair "Robin,") "*I* and *you*, it would appear, have changed places." "How so, sir?" said the man, with the greatest respect. "Because *I*, not *you*, am the *waiter!*"

The pun was completely thrown away upon our attendant, whose name was Kain. "Remove that table," said Adair. The man essayed to do so, but was unable to move the table; and *I*—for once in my life—perpetrated a pun. I turned round to Adair, and said, "It is manifest that *Cain* (Kain) is not *Abel* (able). "Robin" was much pleased with the pun; but whether it was the high price of the lobsters, or the high flavour of them that stuck in his throat, I cannot now recal to my recollection, but I should say the former; for he turned round to me and said, "*Le prix de ces omares est cher.*" The waiter, not understanding one syllable of French, and but few correct ones of his vernacular tongue, addressed Adair, and said, "Do you want him, sir?" "Want *who?*" demanded Adair. "Why, sir, were you not asking for the priest from St. Omers that put up here last night, and is in the next room just now?" "By all means," cried Adair, anticipating some fun. "Request his Reverence to favour us with his company."

The invitation was promptly accepted, for we had scarcely done justice to Adair's splendidly dressed dish

of lobster, and were preparing to wash it down with something stronger than water, when the priest was announced by the waiter. Adair, one of the most finished gentlemen, received him with much politeness, and while he explained the waiter's mistake expressed the pleasure which that mistake had procured for us, but it was manifest that any apology was quite needless. The priest turned his eye in the direction of the wine and brandy, which was on the table, and then towards Adair. He was what Lord Byron would call a "broth of a boy," and moreover he was an Irishman. So far as I could make out from him his father had been hanged during the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, but whether his father was hanged or not, was "not" of any consequence to us, as it was evident the priest was resolved to "hang" on us,—and a most agreeable companion he turned out to be, though not "turned off" as his poor father had been; for when he turned out from us he did so with a warm stomach and into a warm bed. His case was as unlike his father's as night is from day, and I dare venture to say he thought so, though he could scarcely know night from day when he left us, and no doubt saw double.

We were all Irish and "cottoned" together, but there wasn't much "fustion" about us; and Fairfield was in great spirits, and in good voice. He sang several songs which delighted the priest and us all, and he then entered into a discussion with the priest, not only on political matters but religious ones also. This, latter, astounded us, for it was generally supposed that Fairfield had studied about as much on theological matters as he had on military ones, or, to speak plainly, that he had not given the one or the other a single thought. But Fairfield was a very extraordinary person, and a man possessed of much more ballast than his friends gave him credit for; indeed,

poor fellow, as I shall have to relate, he carried so much ballast *that he was swamped at last!*

His knowledge of the scriptures was so imperfect that it would be ridiculous, a perfect burlesque, to say he knew *anything* about them at all; but he had so much tact, and threw in his remarks so aptly, that to one unacquainted with him, he might have passed for a person well versed in religious matters. He was a man of considerable talent, and his ear for music so wonderfully perfect, that he could from memory,—for he was too idle to study—play a long and difficult overture on the violin; he had, perhaps, one of the sweetest voices ever possessed by man, and its flexibility was equal to that of almost the best public singer; had he managed his time as well as he did his voice, he would have been an acquisition to any regiment, or any society, no matter how elevated,—for he was, indeed, a most agreeable companion. His irresistible passion for a play upon words was unbounded, and an anecdote was told of him during a time on ship-board that is so strong a proof of this propensity, that I cannot forbear mentioning it.

He was on board a Liverpool packet on his passage to Dublin; when off the Welsh coast a violent storm came on, and it was expected that the vessel would founder on the rocks, and the passengers, one and all, betook themselves to prayer. Fairfield knelt down with the rest, but he could not at the moment—I doubt if he ever could—remember one solitary prayer; he was thus obliged to try back to his catechism, but here again he was at falt; and he never got beyond the sentence, "What is your name?" These words he repeated so often that an old gentleman next to him, and who, at the moment, was wrapt up in thought, supposed *he* was the person addressed, turned round and said in a grave and tremulous voice—"My name is Thomas Wood, sir." "It is, is it?" replied Fair-

field, "I wish you would not interrupt me just now, I was thinking of another person."

A large woman, who knelt at the other side of the elderly gentleman, and who was scarcely able to articulate from sea sickness and fright, thought perhaps it was she Fairfield was thinking of, and like most persons who suppose themselves on the eve of drowning.—ready to catch at everything—immediately told Fairfield *her* name was Toomey. "By the Lord, madam," said "Sim," "'tis nothing *to me* what your name is!"

The poor old gentlewoman was quite discomfitted, cast down, and chop-fallen; she looked up to Fairfield as one who might have joined her in prayer and given her religious consolation; or, if the worst came to the worst, and that the vessel should be knocked in pieces on the rocks, he might be the means of saving her; for he was a stout and remarkably fat person, and it is well known,—perhaps the old lady was acquainted with the fact—that fat men make the best swimmers.

Never was a woman more completely out in her calculation, for "Sim" could neither pray nor swim, and had matters concluded unfavourably—making it a sort of a "make-shift" affair, Fairfield would have been much more likely to seize on his fat companion, and made a sort of "buoy" of her to buoy up not only his hopes, but his body also, and "Sim" was the very sort of *boy* that would not have had many qualms about doing what I have described. Fortunately, however, the storm abated, and the ship got safely into port. Fairfield, though not cast down, or cast away as has been seen, said if he escaped he would reform his former life, but those promises, so made, are fine, and are, I fear, but seldom kept; and I can affirm with the greatest truth that "Sim" was not an exception to the general rule.

It was late at night before any of us thought of our beds, though we had arranged to leave London early

the following morning, Adair for Kent, and Darcy and I. for Dublin. My servant, Dan Carsons, though disabled by a wound in his left arm was still my right hand man, and arranged our baggage which was on a more extensive scale than when we left the regiment on our route to Lisbon.

Though many years absent from Ireland, the priest of St. Omers recollected the most minute circumstances connected with that country, and entered into an amusing detail in contrasting the Romish priesthood in France with their brethren in Ireland; and most certainly his account of the scanty provision made for the former appeared to us so far out of the range of probability, that, though from politeness we could not contrast, or doubt his assertion, we most certainly did not believe one word of it. At the time I write of, 1813, I had little idea I should so soon afterwards form one of those who were to be the occupants, as conquerors, of Paris. While in France, I enquired into the circumstances relative to the priesthood of that country, and I found that, in no one way, had the priest exaggerated. The following is the outline given us by our friend from St. Omers:—

"A parish priest," said he, "is paid twenty pounds a-year, and is allowed to take only five pence for marrying a couple, and two pence half-penny for christening a child. If he charges more than he is entitled to by the "code," he is liable to a punishment of fine and imprisonment. This has only reference to his fees and dues; but his general conduct is most rigorously looked after. In France, no priest durst introduce any topic relating to the conduct of government, or enter into any political discussion whatever. On being convicted of such offence, he is liable to be imprisoned for five years; and, if the offence be repeated, he is certain to be transported for life. Now," continued the priest, "in Ireland, a priest thinks

himself poor if he has not at least two hundred pounds a-year, and I know many that make their parish worth three times that sum; so you see that Ireland is a better country for a priest than France;" and so it most certainly is. I did all I could to persuade our companion to join our party for Dublin the next day, but he was immoveable in his determination not to visit his native soil, so I did not press him. I took leave of him and Adair, and it was the last time I ever saw either. I never heard what became of the priest, and poor Adair died shortly after his arrival in England, in consequence of the effects of his wound received at the battle of Salamanca. At an early hour the following morning, I took my place on the top of the Liverpool coach, and, with a light heart, viewed the beautiful country we passed over. The contrast it presented to that which I had but a few weeks before left, was great indeed, and I felt a pride when I reflected that I, humble as I was, was one of those who had fought and bled not only for my country's honour, —but my country's safety.

My servant, Dan Carsons, sat behind, and kept all the outside passengers near him, either in astonishment at the tales he recounted as to what he had seen, or in roars of laughter at some of his adventures, which he told without any scrupulous qualms as to whether they were true or not. He had made himself so agreeable to those behind, that, at the first stage, where we changed horses, some of the front passengers requested he would take his place with them; but there was no vacant seat, and no one seemed disposed to resign his place, so I thought the best plan was for me to go behind, which, I said, I preferred to the front; and my man, "Dan," was installed beside the driver. The laughter in front was, if possible, louder than it had been before in the rear, and when "Dan" had become tired of recounting his Peninsular remin-

iscences, he began to criticize the team of horses which drew the coach, and which the driver seemed to prize very highly.

"Well now, Pat," said coachee, "what do you think of this ere set of osses; did you ever see the likes of 'em in Spain?" They were four light chestnuts. "I never did, Mr. Coachman," replied Dan, "but I don't like their colour. I never knew iv a chestnut horse that wasn't blind or lame." "A good oss never had a bad colour," was Coachee's answer, but the words were scarcely uttered when the off leader made a stumble. "By my conscience," said Dan, "that may be thrue,—but there's a *cull* among them." Now a *cull* in the Irish acceptation of the word, means a bad one, and "Dan" was right, for in a few minutes afterwards the same horse made another *faux-pas*, and dropped as if he was shot. "Dan" immediately roared out, "I say, Misthur Coachman, I see you have an Irish horse amongst your set!" "Which do you mean, Pat?" was the answer. "Why, the one that fell just now to be sure; he must be an Irish horse,—because he's so fond of taking a drop!" The ill-fated horse received a severe castigation for his mistake, which went nigh to upset the coach; but, even had such been the case, I doubt if the driver would have been more annoyed than he was by the humorous sallies of "Dan" against chestnut horses, and the driver's want of knowledge in horse flesh.

We reached Liverpool without any other adventure, and next day sailed for Dublin. In those days which I write of we did not use steam, and a three-day passage from Liverpool to Dublin was quite a common thing, and it was the practice then to lay in a sea stock for a voyage of four or five days. This was a matter of easy accomplishment, and, having laid in a fair supply of edibles, &c., we set sail, and on the third day arrived in Dublin. After remaining in the

capital one day, I parted from my old companion, D'Arcy, and took the first coach for the Kildare road, while D'Arcy brought himself to an anchor in the Ennis mail. Our leave of absence was for three months, and, before the expiration of that time, the second battalion of the regiment was expected in Ireland, so we did not calculate on a long separation, nor were we mistaken.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to give any minute detail of my reception amongst my family and friends. Those sort of adventures read well in novels, but I do not think my readers will be displeased with me for leaving them out. As a matter of course all my acquaintances got round me, and I had to recount all my four years' adventures in the Peninsula, and, while I was so employed in the drawing-room, my man "Dan" fulfilled his part in the kitchen, and, I have little doubt, did much more justice to the matter than I did.

Ireland, at this period, presented a scene of great gaiety; the prices of every article were high, but money was plentiful. Every country town could boast of its ball-room, and public assemblies were quite common. In each county there were several packs of hounds, and almost every respectable farmer was well mounted; indeed, many of their horses were worth upwards of one hundred pounds sterling each. After one of these hunting or market days, it was a service of danger to be on the high road. A dozen or more of these farmers, styled by the lower classes "gentlemen farmers," after having discussed the merits of several tumblers of punch, would sally out of the tavern in which they had been so agreeably occupied, mount their horses, and run races on the high roads, galloping without heed, to and fro, to the imminent risk of their own lives, as well as the lives of those persons they might meet or overtake on the high-way.

Some of these men, having made and drunk divers tumblers of punch, would make the *last* "tumbler" himself, by either breaking his own or his horse's neck, in attempting to jump over a turnpike-gate! It was a common saying at this time, "If I leap the gate, will I be free of the 'pike?'" The invariable answer was, "You will, and more power to your elbow!" If the gate was cleared, as it generally was, a burst of applause followed; if, on the contrary, the man broke his neck,—by no means a rare occurrence,—a pleasant "wake" and "big funeral," made amends for the loss of the defunct farmer. This is the manner the Irish farmers spent their time and their money during the war.

My leave was now about to expire, so, taking leave of my friends, I joined the second battalion which was stationed at Fermoy. The army of the Peninsula had by this time, the spring of 1814, established itself within the French frontier, and reinforcements were in readiness to be sent from Cork to join their companions in the south of France, but, as will be seen in the next chapter, there was no need of this augmentation of force.

CHAPTER XI.

Breaking up of the British Peninsular army at the abdication of Napoleon—Separation of the soldiers wives—The elopement—Thorp, the Drum-major—The Connaught Rangers embark for Canada—Obeying orders—Provisions for the voyage—A comfortable fight—A main of cocks on ship-board—Dr. Crowe's disaster.

After six years' of terrible war, the army of the Peninsula at length found a stop put to its victorious career, and the inhabitants of the city of Thoulouse were the last who heard a hostile shot fired against their countrymen. From the commencement of this wonderful struggle, in August, 1808, to April, 1814, more battles had been fought (all of them won,) than England could boast of for nearly a century; and the triumphant march of the army of Wellington was uninterrupted by one defeat until the subjection of their brave opponents was complete, which forbad further hostile advance upon the French territory.

It would be a work of supererogation to bring events before the reader which have been so often and so well told. Suffice it to say that upon the news of the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon having reached the head-quarters of the Dukes of Dalmatia and Wellington, the armies of the different nations which formed

portions of those troops were so arranged as to be ready to return to their respective countries or destinations. Those of Spain returned to Spain, and those of Portugal returned to Portugal. The British infantry embarked at Bordeaux, some for America, some for England; and the cavalry, marching through France, took shipping at Boulogne.

The separation of those troops from each other, after so long an intercourse, and an uninterrupted series of victories, was a trying moment. There were, no doubt, many at least, about to return to their native country and to their friends; but they were also about to leave behind them, probably for ever, those countries in which they had passed the most eventful years of their lives, and to be separated from friends whose claim to the title could not be doubted—because such friendships as those I speak of were not formed by interested motives, and were consequently the more sincere and lasting. They left also behind them the bones of forty thousand of their companions, who had fallen, either by disease or by the sword, in the tremendous but glorious contest they had been all engaged in,—a contest which not only decided the fate of the Peninsula, but the very *existence* of England was the stake played for, or rather fought for, in this terrible game; the loss of one single point would not only have rendered the game desperate, but lost it altogether. The players on both sides were nearly equal in skill, and, if Wellington could not boast of the same evenness and perfection of some of the materials he had in hand, as compared with his opponents, he most undeniably held a few *trumps* that always decided the game in his favour. Sixty thousand Anglo-Portuguese, under their great leader, accomplished more on the southern frontier of France than did HALF A MILLION of the Allies on the side of Germany.

These are heart-stirring facts, and the recollection

of them, even after so long a lapse of time, causes the pulse to quicken, and the heart to beat high; for it can never be too often repeated, or too well remembered, by those of the Peninsular army who are now living, that it was the imperishable deeds of that army that saved their country. But it is idle to talk so. As well might a frail and shattered bark contend against an overwhelming billow, as a single voice, like mine, hope for success in the attempt to place the survivors of that army in the position they had every expectation, and had every right to expect, their country would have done. But, on the other hand, if they stood forward, as a body, and calmly, but firmly, put forward their just claim, how could it be refused? They see other armies of their own countrymen decorated with medals and rank, while they are passed over and discountenanced,—in short, forgotten!

Their great leader now left them; but he did not do so without his marked expressions of what he thought of the past, and his promises for the future. His General Order contained the following words:—

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted."

How these promises have been kept is too well known, and it is difficult to say whether that he ever made them, or never kept them, is to be regretted most. However, the Duke of Wellington, no doubt, does not put the same construction on his words, and on his acts, that others do; and it will be the task of the historian and posterity to deal with a matter which can be better judged of by unbiassed feelings than by the parties interested. That the Duke of Wellington is

one of the most remarkable, and perhaps the greatest man of the present age, few will deny; but that he has neglected the interests and feelings of his Peninsular army, as a body, is beyond all question; and, were he in his grave to-morrow, hundreds of voices, that are now silent, would echo what I write.

All the necessary preparations being made, the armies of the three nations parted, and proceeded on the different routes pointed out for them to follow. The breaking up of this splendid army of veterans, that for six years slept on the field of battle they had invariably won, was a trying moment. Many a bronzed face, that had braved every danger unmoved, was now moistened with a tear; but the proud consciousness that so long as their country required their services, and that nothing, save death, had separated them, until at last they stood triumphant on the threshold of the invaders' country, stifled every other feeling. In fine, the commands of the great man that had so often assembled them at his beck, now separated them,—and for ever.

Several of the most effective regiments were ordered to embark for Canada, and as the war between England and America was at its height, the battalions destined for American service were restricted to a certain number of soldiers' wives. The English, Irish, and Scotch were sent to England, and proper attention paid to their wants and comforts. They had also on board the transports that were to convey them to England their own countrymen and their own countrywomen, amongst whom were many personally known to them, having served in the same brigade or division. But the poor faithful Spanish and Portuguese women, hundreds of whom had married or attached themselves to our soldiers, and who had accompanied them through all their fatigues and dangers, were from stern necessity obliged to be abandoned to their fate. This was also

a trying moment: many of these poor creatures, the Portuguese in particular, had lived with our men for years, and had borne them children. They were fond and attached beings, and had been useful in many ways, and under many circumstances, not only to their husbands, but to the corps they belonged to generally. Some had amassed money, (Heaven knows how!) but others were without a sixpence to support them on their long journey to their own country, and most of them were nearly naked. The prospect before them was hideous, and their lamentations were proportionate, for many, though they had a *country* to return to, had neither friends to welcome them nor a home to shelter them: for in this war of extermination, life, as well as property was lost. The soldiers were seven months in arrear of pay, and the officers were as badly off; nevertheless subscriptions were raised, and a fund, small no doubt in proportion to their wants, enabled relief to be portioned amongst all. This partial and insufficient aid did not, nor could not, however, lessen the real bitterness of the scene, for many of those devoted beings,—now outcasts, about to traverse hundreds of miles ere they reached their homes, if homes they found any—had followed their husbands through the hottest of the battle-field; had staunched their wounds with their tattered garments, or moistened their parched lips, when without such care death would have been certain, or who, when such aid was not required, devoted days and nights in rendering those attentions, which only they who have witnessed them can justly appreciate. Yet these faithful and heroic women were now, after those trials, to be seen standing on the beach, while they witnessed with bursting hearts the filling of those sails, and the crowding of those ships, that were to separate them for ever from those to whom they had looked for protection and support.

In this list there was one female, a lady,—I call her so, for her rank and prospects entitled her to the appellation I have given her,—who was as much to be pitied as the rest, though her circumstances were widely different. She was a beautiful woman, only daughter of the wealthy Juiz de Fora of Campo Major. During the autumn of 1809, when a portion of the Peninsular army, after the battle of Talavera, was quartered in that town, this girl,—for so she was then,—fell in love with the Drum-Major of the 88th Regiment. His name was Thorp. As in most cases of the sort, both parties had made up their minds to the consequences. The girl was determined to elope with Thorp, and Thorp was equally resolved to carry her off; but this required measures as well as means. Touching the latter, Thorp was amply supplied, for he was pay-sergeant of a company, and, moreover, received constant remittances from his father, who was a man of respectability in Lancashire. In a word, Thorp was a gentleman, and lived and died a hero! As to the lady, her tale is easily told. Her father, Senor Joze Alfonzo Cherito, Juiz de Fora of Campo Major, was a man possessing large estates, and having but one child, and that child a daughter, he naturally looked forward to a suitable match for her. Now as poor Thorp could not boast of those qualities or attributes which the worthy Juiz de Fora had very naturally anticipated, when his daughter had made up her mind to espouse Thorp, his rage and disappointment may be easily imagined when he learned that she had left his "quinta," taking all her jewels with her. The regiment was to march the following morning, and as all mode of conveyance in the shape of cars or mules, for the wounded or sick, was under the "surveillance" of the worthy magistrate, he apprehended no difficulty in tracing his runaway daughter,—but he was mistaken. The cars were examined, the baggage-mules were over-

hauled, the commissariat mules, carrying ammunition, biscuit, and rum, were looked at,—but amongst all these no trace of the fugitive could be found. What, then, was to be done? There was but one other chance of finding the girl, and this was a survey of the officers' horses, as the officers rode at the head or in rear of the column; but the Juiz de Fora, although a functionary of high note and high authority in his own calling, and amongst his own neighbours, did not much relish an inspection, though freely granted, which would place him amongst a thousand shining British bayonets. However he did accept the invitation, and was allowed to make the inspection,—but he discovered no trace of his daughter.

"Are you satisfied?" said the Colonel.

"I am satisfied that my daughter is not with your regiment, sir; yet I am anything but satisfied as to her fate!" replied the old man.

The band played a quick march; Thorp, as Drum-Major, flourished his cane, the daughter of the Juiz de Fora, in her new and disguised character of cymbal-boy, with her face blacked, and regimental jacket, banged the Turkish cymbals, and Thorp, who as Drum-Major was destined to make a noise in the world, was for obvious reasons silent on this occasion. The regiment reached Monte Forte the same day, and the Padre of that town performed the marriage ceremony in due form.

In detailing the history of the elopement and marriage of Jacintha Cherito with Drum-Major Thorp, I have given but a short outline of a very romantic, and as it was nigh turning out, a tragical affair. But were I to sit down quietly, and write of all the intrigues that were set in motion, or of all the attempts that were made to assassinate this girl, and also her husband, what I could truly write would be fitting for the

pages of a romance. Thorp's history shall be told in a few words. It was this:—

He joined the 88th Regiment on its return from South America in 1807. He was quite a lad, and being rather too young to be placed in the ranks, was handed over to the Drum-Major. He soon became so great a proficient that, on the regiment embarking for Portugal, at the end of 1808, he was raised to the rank of Drum-Major, in the room of his preceptor, who was invalided. In those days our Drum-Majors wore hats pretty much the same as those now worn by Field-Marshals; indeed, the only difference between them was that the hat then worn by the former was not only of a more imposing and capacious size, but more copiously garnished with white feathers round the brim than those of the latter now are. The coat, too, a weight in itself, from the quantity of silver lace with which it was bedizened, was an object sufficient to attract attention and respect from the multitude that witnessed the debarkation of the regiment at Lisbon. In short, Thorp was mistaken by the Portuguese for a General Officer, and some went so far as to guess at his being the Earl of Moira, who, it was rumoured at the time, was about to join the army. Absurd as those opinions were,—and most absurd they assuredly were, because Thorp, neither in years nor appearance, resembled in the slightest degree the high personage he was mistaken for, Thorp felt gratified,—and where is the Drum-Major that would not?—at being taken for a General Officer; and from that moment he made up his mind to pitch drums, drummers, and drum-sticks, not only from his hands but his thoughts also, and fight his way to the honourable privilege of carrying the pole of a colour in place of the mace of a Drum-Major.

His wish was soon gratified, for when his regiment, at Busaco, was running headlong with the bayonet

against three of Reignier's splendid battalions, Thorp, to the amazement of Colonel Wallace, was seen at the head of the 88th, not with his "mace of office" in his hand, but with his plumed hat, waving it high over his head, as he called out, "The Connaught Rangers for ever!" During the action the Sergeant-Major had been killed while fighting beside Thorp, and Wallace, on the field of battle, named him as Sergeant-Major, in place of the one he had lost. From this period up to the battle of Thoulouse, Thorp was a distinguished man; four times had he been wounded, but he was always up with his regiment in time for the next battle, often with his wounds unhealed. At the battle of Orthes, his conduct was so remarkable that his name was forwarded for an ensigncy. Thorp knew this, and at Thoulouse, the last battle fought by the Peninsular army, he was resolved to prove that his recommendation was deserved. In this action his bravery was not bravery alone,—it was rashness.

Some companies of Picton's division had been repulsed in an attack at the bridge-head, near the canal,—which attack it has been said, and in my opinion truly said, should never have been made,—when Thorp ran forward, and assisted in rallying the soldiers. The fire from the fire-arms and batteries of the French was incessant, and many officers and soldiers had fallen. There was one spot in particular that had been the scene of much slaughter to those who occupied it, and five officers, besides numbers of soldiers, had been already struck down by cannon-shot, and others wounded by musketry. Amongst the latter was Captain Robert Nickle, one of the most distinguished officers in the army. While he was hobbling to the rear, he observed Thorp standing in the midst of those who had fallen, the rest having been withdrawn out of fire from a position that should never have been occupied, because in front of the French

battery, and running in a direct line from the canal to this position was a low narrow avenue or hedge, which ended within a few yards of where our people had formed after their repulse, and this avenue served as a guide, or groove, for the enemy's range; they were now, however, more or less, under cover. In a moment of excitement, Thorp, with his cap in his hand, stood alone on this spot, saying, "Now let us see if they can hit *me!*" Nickle, who was passing at the moment, supported by two of his company,—for his arm was badly shattered, called out to Thorp to leave the spot. "Oh, Captain Nickle," replied Thorp, "they can't hit *me* I think." Those were the last words he ever uttered. A round shot struck his chest, and, cutting him in two, whirled his remains in the air. Thus fell the gallant Thorp, and though his rank was humble, his chivalrous deeds were those of a hero. The day after his death the English mail brought the Gazette, in which poor Thorp's name was seen as promoted to an ensigncy in his old regiment; and though this announcement came too late for him to know it, it was a great consolation to his poor afflicted widow, and it was the means of reconciling her father to the choice she had made, and her return once more to her home was made a scene of great rejoicing; but nothing more of her was ever heard by the regiment.

It was said at the time that both Soult and Wellington were aware of the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon and the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and that the former made an offer to abandon the city of Thoulouse to its fate for a certain sum of money; and by way of completing the story, the Duke was represented to have replied, "That he would give no such sum, as he could beat Soult for half the money." Absurd as the story was, it was credited by many, and an Irish officer remarked, "that both commanders ought to be satisfied, as both had a *dead* bargain of

the battle." Indeed, to say the truth, it was only fit to be laughed at; for it is well known that Soult did not hear of the events at Paris until the 12th of April, and even then he only heard of them through the English General. Two soldiers, of the Connaught Rangers, had their argument on the subject also. One said Soult retreated; the other said he did not. The former said he did retreat, and retreated on the village of Aranda; the other said he only halted at a village, *not* Aranda, but *Penny*aranda. The argument waxed warm, when a third soldier of the Connaughts arriving, asked the cause of the dispute, when upon hearing what it was, replied, "Why, then, arn't yees a pair of divils to be arguing so, when there's only a *Penny* difference between ye?"

The war in the Peninsula was now, however, ended, after having continued for nearly six years with various changes; and gloriously, in truth, was it ended by the British General and his unconquerable army. "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veterans' services."

Detachments belonging to the regiments sent to Canada were forthwith in readiness to embark at Cork, and the 88th to which I belonged, formed one of those. On the 14th of June, 1814, we left the barracks of Fermoy, and took up our quarters at the Royal Barracks at Cork. The soldiers belonging to all the detachments were, with few exceptions, young men lately drafted from the militia; and it required much attention and care to keep them sober or from desertion. The old soldiers, who were only too anxious to join their former companions, never thought of desertion; but they certainly made up for their fidelity to their colours in their visits to the whiskey cribs, as they called them, with which the neighbourhood about the barracks was abundantly sprinkled. To say that much drunkenness and a reasonable portion of fighting,

not only amongst themselves, but amongst the inhabitants, was a sort of pastime that was carried on with a good deal of life and a good deal of spirit, would be only saying what is too well known to need repetition; but we had no corporal punishments, as O'Hara, who commanded the 88th detachment, thought enough of that had been carried on amongst the men themselves; and, indeed, their faces told plainly that some handy-work had been in practice.

At length, on the 28th of June, we marched to Cove, and two transports, the George and Atlas, were allotted for our use. After a good deal of trouble, we got the men on board, and it would be hard to say whether we experienced more trouble in getting the drunken men into the transports, or the women out of them, because, in spite of the "rules and regulations," dozens of those poor soldiers' wives continued to smuggle themselves into the hold, which proceeding was winked at by the sailors and by some of the young officers, who were not as yet seasoned to what real service meant.

Major Dunne, who was in command of the second battalion, stationed at Fermoy, superintended the embarkation in person. He was a most severe officer, and a dangerous one to have anything to do with, because, as he often said, "if any one thing is undone, nothing is done;" and right well he acted up to this favourite saying, for if you committed one fault out of one hundred cases where you did right, he was down on you the same as if you had done wrong ninety-nine times out of one hundred. An instance or two will give the reader a sample; but he had one redeeming quality, and as I do believe it was his only one, it is but justice to tell it—he was as brave a soldier as ever went into battle. His severity, nevertheless, was extreme, and I shall give a specimen of it.

While in command of the second battalion on the

advance of our army from the lines of Torres Vedras, the young soldiers that composed the greater portion of the regiment, could not cope with the old veterans in long marches, which at this period were harrassing and severe. Many men were unable to continue on the march, and were left behind. This so exasperated Dunne, that he issued orders that no man should fall out of the ranks without the officer in command of the company producing a certificate of his inability to proceed, signed by one of the surgeons. On one occasion, a man was unavoidably left behind without the necessary certificate. Mr. Graham, who commanded the company, told the major that the man dropped down from exhaustion, and had died on the road. "Well, sir," replied Dunne, "where is he? Produce him immediately. I don't care whether he is dead or alive, but I must have him." Now this was very tantalizing; but there was no remedy, and Graham set off, accompanied by a serjeant and a file of soldiers, and after an hour's smart walk, found the man where he had been left, but he was quite dead. They carried him by turns until they reached the village they had left. Hungry and jaded, they arrived at the Major's quarters; it was midnight, and Dunne was enjoying a sound sleep, when Graham, who had now placed the dead man on his shoulders, kicked loudly and violently at the door. Dunne jumped out of bed, seized his sword, and running to the door, in his shirt and nightcap, kept fumbling at the latch; but in the hurry, confusion, and darkness, in place of opening the door, he contrived to double lock it, all the while screaming out to know the cause of the disturbance. But Graham, who was by no means disposed to talk, turned his back, on which lay the dead soldier, and, with one powerful effort, burst open the door, which gave way, hinges and all; while Dunne, with eyes distended, and standing with his huge cut-and-thrust sword in the middle of the floor,

seemed to forbid further entrance on the part of Graham and his dead burthen. But it was too late; the great force with which Graham hurled himself against the door, brought him and his defunct companion to the ground; and Dunne, in a feeble effort to arrest their entrance, snapped his sword in two, as it came in contact with the buff belt of the dead man.

"What does this mean?" cried Dunne.

"Sir," replied Graham, "I have obeyed your orders, and have brought you the man as you desired."

"Take him away instantly," roared Dunne.

"You must excuse me if I do not," said Graham; "I have carried him far enough already, and have no wish for his company any longer. He is a Scotchman, and so are you, so you may make Scotch collops of him if you choose."

This answer was, no doubt, an improper one: but Graham, jaded and hungry, lost all controul over himself; and Dunne was so sensible of his tyrannical conduct, that he durst not bring him to a court-martial; but he kept a close eye on him, and, to avoid his vengeance, Graham accepted a company in the 21st Portuguese Regiment. Poor fellow! he served all through the Peninsular war, and at its close went out, with the rank of Colonel, to South America, where he, with many others, perished.

The detachment commanded by O'Hara was regularly put on board the two transports; he commanding in the George, while Captain Bagwell took charge of the Atlas. Major Dunne having fulfilled his part, determined on returning to Cork the same evening; but, much as he was disliked, we thought it better that we should part good friends, and we asked him to dine with us. He was pleased with this attention, which he knew he did not merit; and he was accordingly our guest on this occasion. Mrs. Broadway's hotel was our rendezvous, and a most excellent dinner she placed

before us. Dunne seemed really happy, and we were all in high spirits. I had often told the story about Graham and the dead soldier; and a young Ensign, who had just joined, thought it a capital opportunity to have a farewell thrust at the Major, and he began recounting the adventure, and actually asked Dunne if it was true. The Major started at the question; but he smiled—a dangerous omen—and I thought for the moment it was well for the Ensign that the Atlantic was soon to be between them.

"Sir," said Dunne, "you are very forward, and extremely ill-bred—you are the rawest of the raw."

"Well, Major," replied the Ensign, "how could I be anything but raw when I am under (Dunne) done?" The Major, for once in his life, laughed heartily, and Fairfield, seizing the moment, said, "That when the Adjutant of the first battalion got the Ensign on the roaster, he would then be done brown."

The soldiers once arranged, their arms carefully placed in arm-racks, the different messes told off, and, in short, all that was necessary to be done for the men was completed; but the arrangement of the soldiers' wives was not so easy of accomplishment. The regulations allowed but four women to each hundred soldiers, and after a few of those who, from long standing and good character, were selected, the others took their chance by lot. This was the most trying task of all; however, we got through with it, put the chosen few on board, and gave the rejected ones the wherewithal to enable them to return to their homes.

The fleet of transports at this time collected at Cove exceeded one hundred; a portion of it, with troops and stores, was destined for Halifax, and the remainder for Quebec. A fifty-gun ship, two frigates, and two sloops of war accompanied the fleet for protection, which was so essential, as the seas at this period were infested with American privateers. It was calculated

the fleet would not sail for a week, so we had ample time to make the necessary preparations. Our long service in the Peninsula had taught us to be expeditious; so leaving the soldiers in charge of the young officers, we took a Cove jingle, and set off for Cork. Previous to embarkation, I had been requested by Major Dunne to act as Paymaster; and as this took a deal of trouble off O'Hara's shoulders, he joined in the request, and I thus acted for the entire. A Paymaster without money is like a clock without a pendulum, no tick, tick, so I paid my respects to the District Paymaster, and telling him my story, was advised by him to make out my pay-list, and draw for three months' pay for officers and soldiers. This amounted to a good round sum, as our strength consisted of fifteen officers and three hundred and fifty men.

My first care was to lay in trousers, shirts, shoes, and stockings, calculating, that, after so long a voyage as we anticipated, such things would be essential on our reaching Quebec. Those things, with tobacco, soap, &c., I bought from O'Brien, of Tucky-street, and I recommend his house to those who may be similarly situated as we were. The Payserjeants purchased a quantity of vegetables, and gave the soldiers a daily allowance of money, to make such bargains as they chose from the proprietors of the numerous "bum-boats" that daily flocked round the ships. Thus, having completed all that was necessary for the comfort of the soldiers, I naturally turned my thoughts as to what was essential for the officers. Those gentlemen, not content with the onerous duties I had to perform in the double capacity of Paymaster and Quartermaster, insisted that I should also take upon myself the office of caterer for the entire batch.

If there was one thing more than another at which I was *au fait*, it was this sort of employment, and I set to work with vigour. I was ably assisted by my

old friend and brother colour-bearer Owgan; it was he who, in our first battle at Busaco, carried one of the colours, while I carried the other; it was he who shot the French Colonel of the 9th French Legères, at Fuentes d'Onore; and it was he who, in return for the compliment he thus paid the Colonel, was himself shot through the body by a grenadier of the same regiment. He, poor fellow, is now no more, and he died, like many other daring souls, without any badge to denote his gallant services. He was a Cork man himself, and was of the greatest service to me in providing our sea-stock.

I requested the presence of the officers at McDowall's hotel, where we quartered ourselves; and it was there agreed that a stock purse of ten guineas each should be put into my hands; and as I, in the quality of Paymaster, then held the strings of the purse, the needful was of easy access. Thus, with one hundred and fifty guineas at my disposal, Ogwan and I set to work in earnest. We wrote down a list of what we thought requisite. Four sheep were the first lot we purchased, and as pigs are a sort of animal that thrive well at sea, we set down their numbers at fifteen, of all sizes. Those gentlemen, as the Irish call the pigs, during the war, fetched enormous prices; but at this moment there was a great depression in their value, and they were fully twenty per cent. below par. In short, "pigs were looking down," and so I told the butcher from whom we were about to purchase the lot. Of this circumstance he was as well aware at least as I was, but, with true Irish craft, he replied,—

"Looking down, is it? Why the divil should they be looking down? Shure they need'nt be ashamed to show their faces! Look at them, and tell me did you ever see a nater set iv pigs?"

I told him the pigs were good enough, but that he

must go with the times, and sell his pigs like other people, as the war was now at an end."

"Is Boney *done clane?*" cried he.

"He is," said I.

"Och murther, the divil! If he had only held out till I sould the pigs, I wouldn't care." So he sold us the number we wanted at a much less price than he asked—but, of course, we were cheated.

Having in like manner completed our purchases in sheep, wine, porter, and ale, Owgan and I looked at our list, and found we had done all our business, except securing fishing-hooks and two goats. The former served us well when we reached the banks of Newfoundland, and the others gave us plenty of milk during our voyage. All being now concluded, we sailed from Cove, with a fair wind, on the first of July; but when off the Old Head of Kinsale, it blew a strong gale, which continued for three days; the fleet was greatly dispersed, and a signal was made to put into Beerhaven. This we accordingly did, and glad we were to find ourselves once more at anchor. All except the pigs, had suffered from sea-sickness, but they, profiting by the occasion, fared sumptuously on what the soldiers were unable to eat. The country people flocked to us in great numbers, and brought us fowls, eggs, and fish in abundance. We had a large stock of the former, but as those offered to us now were so cheap, we continued to purchase more. At length we were tormented with the numbers of cocks we had in our pens; their constant crowing was absolutely deafening, and Owgan who, like myself, was fond of cockfighting, proposed we should set apart some of the best, and have a regular "main." We accordingly set off to Bantry, and having purchased several pairs of steel spurs, returned with those requisite implements. We fixed on the day following for our battle royal, and on that day also we

had invited some officers from the shore to dine with us. Amongst others, a Staff-surgeon, of the name of Crowe (a capital name, by the way, for a man at a cock-fight), formed one of the party.

I will just mention here that Captain O'Hara, who commanded the detachment, had come to us from the 52nd, and had been brought up under that admirable officer Colonel Barclay. I am not aware that the Colonel was any relative of the celebrated pugilistic Colonel of that name; but he most certainly possessed many of those "hard-hitting" qualities for which his namesake was so justly celebrated. Whenever any petty dispute arose amongst the soldiers, his answer was, "God damn them, why don't they fight it out?" His address to the 52nd at Busaco, when that regiment was about to charge the head of Ney's column, was pretty much in the same style: "Do you see those rascals coming up the hill?" said he, turning to the men. Some of the soldiers began to laugh, for they knew that something *rich* was coming. "What the devil are you grinning there for, you set of fools, when in five minutes more some of us will be laughing at the wrong sides of our faces? Fix your bayonets, and come along. Knock them heels over tip, and give them a taste of the Barclay touch!" What the 52nd, 43rd, and 95th did at Busaco is too well known to need repetition.

Now, as I before said, O'Hara was bred up in the school of this fine old man, but, though my senior, he was not so long a "Connaught Ranger" as I was. He took me aside, and having told me how those kinds of disputes used to be adjusted by Barclay, asked my opinion on the subject. "You know," he said, addressing me, "I dislike quacking with the men. I hate unnecessary fuss or trouble. What say you if we were to adopt old Barclay's plan?"

"Why what else would we do?" was my reply. "I

think it a good code to follow. It will be fine healthy exercise for the men, and be an amusement to them during the passage."

"But then," said O'Hara, "*I* am not to know anything of the matter!"

"Leave that to me," was my reply; and that moment Owgan, who acted as Adjutant, came up, and reported that two of the new hands from the militia were fighting in the forecastle.

"The very thing we were talking about!" exclaimed O'Hara; "let them fight it out, and see that all is fair."

"Oh," said Owgan, "there's no fear of foul play, for the men are all in the rigging, and Robinson, the mate, and Jerry, the Canadian sailor, are the seconds; and when I left them they were at it 'hammer and tongs.'"

"Then let them have a comfortable fight," said O'Hara; "but remember, Owgan, *I* am not to know anything of the matter. Do you understand me?"

"If I don't," replied Owgan, "I must be as great a jackass as any in my native town, Clonakilty; never fear! a few touches like this, and the militia boys will be quiet enough."

Owgan was right, for during our voyage of three months, we had not more than six or eight combats of this sort, and not one court-martial! This is what I have striven hard (since I first began to scribble my "Adventures") to knock into the heads of officers commanding regiments. Let the men, I say, have their fling on those points when it amuses them. Every regiment in the service should have a boxing and cudgelling school. Old fogies at the head of regiments will start at such advice; but they are wrong, nevertheless, they may depend upon it.

The day for our dinner-party and main of cock-fighting at length arrived, and preparations were made for both on the best scale at our command. Good

soup, good fish, good beef and mutton, together with Westropp's best port and sherry, were in abundance. The two feeders and "handlers" of the cocks, Serjeants Hartigan and Cooney, declared that neither "Archy" or "Gallagher" ever had a finer pen of fowl, and that all should be as it ought. Owgan and I went on shore in the jolly-boat, and brought back a sufficiency of sods to make a "pit." The "main" was to be five battles, and as high betting was not our wish, we fought for a crown the battle, and a guinea the "main," or odd battle.

The boat conveying our friends was seen to put off from the shore, while at the helm sat Doctor Crowe. He was looking not only pale and ill, but, as Fairfield remarked, was naturally ill-looking, and he did not by any means seem to relish the prospect of the day's sport he was invited to witness. As the boat neared the ship, the bell rang for the cocks to appear on the "pit." This had been agreed upon as the most fitting manner to prove to our friends that we were in readiness to receive them.

"This bag a pound," roared Owgan, as he pointed to Hartigan.

"Cooney, half-a-crown," cried Barney Flood, as he looked at Owgan's servant, Pat Kelly.

"You 're a liar!" cried Pat. "The divil himself can't beat Mr. Owgan."

The words were scarcely articulated before Kelly received a "facer" from Flood, and poor Doctor Crowe, who was the last of the party in mounting the ladder from the boat, was knocked back with great violence, and he fell into the boat, bilging out a portion of its bottom, and seriously spraining one of his ankles.

Regardless of this accident, or, most likely, not knowing it, Kelly and Flood continued to fight at the gangway; while on the quarter-deck all was

uproar. In the bustle poor Crowe was not even thought of, much less missed. So soon as he had recovered from the shock of his fall, he hobbled up the ladder, but on reaching the gangway he was quite hemmed in, for the crowd was so dense it was not possible for him to make any way except the way he came, and that was back again to the ladder. On the top round of this he took his stand, with the tiller ropes firmly held in his grasp; indeed, his safety, his life, most probably, depended on his maintaining his position, for Flood and Kelly were fighting a desperate battle, and as the crowd of spectators either advanced or retreated, Crowe might be likened to a wreck at sea, when each coming or receding wave may be either his ruin or salvation.

Meanwhile the quarter-deck was a scene of equal animation. Three battles had been decided ere Crowe was even missed, but then, and not until then, search was made for him. The fight between Kelly and Flood had by this time ended to the advantage of the latter, but he was in a feeble state, and might well exclaim, "Such another victory," &c.

O'Hara immediately went up to Crowe, and in his usual gentlemanly style apologized to him for the apparent neglect he had experienced. "But you see, my good sir," said O'Hara, "this is the way we carry on the war here."

"I do indeed, sir," replied the affrighted doctor; "you seem to keep your *hands* in practice."

Just then old Taylor, the "skipper," came up and reported that Kelly had fainted. "You had better take a look at him, Doctor," he said to Crowe. "A little bleeding might *serve* him."

"If I were to judge from appearances," said Crowe, "he has bled enough already. Let him be put to bed, and give him some warm gruel."

We now made our way to the quarter-deck. Two

battles had yet to be fought before dinner. The cocks were in their bags, and Owgan calling out "This bag a pound," still pointing to Hartigan, when he caught Crowe's eye, who was looking with evident dismay at the scene before him.

"I think," said the doctor, addressing O'Hara, "that young officer of yours who has offered to *give a pound* is, I should say from his appearance, one that is extremely likely to *do* as he says!"

So soon as the last battle was ended we went down to the cabin, where dinner was placed on the table. The dishes were so numerous that I directed one of the servants to place the large metal tureen of soup on one of the lockers, and we sat down to commence the attack; but at this moment Smith, a young Ensign, very awkward and very absent, (it was to be wished he had been absent altogether on the present occasion!) entered the cabin, and seeing the table rather crowded, preferred taking his seat on the locker where the soup stood. This was unfortunate, for moving suddenly, by a backward motion, he tossed plump into the tureen. The soup was boiling hot, and, as a matter of course, he was most frightfully scalded; but this was not the worst, in the agony of the moment he sprang up, but the tureen stuck as close to him as a cupping-glass. The roars of laughter became awfully great, and poor Crowe for the moment forgot his own mishap, and laughed loudest of all. His merriment was of short duration, for Smith, by a sudden and skilful jerk, rid himself of his "fardeau," and the tureen, or rather its contents, tumbled into the breeches of Doctor Crowe. Here was a fine business truly! Crowe was in such torture that it was advisable to put him on shore. When he was fairly off, the laughter so long suppressed, which for decency's sake could not be discharged while he was present, now got full scope, and never was man better laughed at, and few men

better scalded—though many have been laughed at, and many have been scalded. As for Smith, the cause of all, he suffered comparatively nothing. His pantaloons were of a much stronger and a much thicker texture than those worn by the doctor, and besides this, his astonishing readiness and address in ridding himself of the tureen tended greatly to save him, and though his awkward conduct cannot be too highly reprobated, his quickness and tact in saving himself is deserving of praise. The night was most agreeably spent, and next morning we received accounts that Crowe was better, though confined to his bed.

The wind still continued unfavourable, and taking advantage of the circumstance, we went on a shooting excursion up the river, and had some capital sport. Three large seals were caught, and Owgan killed at one shot four wild ducks. It was late at night when we reached the ship, and old Captain Taylor, the "skipper," was much gratified by a present of some twenty sea-gulls, which he requested, seeing that we set no great value on them.

"What do you want with them?" inquired Owgan.

"Want with them!" exclaimed Taylor. "Why, they will make a most capital pie, when they are skinned and well purged with salt."

"I should rather think," remarked O'Hara, "they will be likely to return the latter compliment to you if you eat them."

The operation of skinning both the seals and the gulls was, however, proceeded with, and was followed by a most awful smell throughout the ship. Glad to get away from this scene of flaying and pickling, we next day explored the neighbouring country, and our driver, who acted as our guide, showed us all that was remarkable and worthy of notice; but on our return the fore-springs of our jaunting-car gave way with a sharp crash, and not only flung the driver over his

horse's head, but tumbled myself and Owgan into the middle of the road; however, none of us were hurt. "Gintlemin," said our coachee, "are yees kilt? As for myself the devil's a fear in me, for I'm used to it!" We assured him we were safe, and hastened to help him to brace up the broken springs. The fellow rummaged in the well of his car, and soon brought forth as many ropes and chains as would tow a good-sized vessel into harbour. Smith, who was an Englishman, was much amused with all he saw, and he told the driver he was only astonished the accident did not take place sooner, as he said the springs hung so low in front that he found it almost impossible to keep his seat, and he asked the reason why the machine was hung in a manner that rendered the driving-seat especially so uneasy to those who occupied it. "Why, sir," said Pat, "in this country we always hang our cars low in front, to make the horse believe *he's going down a hill!*" This answer so pleased Smith that he gave the fellow half-a-crown for his humour.

Next morning the wind was fair, and we weighed anchor. The entire fleet was put in motion, and we sailed with every prospect of a fine passage.

CHAPTER XII.

Commencement of the voyage to Canada—Absence of the Commodore—Tempestuous weather—Excessive sea-sickness—Our Captain—Arrangements on ship-board—United Irishmen—Being fond of the button—Melancholy accident—The fleet in full sail—Culpable conduct of Lord George Stewart—Cannibals and vultures—Appearances of a storm—Our ship is separated from the fleet—Disastrous effects of the tempest.

It is a true though trite observation, that, after a storm a calm generally follows; and this remark is not confined to sailors only, but to landsmen likewise. In the last chapter, I narrated what befel our detachment of troops ordered to embark for Canada, and in what I then wrote I traced their progress from Cork to Cove, and from thence to Beerhaven. It now only remains to bring them to their final destination, Quebec, the best way I can, and, to say the truth, the task is not an easy one, as, from the day we left the latter harbour, to the moment of our arrival in the capital of Lower Canada, we had rarely the good fortune to enjoy the benefit of a fair wind for six consecutive hours. Our remaining so long as we did at Beerhaven most certainly enabled us to increase our sea-stock considerably, which added greatly to our comforts during our long voyage; but the time lost,

and the fair weather lost, could not be recalled; but, though neither of those could be recalled, it was strongly urged that our naval commandant should have been, and, as will be seen, this opinion was not confined to mere gossip, but was the serious opinion of the entire fleet. It is, however, but justice to observe, that our stay enabled many of the scattered ships to rally back upon us; and, amongst the number was our fellow companion, the Atlas. On the other hand, many continued their course and reached Quebec before us; but some were never heard of afterwards,—by us at least.

Our fleet, though protected by one fifty gun ship, one splendid frigate, and two brigs, was nearly dispersed on the open sea, and a portion of it captured by American privateers; and it took us three months and four days ere we found ourselves, such of us as were uncaptured at least, on *terra firma* at Quebec.

The command of this squadron was entrusted to Captain Butcher, of the Antelope, of fifty guns; under him was the Newcastle frigate, commanded by Lord George Stewart; the names of the captains of the two brigs I forget, and I am sorry for it, as, had it not been for them, some of the best transports and some of the best soldiers in the service of his Majesty might have garnished a Yankee port or a Yankee prison. And I may here observe that, for ten days, while we were at anchor at Beerhaven, the wind was perfectly fair; but Captain Butcher was absent from the fleet, and without him we could not budge an inch.

A strong remonstrance was made by the shipowners to the Admiralty, but what the result was we never heard. The cause of our Commodore's absence, when his presence was so imperatively called for, was accounted for in different ways and with different versions; some said he went to Bantry to see his wife; others said he was particularly addicted and passion-

ately fond of shooting seals. The first excuse was only laughed at, but the latter was received with much severity of observation by the masters of the transports and merchantmen, who remarked that, in place of killing *seals*, he would be better employed in killing time,—by making *sail*? However, be this as it may, on the day of his return Captain Butcher made the signal for sailing, and in a short time the fleet, consisting of some fifty or sixty ships, were clear of the harbour and steering their course for the new world.

Many officers and men had suffered from sea sickness on the passage from Cove to Beerhaven; one in particular, Mr. Wilkinson, had been so ill that we feared he would have died from exhaustion, never having tasted a morsel of food for a week previous to our arrival in harbour; and it would seem that he leaned to the opinion of the surgeon, for, the moment he heard the capstan at work, and the anchor heaving, he fainted on deck, and we had a strong inclination to put him on shore. This, however, he declined by means of gestures and motions of the hand,—for he was unable to articulate,—and we acquiesced in his noble resolve to die even so unworthy a death; many of the old Peninsular soldiers regretting that he had not fallen at the muzzle of a cannon or on the summit of a breach. But those regrets on their parts were futile; for poor Wilkinson had never so much as smelt powder, far less faced a cannon; and, as he truly said, the only enemy he ever knew of was the sea. However, all our forebodings as to his fate, and his own perfect conviction that his death would be speedy,—for, so certain was he of it, that he made his will,—were perfectly groundless, and, strange to say, he was never for one hour unwell during the rest of the voyage, which was one of the most tempestuous ever witnessed by the oldest sailor in the ship.

Our transport was a capital ship, "the George," her

crew was excellent, and the Captain, a sturdy bluff Yorkshireman, had been twenty years in the service, and this was his fifth trip to Quebec. The provisions on board were of the best quality, and the sea stock abundant; and old Taylor, our Captain, had a large stock of London porter, which he said he brought out on a "spec," as he called it; but, from the liberal manner in which he helped himself, I was strongly of opinion that it was chiefly for his own use, and, at the end of the voyage, which undoubtedly was a long one, my surmise was not far from the mark, for, when we reached Quebec, scarcely a "spec" of the porter was to be seen.

A melancholy accident occurred as our ship was getting out of the harbour, and what the sailors termed "the bar." Our pilot had just finished his duty, had received his payment, and was about to descend into his boat, which was alongside, but, by some mismanagement or carelessness on his part, he lost his hold, fell into the sea, and was drowned.

One of the sailors, named Robinson, an excellent swimmer and a courageous fellow, jumped after him, but, before he could reach him, he had sunk to rise no more. The pilot boat took up Robinson, who was greatly exhausted, for the tide was rapid and high, and he swam in his clothes.

"Well," said Taylor, our skipper, "I've been at sea since I was a child, I may say, but I never saw the like of that before, and I hope I never shall again; and the poor fellow—the worst of it—they tell me, is married, and has left a wife and three children behind him; we must do something for them." This considerate offer on the part of Taylor had been just anticipated by some of ourselves, and in a few minutes a very handsome sum was collected and given to his two companions in the boat, to be by them presented to his widow. Robinson, who had so gallantly risked his

life to save the pilot's, was taken care of by our surgeon, and he was on deck again in less than an hour.

We had now cleared the harbour, and the entire fleet was in our view; the transports and merchant vessels counted over sixty, and it was a cheering and a fine sight. The day was beautiful; the breeze fresh, but scarcely a curl on the water, and the splendid Newcastle frigate, with canvass white as snow and steady as a piece of pasteboard, skimmed through the sea like a sword-fish. Our spirits were high, and, in the hope of a fine and speedy voyage, we set to work and made all the arrangements necessary for the regularity and comfort of the soldiers. They were told off in messes, six men to each mess; and, for the comfort of the officers, I, as caterer, selected our cook, baker, and butcher. Our stock, both alive as well as dead, was abundant and good; and our supply of wine, porter, and ale, was equal to the long voyage before us. Having thus arranged those essential points, and put every thing in proper trim, we portioned out the soldiers, and allotted to each section the duties to be performed.

On board the transport were six very tolerable ship guns, with a good supply of powder and ball; and we attached thirty-six of our old Peninsular soldiers to this department. It required but little trouble to instruct them in their duty; long habits had made those men so ready and intelligent, that an order had but to be given and it was promptly obeyed on the instant. The next thing to be looked to was a selection of men to man the rigging in case of an attempt at close fighting, which, at this period, was not uncommon with the American privateers. This was also a matter of easy accomplishment, as we had a number of fine young men from the Waterford and Cork militia, most of whom were either the sons of fisher-

men or had been fishermen themselves; and many of those could mount the rigging with as much quickness as the sailors. To this duty we allotted sixty privates, with a proportionate number of non-commissioned officers, — the entire under the command of Mr. Owgan, an officer of great bravery, and one who had been much distinguished in Spain. Our next care was the selection of sixty boarders. Those were placed under the command of Captain Walker, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Hickson; and the arm chest of the transport having undergone a very minute ransacking, was found to contain a respectable muster of sabres and cutlasses; they were not, it is true, in the best repair, but the qualities of the grinding-stone, a very good one by the way, were soon tested, and in a few hours those weapons that underwent the process of whetting were in that state, either for cut or thrust, that a Yankee would scarcely know whether he was run through the body or had undergone the operation of decapitation.

These dispositions being completed, nothing was left to be done but to exercise the men in their respective duties and departments; and all this was as well managed by Captain O'Hara, who commanded, and by us all, who acted more with him than under him, (for, in the Connaught Rangers, we all worked, fagged, and fought together more like affectionate brothers than those under the cold brow of austere command), that I do think never did a transport leave a port in a better trim, or with a better organised body of troops, than the one I now speak of. Indeed, the extraordinary attachment of the soldiers of the 88th to their officers and to their colours, and the gentleman-like good feeling and affection for each other, that prevailed amongst the officers themselves, obtained for them the enviable title—on this occasion at least —of "United Irishmen," and I will give one instance of this feeling on the part of the soldiers.

The day after we left harbour, and when off the old head of Kinsale, the men attached to the guns were at exercise. Amongst them I noticed one who more than once fixed his eyes on me. I thought I had seen him before, yet there was scarcely a feature that I could recal to my recollection. His nose had been nearly beaten in, he had no front teeth, and his tongue, which was nearly cleft in two, gave to his appearance any thing but a favourable impression on first view, or, indeed, at any time. Nevertheless, there was a fire in his dark eye, and a soldier-like appearance in his carriage, that plainly told he was a man who had seen service.

"Who is that fellow at the gun with a nose like an ace of clubs," said I to O'Hara, who was standing beside me, "he is paying more attention to me than his work, though, for that matter, see how well he goes through it." "Who? he with the ramrod in his hand, standing up as stiff as a poker?" replied O'Hara, "he's a fine looking fellow though infernally ugly; and, standing in his present erect position, with that huge truncheon of a ramrod in his hand, looks more like the knave than the ace of clubs!"

So soon as the drill at the guns was over, and before the men allotted to the rigging were mustered, I went up to the half-nosed soldier and asked his name. His face became nearly as scarlet as his jacket; his eyes filled up, and he could not articulate. "What ails you man, why don't you speak?" was the question naturally put by me. "I see, sir," replied the poor fellow, "you don't remember me; but how can I wonder at it! I am greatly altered in appearance since I fought beside you at Salamanca; don't you remember Deady,—Bill Deady!" "Perfectly *now*," was my answer; "I recollect your voice, but your face is not as smooth as it was then, and your nose is sadly altered; in other respects you seem as well as ever,

and as fit to fight the Yankees as you were ever willing to have a crack at a Frenchman,—but your pension! I have you noted down as discharged, and admitted to Chelsea at a shilling a-day. How is this?" "All true, sir," was his reply; "but, when I heard the regiment was going again on service, I threw up the pension and got leave to join; for, you know sir, I was always fond of the *button*." By the "button," the poor fellow meant the number of his corps. Many other instances might be quoted of the wonderful attachment of the soldiers of this regiment to their colours; or, as they themselves termed it in their own expressive way,—their "*button*," and this is the more strange, because no regiment in the service was worse treated than the Connaught Rangers; but, I suppose military persecution, like religious persecution, gains, rather than loses, proselytes.

"Jony,—Mr. Owgan," said our skipper, "if you wish to exercise your men in the rigging, you had better lose no time; for, so sure as my name is John Taylor, we are in for a stiff breeze and hazy weather. How is her head now, Flemming?" This was addressed to the man at the helm. "Two points worse than when I took the wheel an hour ago," was the reply. "I thought so! there goes the old Antelope like a tub; she's making a signal. Give me the telescope, Whetherhall," said Taylor, as he called his cabin boy. "Ay, there it is; a strange sail in sight! the Newcastle is after her. A fine beginning this, in sight of our own coast, when we should be off the banks of Newfoundland by this time. Ten days of fair wind lost at Beerhaven; what good could come of it! See 'Mother Carey's chickens' already. Never saw them yet that we hadn't a splitting gale. Don't whistle, sir, if you please," continued the Captain, addressing Hickson, "we're bad enough as it is, and we sailors think it unlucky to whistle when the wind is not right in our teeth."

By this time, Owgan's people had got through their exercise in the rigging, and beautifully did they go up and down the ladders; old Taylor remarking—"they were as nimble as cats." An hour occupied in those evolutions was sufficient, and, by the time the arms were deposited in their respective arm racks, the dinner drum summoned the soldiers to mess.

Whether it was that our Captain's caution to Hickson not to whistle, or that it was so ordained I know not, but the wind, though it continued high, became much more favourable; and, next day, we not only lost sight of land, but were steering our course at about seven knots an hour. The Newcastle frigate left us, and we saw no more of her again, though her signal was made to return.

This conduct on the part of Lord George Stewart was considered highly culpable; in fact, it admitted of no excuse, for, even supposing he had not seen the signal of recal, it was his duty to have returned and aided in the protection of a fleet of so much value, and of such consequence, and at a time, too, when the seas were glutted with American privateers. Some said he was on bad terms with his senior officer, Captain Butcher, others affirmed he had gone away in search of prizes; while again, it was said by his friends, he had lost the fleet, and, notwithstanding all his exertions, could not find them again. This latter assertion was perfect folly, for never was fleet more scattered than ours, and it is next to impossible to suppose that he could not, with his splendid sailing frigate, have found some of them, had such been his object. That Captain Butcher thought so there can be little doubt, as he brought Lord George to a court martial the following year at Sheerness; but, the charges not being thought sufficiently proved, he was acquitted.

The weather still continued fine, and our troops

were regularly exercised at the guns, rigging, and the boarding; the men were healthy and in good spirits, and all went on well. Pigs, sheep, and poultry rather threw up flesh than lost it; but here, I regret to say, that the butcher's knife and the butcher's block did awful execution on the necks of many of our Beerhaven veteran cocks. Those gallant birds, the victors in many fights, were now doomed to suffer an ignominious death; their gallant deeds forgotten, and all remembrance of their former services no more thought of than if they had never been performed by them. Yet, after all, they were as well treated, or nearly so, as the Peninsular army. The only difference between them is this,—that the cocks were killed and roasted, notwithstanding their protesting against such bad treatment; while the Peninsular army are only "roasted" by Lord Londonderry for presuming to remonstrate against the vile treatment they have met with. It is fortunate for the survivors of that army that ours is not a country of cannibals, otherwise they would be devoured to a man; but, if we are not cannibals, we most assuredly have some vultures amongst us, who would carry away all the spoils for themselves, and leave the rest without any thing. Such unworthy treatment from any quarter is bad enough, but, from such a person as Lord Londonderry,—it is "too bad."

By this time we were six days out of harbour, and though the weather still continued good, appearances were manifest that a change was nigh; towards nightfall the wind veered round, the sky became clouded, and though the moon was at its full, not a vestige of it was to be seen,—all was darkness. "Make all right and tight above," said old Taylor to Robinson, the mate. "Ay, ay, sir," was the reply; and the ship which a short time before had all sail set, and was making her course gallantly through the water, might now be seen with her top-sails reefed, her dead-lights

in, her guns doubly lashed, and all those precautions taken which auger that a storm is not only expected, but prepared for. About ten at night the wind increased with great violence, and by midnight it blew a perfect hurricane from the north-west, with such a sea as few had ever seen before. The ship rolled badly, and all, or almost all, our bulwarks were carried away; three pigs, a goat, and all our stock of poultry, shared the same fate; and the cries of the poor goat, the squeaking of the pigs, mixed with the screams of the cocks and hens, had a melancholy effect on our spirits, which before were considerably damped by a heavy fall of rain.

The men on watch were all sent below, the hatches were fastened down, and none remained on deck save the captain and ship's crew, and the men posted at the forecastle. Those men, six in number, were on the look-out to see that no ship ran foul of us; and the constant blowing of their tin horns, added to the doleful ringing of the bell, formed a combination of sounds the most discordant and disagreeable it is possible to conceive. Then again, every half-hour, might be heard the heavy guns of the Antelope, firing her signal for the ships to tack; but the fog was so heavy and the wind so high that the cannon was sometimes not heard, and the tacking of the greater portion of the fleet was at the discretion of the different captains. The consequence was, that when day broke, we could see nothing of the rest of the fleet; but the goodness of our ship, and her crew, and the admirable state of discipline in which our soldiers were, made us tolerably easy on the score of being taken by a privateer.

About ten o'clock, the fog had considerably cleared away, and we could see clearly for a couple of miles in every direction; but not the sign of a ship was visible. Several pieces of wood and some hencoops floated past us, which proved that we were not the only sufferers in

the late gale. The storm had by this time considerably abated, but the sea ran mountains high, and the ship rolled far more than in the night. About this time the man at the foretop called out, "three ships in sight," and far distant on our starboard bow, we saw three sail, which our captain recognized as transports. They were steering the same course as ourselves, and like us with close-reefed topsails.

It was immediately decided that we should bear down on them, and as ours was a good sailer, and had the wind of them, in less than two hours we found ourselves alongside the "Spring," transport, while the other two were not far distant. The "Spring" had on board one hundred artillerymen, several guns, and a large store of powder, and was destined for Halifax. She was a fine ship, and sailed well, and it was thought advisable to name her, *pro. tem.*, our commodore. The four transports now sailed in company, and kept well together, but as evening approached, a havy fog and heavy rain set in, and, though with less wind, we were nearly as badly off as the preceding night.

The signal guns of the "Spring" were too feeble to be heard at any distance, and we tacked as we best could. All the officers and men were, more or less, sea-sick, and the pigs and ducks fared sumptuously. When morning dawned, we were close to the "Peggy Cleary," transport. She was one of the four that were together the preceding day, and had on board a detachment of the "Buffs." From her we learned the bad news of the capture of the "Spring," the night before; but though we regretted the loss of so valuable a ship, the certainty that we had ourselves escaped, tended in a great measure to reconcile us to her loss. In less than an hour we had the satisfaction to see the Antelope, the two brigs, and fifteen of the fleet, but no appearance of the Newcastle frigate. The wind also had changed a few points in our favour, and the day was beautifully fine and warm.

This change put us all in good spirits, and we set to work arranging all our matters, which had been a good deal deranged during the gale. Besides our loss of pigs and poultry, a pipe of spruce beer was stove in; it was to have been bottled off the day of the hurricane, but fate ordained it otherwise. However, we had plenty of essence of spruce in store, and we soon made good the loss.

Next day the greater part of the fleet joined us, but we learned, with much regret, that two merchant brigs ran foul of each other in the fog of the first night, and all hands went to the bottom; but it is only to be wondered that many more did not share the same fate.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dancing at sea—Employment of time—Curious cases of Somnambulism—Icebergs a-head—Alarm on the approach of a strange vessel—Our Ship visited by a Privateer—Her reception, and subsequent capture—A duel prevented—Scarcity of water—Stopping a run on the bank—Thirsty souls—The Somnambulist awakened.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to the reader was I to detail the constant system of tacking and retacking we were obliged to have recourse to on this unusually long voyage; suffice it to say, that before we reached Newfoundland we had sailed over twice as much distance as it would have taken, with a fair wind, to have made Quebec.

Though the wind was foul, the weather was dry and fine, and we were quite free from fogs. The soldiers were all dressed in their slop-clothing, and their exercise was so admirably arranged that it was to them quite an amusement. The men dined at two, after which their ration of rum was served out on deck. The officers dined at four, and never sat at table beyond five. We then assembled on the quarter-deck, and the brass band of the second battalion, the greater portion of which we brought out with us, was in attendance, and then all the soldiers' wives made their

appearance, dressed in their best frocks, the young women with their hair neatly dressed, while those of the more advanced age wore caps.

Dancing immediately commenced, and it is not necessary to add that in any Irish regiment, but above all in such a one as the "Connaught Rangers," there was no lack of good reel and jig dancers. The consequence was, that each evening brought forward some new faces, and new aspirants for applause; and it was as heartily given as it was fairly merited. The dancers were likewise a sort of privileged class, and had a separate allowance of punch allotted for their use; and this department was ably filled by our cook, Mistress Nelly M'Carthy, for whom I used all my interest with our commandant to gain for her an appointment which I knew from experience she was well calculated for; and I may here add that I never saw that woman who knew better how to fill a glass—ay, and empty one, too—than did my *protégée*, Nelly.

Seven o'clock no sooner sounded than the dance ceased; the watch for the night paraded, and the rest sent below to arrange their beds. In those days I write of, the men slept together, four in each bed, there was no "ladies' cabin," or even separate beds allotted for the soldiers' wives. How they managed to get on I know not, but we never heard any complaint on this head; and as one-fourth of the men were on deck all night, their absence from bed gave the rest more room, and I have no doubt many of the unmarried men were better contented to have their room than their company.

At eight o'clock the officers had their tea, and at ten supper was laid on the table. After this, each occupied himself as he chose; some played whist, others read; and Hicks and Wilkinson, who were good musicians, played prettily together, the former on the flute, the other on the violin. Thus passed away the

time, and as our play was confined to low stakes, we never had one unpleasant thought, much less one disagreeable word amongst us.

One night, when within a day or two's sail from Newfoundland, O'Hara, Lewis, Owgan, and myself, were engaged at a rubber of whist, when we were surprised to see Mr. Smith (he that upset the tureen of pea-soup into the lap of Doctor Crowe,) walk out of his berth and stand beside us in his shirt. His eyes were wide open, but he was fast asleep. We remained silent, and anxiously waited to see what he would do; and we were not long kept in suspense. He deliberately walked over to where his sword was hanging, and drawing it out of the scabbard, rushed out of the cabin, and was on the deck in an instant, calling out, at the top of his voice, "Board, board!"

We were beside him in a second, and it was fortunate that we were, as he was in the act of springing over the side of the vessel, when Owgan caught him in his arms. When he awoke, he was greatly alarmed, but said, when at school he often, when asleep, got out of bed, and went down to the school-room.

It was decided he should be looked to; and, to prevent anything like a recurrence of the same thing, a sentry was placed at the head of the stairs leading to the deck, with positive directions to bring him down to the cabin in case he should attempt such another evolution as he had just then performed. We made him take a large glass of mulled port, for he was shivering like an aspen leaf, and we soon afterwards went to bed, and met with no further interruption from him.

The next night passed over without any disturbance from Smith, but towards morning, I saw a figure move out of the state cabin, where O'Hara and Captain Walker slept. I at once recognized Walker, who kept fumbling at one of the lockers where I had a reserve

of Fermoy ale. This did not either surprise me or cause me any uneasiness, as the locker was well secured with a padlock, the key of which was in my pocket. He then walked round the cabin, and I could occasionally see him stooping, though, happily for our ale, not taking the *stoop* he had evidently meditated. At last he returned to his bed, and I fell asleep.

The eight o'clock drum, next morning, told us the time for dressing had arrived, and I looked on the chair beside my berth for my clothes, where my servant always left them. But no clothes were there nor could my servant give any account of them. Owgan had the same story to tell, so had Smith! and it was thought right to send for the serjeant of the watch, and ascertain from him who the sentries were at the hatchway during the night; but just at this moment O'Hara threw his eye towards Walker's berth, and *there* we discovered all the missing articles.

Walker was interrogated, but he had not the remotest recollection of having quitted his bed; so it was manifest that, bad as we thought ourselves with being obliged to take charge of *one* somnambulist, we had now the felicity of being saddled with two One obliged to be watched lest he should, in one of his pranks, be tempted to throw himself into the sea, and the other, when suffering from the horrors of indigestion, unconsciously attacking our lockers, and, failing there, leaving us without clothes to cover our nakedness.

So soon as our morning parade and exercise was over, the events of the preceding night formed our principal topic of conversation; and we were forming plans for our amusement with our sleep-walking friends, when old Taylor joined us. Though a rough man in manner, like most of his profession, he was a kind-hearted soul, and moreover had taken a fancy to Walker. He looked serious and discomposed, and addressed O'Hara with much earnestness on the danger

that might have happened. "You see, Captain O'Hara," said Taylor, "Captain Walker is a married man, and ought to be looked to, so ought Mr. Smith; for would it not be a sad business if they took it into their heads, some of these nights, to throw themselves into the sea?"

"What! Walker throw himself into the sea?" roared Owgan. "Who ever saw Walker look at *fresh* water, much less at salt water? You need not have any fears on that score; but we will have our eye to him, nevertheless; and if you are anxious about his safety, just get from below one of your barrels of strong ale, put it into your own cabin, and never fear, whether asleep or awake, you'll find he won't stay far from it."

Old Taylor at once agreed to the suggestion, and took Owgan's advice. A barrel of ale was soon got from the hold, and I took advantage of the opportunity, and got placed in one end of *our* cabin a vessel of Cork porter, leaving still a good supply in the hold. Before we left Cork, I purchased, amongst other things, a couple of patent cocks with keys. This I did as a precaution against our servants, but in tapping the vessel, now got up, a portion of the cock was broken, and it might be turned with any sharp instrument. However, it was not noticed, or I thought so at least, by any person except myself, and I forgot the circumstance.

We were now within, according to our reckoning, one day's sail of the banks of Newfoundland. The fleet had got together wonderfully well, and we had not been annoyed by privateers for several days. The weather was clear, but the wind still foul, and the tacking system was obliged to be followed. A few hours had wrought a great change in the temperature, and, though but the end of August, it was as cold as the month of November.

One of Owgan's sharp-shooters was amusing himself

in the rigging, and had not been long at the foretop, when, with a broad Irish brogue, he called out—"Land."

"What fool is that up there?" said Taylor. "Some of your Waterford fishermen, I suppose. I say, is that you, Cleary? You see land, don't you? You must have devilish good sight, then!" By this time Cleary was on deck, protesting strongly that he had seen land.

"What was it like?" said Taylor, at the same time telling Robinson, the mate, to run up to the foretop.

"It was for all the world like the hill of Howth, except that it was white."

Cleary had got so far with his story, when Robinson called out—"Three icebergs a-head." A loud laugh assailed poor Cleary, but though mistaken as to what it was he saw, his quickness was applauded, and a glass of rum was his reward.

As we neared the icebergs, the cold became so intense that the hallyards were frozen, and we were obliged to exercise the men to keep them warm. For this purpose, we placed ropes, hurdle fashion, on the deck, and by constant running round and taking their jumps, the men regained their natural warmth. The large iceberg was a beautiful sight, and so high and broad, that the Antelope, and two of the transports, which passed beyond it, were lost to our view for several minutes; but there were several smaller ones scarcely visible, being little more than a foot over the water, which were as dangerous as rocks, and they were watched with great attention and some alarm by the sailors. But we escaped them all, and as we left them, and they us, the cold disappeared, and we continued to struggle on towards Newfoundland.

Towards evening, a gun fired from the Antelope attracted the eyes of all in the fleet; and the two brigs immediately answered the signal, which announced, "a strange sail in sight." The signal for chase was

the next made, and we soon saw the brigs disentangling themselves from the rest of the fleet; but night was coming on rapidly, and we lost sight of them.

As there could be little doubt that the stranger was an enemy, the Antelope ordered the fleet to keep as close to her as possible, and two of her boats came alongside the nearest transports, and, as they passed, each ship was directed to keep a good look out. This precaution was not necessary with us, because, on the first alarm being given, we prepared and were ready for action. No signal guns for tacking were fired, and we kept on the same course which we held at nightfall. We thus made no way towards our final destination; but, on the contrary, rather lost than gained ground; but it was unavoidable. It was ascertained that three privateers were amongst us, and, had we tacked, many of the ships would have been so far separated from the vessels of war, that their capture would have been inevitable.

Towards midnight, a heavy firing from one of the brigs announced that she was engaged. In a few minutes it ceased, and shortly after we were informed by a man-of-war's boat that one of the three privateers had been just captured close to us; and at the same time reiterating the order to be prepared, and not to allow any ship to approach too near us. This order had not been given more than an hour, when a vessel was seen on our starboard bow; she was on the same tack as ourselves, but was evidently nearing us. "Port,—*port*, I say," said Taylor to the man at the helm. "Port it is—*hard* a port," was the reply. "Why, she's putting us a point and more out of our course," said the man.

Taylor then took up the speaking trumpet and hailed the stranger, but, no reply being made, Owgan seized a firelock, and, taking a steady aim, fired at the man at the wheel. A bustle on board left little doubt but

that Owgan's fire was effective; and, as he reloaded the musket, he quietly remarked that the best *stopper* was a *nobber;* and so it appeared, for, in the morning we discovered that our neighbour was a privateer; that she carried fifteen guns, and had a crew consisting of one hundred and fifty men; that the sailor was shot dead by Owgan, and her intention was to have boarded us. All this was put beyond a doubt, as the American was taken the following morning by the boats of the Antelope. Her audacity was so great that she had penetrated so far into the middle of the fleet as to render escape impossible; and she struck her colours without firing a shot or having taken a prize.

Owgan was the only one of us who felt annoyed at the occurrence; but it was not for his having shot the steersman,—quite the contrary; but his regret was great at having been the cause of his boarders losing the opportunity of making a prize, a thing both he and they looked upon as certain. Whatever Owgan's feelings might have been on the subject, they were far from being responded to by Taylor, whose joy was ungovernable at the thought of the escape of his ship; and he justly remarked that had she been taken, the owners would have sustained a heavy loss, and he, himself, nearly beggared. "No, no," said he, "no fighting, no fighting, Mr. Owgan. I have no wish to end my days in a Yankee prison."

The very thought of a failure on his part, and on the part of his brave companions, was enough for Owgan, who was a young man of a fiery temperament, and he immediately offered to fight old Taylor on the quarter-deck; and, to prove he was in earnest, he ran down to the cabin for his pistols. "See now," said he, addressing Taylor, "see now, here are a pair of as good pistols as ever Bowles of Cork sent out of his shop. You may either toss up for choice or take the one your fancy most, and I'm content. Name your

distance, the deck is wide enough; but, if I had my choice, I wouldn't measure as much ground with you as would sod a lark-cage!"

So far from liking, much less agreeing to the proposal, old Taylor tried to laugh and stammer out some explanation; and we all joined him, leaving poor Owgan in more than a minority,—for not one voice was with him. The skipper held out his hand, which Owgan accepted with a squeeze that made Taylor's face, naturally a ruddy one, as red as scarlet: and thus ended the affair.

The entire fleet were in high spirits when they learned that two out of the three privateers had been captured; and, had the Newcastle frigate been with us, as she ought to have been, there is little doubt but that the third Yankee ship would have shared the fate of her companions.

The previous night's sailing, which, from necessity, obliged us to keep on the one tack, caused us to be as far from Newfoundland as we were twenty-four hours before, and there seemed to be no likelihood of our reaching Quebec before the winter had set in; for it was now the first week in September, and we had not seen land since we lost sight of the Irish coast.

However, the men continued healthy and our sea stock abundant; but Taylor became uneasy about our supply of water, which, upon examination, was calculated not to be more than a month's consumption at the rate we had used it. To guard against any deficiency in this essential article, it was agreed that a reduction in the supply should be adopted, and, in order to effect this, a sentry was placed at the water cask with strict orders not to allow any waste or undue consumption by either the soldiers or their wives; but in this instance, like most others we meet with throughout life, the moment it was known that there was a restriction put on the water cask, men who scarcely ever

tasted it before, now had, or fancied they had, a burning thirst, and were constant applicants for a drink; and we were inundated with complaints from the soldiers.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Owgan to me and O'Hara, "this puts me in mind of the 'run' on Rogers's bank when it was thought that he would fail. For three days the bank was besieged by people bringing in his notes; and he would have failed at last, for a time at least, if it had not been for my father. "Ay, he relieved him, I suppose," said O'Hara. "He did, faith," replied Owgan, "but not in the way you suppose—with money: he did no such thing, but he took Rogers aside; 'Rogers,' said he, 'you know I'm your friend.' 'I do,' was the reply. 'Will you take my advice, then? If you do, you will soon stop the 'run.'' 'That's what I'd like,' said Rogers, 'for the pace they are going at is too fast to last long. 'Tis the *pace* that kills.' 'Well,' said my father, 'put up a notice that your bank will be open at six every morning instead of at ten, and put an advertisement to the same effect in the "Chronicle" this evening.' He did so, and after the first two hours he was troubled no more, and the bank got on better than ever. Now, let us do the same with the water; say there's plenty below that you didn't find out at first, take the sentry off the cask, and see whether I am right or not." We tried the experiment. The first day the consumption was a quarter less than the preceding one, the next, nearly half less, and we had an abundance for the rest of the voyage.

On this night we had rare sport with Walker and Smith. About two o'clock in the morning I felt very thirsty—not an unusual thing with me—and had stolen over to a locker where I had a good supply of bottled cider. While in the act of drawing the cork, the neck of the bottle broke, leaving it and the screw in my hand, but the remainder of the bottle fell, and in its

fall stuck in my left leg. I was severely cut, but I knew I was wrong in nibbling at the general stock; and, resolving to keep my own counsel, gathered up the pieces of the broken bottle and was retiring to my berth, when a rustle in the corner where the barrel of porter had been placed, caused me to look round, and here I beheld Walker, not asleep but wide awake, sprawling on his back: he was nearly naked, his shirt being turned up under his chin, the ale cock was in his mouth, while with his hand he turned, with the turn-screw of his gun, the broken cock, and thus supplied his wants. He motioned me to silence, and pointed to the bottle, plainly indicating that if I kept his secret he'd keep mine; but I told the story next morning at breakfast, though I knew the laugh would be at my expense.

I had not been long in bed when down marched Smith from his berth, which was an upper one. He was fast asleep, but, as before, sought for his sword, which, after his first night's ramble, had been placed out of his reach. He then walked to the fire place and quietly laid hold of the poker, and proceeded up the ladder to the deck. Here he was met by Bill Deady, who happened to be the sentry on duty. His directions were to watch quietly until Smith approached the side of the ship, and then to give him a gentle touch with his bayonet, and immediately hide himself behind the caboose or cook's house.

A shrill cry from Smith, who came rushing down the stairs, left little doubt that Deady had obeyed his orders. I never stirred or seemed to notice Smith, and the poor fellow got quietly into bed; and next day he was told how matters had been arranged to preserve his life. He was very thankful, and never walked in his sleep during the remainder of the voyage.

After the morning parade was over, I interrogated Deady as to Smith's adventure, and his account was as

follows:—"I was standing close to the ladder, when, just as the two o'clock watch was set, who should I see but Mr. Smith coming up the ladder in his shirt; he had his night-cap on, and the poker in his hand, and bad luck to me but he put a start in me, and its not easy to do that same! 'Whist,' says he, 'Owgan, I'll go first,' and upon the same he made for the side iv the ship, and was goin t' jump into the say. Begorra, says I to myself, you'll not do that while I'm here any how; so I ran behind him and gave him a prod that made him sneeze. 'Murther,' says he, 'I'm wounded,' and it was thrue for him he was! but I think it will sarve him well, for he was awake in a minit, and looked quite shy iv himself!"

I told Deady he acted perfectly right, and that I had little doubt Mr. Smith would remember his escape, and be quiet for the rest of the voyage. "The *rest* is it!" responded Deady, "will it ever be over, sir?" "I hope soon now," I replied, "look, there is Saint Mary's, see all the fishing boats at work, we must set out our own lines and go to work also." "I never was so tired of a ship before," said Deady. I was tired myself, and lest I should tire my readers also, with their permission, I'll just drop anchor at Saint Mary's, and try my hand at cod fishing.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cod fishing off Newfoundland—The Green family—Moll Thompson's mark—Fine sport—Change of diet—Peggy Cleary's disaster—Repairing a broken nose—Symptoms of a storm—Arrival at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

On the evening of the 4th of September, the fleet which sailed from the Cove of Cork, on the 1st of July, and which during their two months' voyage had encountered such bad weather, were now off Saint Mary's, Newfoundland; not a breath of wind to fill a sail or cause a ripple on the water, was a novel and pleasing contrast to what we had previously, and almost without any intermission, experienced; and in eight fathoms of water we resolved to try our hands at a sport, though new to us all, we had often heard of—cod fishing.

To a thorough-going angler, he who would only condescend to throw out a line of the finest texture, with flies appended to it, such as "grouse hackle," "wren's hackle," or the far-famed and much-admired "green drake," such clumsy work as we were now about to dive into, would savour more of "pot-walloping,"—a term, by the way, sometimes applied by critics to unfortunate scribblers, who write not only to amuse others, but themselves also—than genuine sport; nevertheless I do not hesitate to avow, that had those

gentlemen been cooped up in a ship for some eight or nine weeks, without much amusement, and, what to many was even worse, without having tasted a morsel of fresh fish, they would not have turned up their noses at the solid and rational enjoyment we were now about to plunge into.

I have before mentioned that, while at Cork, we had purchased a good supply of hooks and lines, and these we now distributed amongst the soldiers and ship's crew; for, though the latter were supplied with some, they were old, and by no means as good as ours. For the officers' use we reserved twenty lines, and I do believe that, making all due allowance for inexperience, no score of lines ever did more execution in the same spot, or in the same space of time. We had no regular bait, and were obliged in the first instance to use pork, but though the fish "took," as the phrase has it, it was but slowly, and it was manifest our neighbours, the regular fishermen, outstripped us greatly.

"Why, sir," said Pat Carey, addressing Owgan, "sure it can't be possible but amongst so many boats some of the 'boys' from Waterford must be there; and now that I remember, sure there was Jack Green's father, and his uncle, and two of his brothers, went out to Saint John's two years ago. Aint that the thruth, Jack?" said Carey, addressing one of Owgan's sharp-shooters. "Sure it is," replied Jack, "and I'm neither afraid nor ashamed to deny it." "Why should you?" was the reply. "What does he mean, Carey?" demanded Owgan. "Why, sir," replied Pat, "the Greens of Dungarvan were always a dhroll set iv boys, and they were often accused of taking what they had no call to take; and the neighbours used to say they had a taking way with them; and so you see they thought it best to come over here for a while, far as it is from their own home; for, 'pon my soul, it was the general belief in Waterford, if they staid there much

longer, they'd thravel farther from home than where they are at present."

It was not possible to mistake this more than inuendo touching the relatives of Jack Green, and Owgan judging he could not have a better guide, though perhaps a better man, resolved that Green should accompany him in quest of bait.

The jolly-boat was soon lowered, soon manned, and Owgan, who understood something of boating took the helm, and also a couple of bottles of whiskey; and the party were soon amongst the fishermen. In less than half an hour they returned bringing a plentiful supply of a bait called *squid*, as likewise half a dozen fine cod fish. These were given them by some Irish fishermen, who refused to take payment for either fish or bait; and though the "Green family" were not amongst the party, it was ascertained they were on the banks, (which, by the way, happened to be the *green* banks of Newfoundland,) and prospering very much in their new calling. Before taking leave of these kind-hearted fellows, Owgan was resolved not to be outdone in generosity, and as they would not accept of money, he presented them with his two bottles of Irish whiskey, remarking that, though we were all on the "banks," it was no reason we should be on a "*dry*-bank."

"By gor," said Jack Green, "that was spoken like a rale gentleman, as you are, Mr. Owgan," and seizing one of the bottles, he knocked off the neck, and presenting the bottle to Owgan, requested him "to dhrink success to the boys." This request was, of course, complied with, the whiskey was tasted by Owgan, the bottle passed round, and in a few moments it bore, as Green observed, "Moll Thompson's mark." "What mark was that, Jack?" said Owgan. "Why, thin, did you never hear it, Mr. Owgan? sure Moll's *mark*, for she couldn't write well, was M. T." (empty). A regular shout of approbation greeted Jack's wit, and if it were

permitted, the fishowners would have given us all the fish in their boat.

Up to the time of the return of our boat, we had not killed more than a dozen of cod, but the moment our lines were properly baited, the work began in earnest; and without entering into any minute detail, it will be sufficient to say that in about four hours, with fifty lines, the deck was strewed with upwards of four hundred fish. They were divided into different lots; some for the officers, and the rest to the different messes, sailors as well as soldiers. We had some expert hands amongst us, and the process of cutting open the fish and salting them, was performed rapidly and well, and afforded us not only *rational* but agreeable amusement. We lived on fish for the first three days, and old Taylor, who was a great economist, taught our men how to make the most of them. For this purpose, he caused the heads of some twenty or thirty fish to be cut off, and then be boiled up with biscuit dust, and made a horrid-looking mess of them, which he called "chouder." He and his crew eat voraciously of this dish, and it might, for aught I know to the contrary, have been delicious, but I never tasted it.

Owgan, with his single line, to which only two hooks were attached, killed five and twenty fish; and so keen was he at the sport, that one of his fingers was cut to the bone by the friction of the line. It would be impossible to give a just description of the voracity of the fish in these latitudes, neither could any computation be made of their numbers; but, from appearances, it might be supposed that the sea was literally alive with cod. No doubt there must be something marvellously attractive in the shape of food on these banks, and there must be an abundance of it, too, or how could millions of fine well-fed cod exist? Then, on the other hand, if food was so plentiful, why seek after the bait we fished with? When those fish were opened, their

maws were found to contain all kinds of fish: crabs, lobsters, and a variety of others; and yet they would follow our lines up to the surface of the water, and struggle with the captured fish for the bait in his mouth, when, if the truth could be told, the latter would not only resign the bait to his follower, but the hook into the bargain. I asked Jack Green if he could account for this. "By Gor, sir!" replied he, "it puts me in mind of the young Irish gentlemen, when they do be running after the country girls, and leaving the quality, —*skins iv potatoes for the change iv diet.*" It was a phrase I never had before heard, and was so truly Irish, that I took a note of it at the time.

The wind, which for several hours might be said to have ceased altogether, now got up, and an end was made to our butchery, for so in truth it was. The Antelope made signal for sailing, and she and the fleet were soon steering their course, with a fair though light wind. How to arrange and stow away our enormous quantity of cod was a task of more difficulty than the hooking of them. However, "by hook or by crook," we packed them into beef and pork tubs, got up from the hold; but the smell was disagreeable, and after we had feasted a couple of days on fish, we began to wish the remainder were once more in their native element, the sea: but this was strongly opposed by old Taylor, who offered to take them all himself, and promised to stow them so securely, and so far away, that we would suffer no inconvenience whatever.

This was a promise easier made than fulfilled; for had his ship, the George, been the size of the Royal George, it would not have been possible to cushion the stench that arose from below, unless, indeed, our present vessel was as deep under water as her ill-fated namesake; in which case, it would not be of much consequence to her occupants whether the fish smelt well

or ill. However, we gave him three or four barrels full, and our own consumption being still considerable, by degrees the nuisance became abated. Taylor was so delighted with the success of his application, that he resolved, while the weather was so fine, and the fleet so well together, to ask his friend the captain of the Peggy Cleary to dine with him. I forget the name of this man, but I recollect he was an Irishman, and as drunken a one, too, as was ever imported into any ship, or exported from his own dear country, and in saying so much, it must be evident he was a drinker of the first class, indeed.

To judge from the number of dishes that left the cook's caboose, Taylor must have given his friend a plentiful dinner; and, from the mirthful sounds that issued from the *sal à manger*, it was plain that something stronger than water was made use of to wash down the good cheer. In short, Peggy Cleary (for so I must now call him) showed symptoms of intoxication that were not to be misunderstood. He commenced several songs, but failed—from loss of memory rather than from want of voice, for he sang very well,—to finish any; and as he could not get through a song to his satisfaction, he came on deck just as the soldiers and their wives had commenced their evening dance. Having obtained permission from the officer on duty to select a partner, he was not either scrupulous or long in making his choice; but the effect of his last tumbler which so closely followed on the footsteps of the dancing, caused him to be in fact the last tumbler himself, and in making a *faux pas*, he pitched headforemost against the binnacle, and falling flat on his face, broke not only his nose but his leg also.

"I knew," said old Taylor, as he raised his bleeding friend, "how this would end. What good ever befel a man who, having first got drunk, began kicking up his heels like a jackass?"

This unfortunate event put an end to all further amusement, as the staff-surgeon, Doctor Macdonald, who accompanied us, was soon occupied in endeavouring to set poor Peggy's leg right, (it was the *left* leg by the way,) and his nose *up*-right. The former task was not difficult, for the fracture was not a compound one, and the cause was *simple* enough, but the nose was the grand point to get over, being the most prominent as well as the most difficult feature in the business; and, as Hickson observed, the difficulty of getting *over* the nose was increased ten-fold in consequence of the *bridge* being destroyed. "Pon my soul, Mr. Hickson," remarked Taylor, "your observation is an *arch* one."

All this time poor Peggy was enduring a torture that seemed to be agonizing; but before Macdonald could commence operations in earnest, it was necessary that the blood should be staunched, as it flowed in such copious streams apprehensions were entertained that a portion of the fractured cartilege would be carried away by the flood. However, by frequent styptical applications, the threatened evil was avoided; and by a gentle pressure of the finger and thumb, a very respectable nose was substituted in lieu of the hideous snout which a short time before, had garnished his face, and which we had at first looked on with horror and dismay.

"All that may look very well, Doctor," said Owgan, "but how will you keep the arch up without some support? The entire foundation is so sapped with blood, that it has lost its consistency." The doctor looked puzzled, for it was utterly impossible to gainsay Owgan's observation.

"If the fellow could be kept quiet," replied he, "we might manage to keep up the nose; but in his present excited state, I really do not well know what to do."

"Oh! I'll be quiet," moaned the sufferer, "never

fear me; let me have another glass of grog, that's all. I say, Doctor, I was always an ugly fellow, but now, I suppose, I am the very devil!"

"You are ugly enough in all conscience, *now*," replied Macdonald; "but not only your looks, but perhaps your life depends on your keeping quiet for a short time. If you do so, matters may go on very well."

"Now Doctor," hiccuped Peggy, "what do you call a *short* time?"

"Why, a few hours," was the reply.

"Well, then, go to work as soon as you please," was now the prompt answer; and from it there was no difficulty in perceiving that the hint of his life being in danger, had wrought a marvellous change in Peggy's demeanour, and he allowed the doctor to operate, without stirring hand or foot.

Macdonald cut two small pieces of card, and putting a morsel of fine lint on each end, insinuated one into each nostril, and thus formed a kind of tressel bridge, and no doubt was entertained by him that all would be right if "Peggy" would only remain tranquil. This the poor man promised to do, and at his earnest request a looking-glass was brought to him, in order that he might see the ravages inflicted on his physiognomy. He bore the examination with the composure of a stoic, until he saw the frightful hole on the bridge of his nose. He could not, with his eye, fathom its depth, and he made demonstrations of getting his little finger into it. This was strenuously opposed by the doctor, and "Peggy" remarked, that any one who pleased might play "three hole span" on his face.

At length the doctor got him not only out of his hands, but, to our infinite relief, out of the ship also. His exit was amusing enough, for he was scrupulously particular that all respect should be paid him. "Let me," he pompously exclaimed, "go first, and the *prac-*

titioner (meaning the doctor) can follow." It was no easy task to slew him down the side of the ship, and get him safely into his boat, but all was accomplished without accident, and we lost sight of him for ever.

"Well," said old Taylor, "I'm rid of that 'ere chap, and I'm blowed if I'll soon again be hooked into anything of that sort." He apologized for all the trouble he had caused, and was heartily forgiven; for, to say the truth, we were more amused than annoyed with the gambols of "Peggy."

On this day we spoke our companion the Atlas. Bagwell and all his officers and men were well, and, like ourselves, had none on the sick list. We continued our voyage with mild weather, but as usual with contrary wind, and the fleet was considerably reduced in number. Some had sailed for Halifax; others had either separated from us, or had been taken by privateers; and we did not count more than twenty sail out of the vast fleet that had left Cove.

We had scarcely got rid of "Peggy," and he could not have much more than reached his ship, when the weather, which was before so beautifully fine, showed symptoms of a change, and though the wind had never been in our favour, we continued to get on tolerably well, though always on the "tacking" system. However, appearances were now once more against even this, and in a few hours we had a touch of a real gale on the banks of Newfoundland. All that we had witnessed before was mere child's play to the storm we now encountered; not only the decks, but the masts, half-mast high at least, were washed over; our ducks, the remnant of our poultry, were carried away; and two, out of our three remaining pigs, shared the same fate. Two of our best steersmen were lashed to the helm, and no person could show his face on the deck without the certainty of being washed over.

Nevertheless, old Taylor was as steady as a rock;

he showed no symptoms of fear, and remained during the entire night at his post, and superintended the relief of the men at the wheel. Morning at length came, and though the storm continued to rage with unabated fury, it was cheering to behold the rays of the sun; but there was not one solitary ship to be seen, all were either dispersed, or had resolved to make the best of their course without the protection of the ships of war. The wind at length became more moderate, the soldiers were enabled to stand on deck, and Taylor resolved to run chance and make the best of his way to the Saint Lawrence. This was a proposal that met the wishes of all, and was indeed our only chance of not passing the remainder of the season on board ship, or at all events not reaching our destination.

"Now, Mr. Owgan," said Taylor, "you may have an opportunity of trying your hand with a Yankee, for I think it more than ten to one we shall have to deal with some of them 'ere chaps. As for the ship and her crew, I would'n't place either second to any in the fleet, even if they were all together; and the privateer that tries to board us will have a tough job of it. Eh, Mr. Owgan?"

Owgan had not forgotten the former row he and our worthy skipper had on the same subject, and he only remarked that if Taylor would put his ship alongside the Yankee, and give the latter an opportunity of trying her hand, he might be tolerably certain of a favourable result; but no such event occurred, and after three days' sail we found ourselves in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. Here we were joined by the Antelope and four other ships of the convoy; the rest had either gone to Halifax or to Quebec; and the wind being now favourable, we arrived at the mouth of the Saint Lawrence without further adventure or mishap.

CHAPTER XV.

Jerry the pilot—Our ship strikes on a rock—Approach to Quebec—First impressions of the city—Superfluous stores—Description of Quebec—A relic of Wolfe—Abundance of fish—Preparations for a journey to Three Rivers—A love adventure—French reading of the English marriage service.

We were here hailed by several pilot-boats, each carrying one or more "branch pilots," that is to say, men who were duly authorized and licensed to pilot vessels up and down the river Saint Lawrence; but whether it was that old Taylor preferred our Canadian sailor, "Jerry," or that he wished to save the expense (which is great) of a "branch pilot," I know not, but he declined all offers from the boats, and we all joined in requesting that "Jerry" might be allowed to guide our ship to Quebec, for he seemed thoroughly acquainted with all parts of the banks, and he had produced his father's certificate as a "branch pilot," as likewise his own testimonials as having acted with him for four years.

All matters being thus settled, and "Jerry" regularly installed, he, before entering on his duties, determined to give the crew some grog, and, as a matter of course, he was not himself an idle looker-on. While he and the crew were thus employed, our dance, amongst the soldiers and the soldiers' wives, was going on; the water was as smooth as a looking-glass, and

though the tide was strong against us we were making more than five knots an hour.

As we passed the shoals of Manniguagin, the water near the shore, and the entire air on its borders, were actually darkened with wild fowl. To say that there were thousands would be saying nothing, or next to nothing, for there must have been millions. We requested Taylor to let us have a boat to go on shore, as "Jerry" said he would anchor for the night a mile or so farther up, but at the moment the boat was about to be lowered, the ship struck with a tremendous crash on a rock, and threw us into great confusion. Old Taylor ran about like a man out of his senses, while "Jerry" tore his hair, and appeared to be quite distracted. There was no actual danger of loss of life, but Taylor feared the keel of the ship was injured, and he now began to repent having refused to take in a regular pilot; for he dreaded the displeasure of the owners of the vessel. We advised him to keep his own counsel, and say nothing of the matter, and as "Jerry" assured him the tide was low, we should soon be able to see the extent of the damage done. "Jerry" was right, for in less than an hour the ship was high and dry, and upon inspection it was found that her bottom was uninjured, with the exception of the loss of a few feet of copper, which was torn away. This was soon remedied, and at the return of the tide the vessel righted, and we were once more steering for Quebec. Towards evening we anchored, and some of us went on shore; we shot a great number of ducks, and some beautiful widgeon, but, though the seals were swimming about us in hundreds, we did not kill one, though we wounded many.

The banks of the river, though flat, are very interesting, and are nearly covered with cottages as white as snow, and these are so close together that they present to the eye the appearance of one continued

village; and the neat little churches, with their tin-covered steeples, give to the scene a beautiful and dazzling *coup d'œil.* Behind the cottages, and the narrow strip of cultivated land in their front and rear, nothing is to be seen but a vast mass of forest, which seems to have no termination. The foliage of many of these trees was beautiful, and appeared to our eye, after so long a voyage, to be the most lovely sight we had ever beheld.

As we neared Quebec, the river became much more narrow, and, warned by our recent mishap, the lead was constantly in requisition; but we met with no adventure in the shape of striking on rocks or grounding; and "Jerry," by his intimate knowledge of the different localities, completely re-established himself in the good graces of all. Even old Taylor looked upon him with a more favourable eye, but I have reason to believe he made an awful deduction in poor "Jerry's" pilotage money in consequence of the damage done to the ship.

At length we came in sight of the beautiful island of Orleans, and had a distinct view of the Falls of Montmorenci, and the spot occupied by Montcalme's army, between the falls and the river St. Lawrence, where Wolfe and his army were defeated in their attempt to effect a landing. All this was very interesting to us, and we were fortunate in passing near the Falls of Montmorenci at a time when the river of that name is greatly flooded, as at other times the stream is but scantily supplied with water, and the appearance of the fall which was now splendid, by no means remarkable; for the breadth of the river at top, from each bank, is not sixty feet; but coming down, as it now did, with a rushing foam over a bed of broken rocks at the brink of the precipice, and descending in one uninterrupted and perpendicular fall of nearly three hundred feet, it presented a grand and beautiful spectacle; and it was a

matter of much regret to us all that we could not obtain a nearer view of it. We had now approached to within about seven miles of Quebec. The river here is about six miles wide, and we anchored for the night.

At the first dawn of day on the 4th of October, after being on board ship for three months and four days, we weighed anchor, and soon came in sight of Quebec. To say that we were delighted, would be only saying what every one can well believe, and we were not much disposed to find fault with the appearance of a place, which those who had before visited it, under less annoying trials than we had experienced, pronounced to be a good town. To us it appeared beautiful, and the numbers of tin spires that out-topped the different churches, had the appearance, as the sun shone on them, of so many steeples formed of silver. The Canadians have a method of using tin for this purpose so that it never becomes rusty, and I wonder it is not adopted at home.

Our interest was excited as we passed each spot which the gallant Wolfe had rendered memorable in the pages of history. We had a near view of Point Levi, from whence Wolfe bombarded the town, as a mask to his daring and successful enterprize against the Heights of Abraham; we viewed that part of the river, immediately under the lower town, where our army, in the dead of the night, passed with muffled oars, and we surveyed the walls of the town under which the army performed this perilous exploit. Those walls bristled with cannon, at half range from the boats that carried the troops, were enough to deter any but the most audacious general, and the most courageous troops, from hazarding the attempt.

Higher up, but too distant for minute examination, we saw the wild and stupendous Heights of Abraham, where our soldiers clambered up, and where, with

immense toil and labour, they dragged up the guns by means of ropes and pullies fixed round the trees, with which the banks are covered from top to bottom; but we had not time to examine more, as our ship was now about to anchor in the bason, which is so capacious as to be capable of floating one hundred sail of the line.

Here we found several of the ships of our fleet which had been separated from us in the late gales, and amongst others, our companion, the Atlas. This transport, as I have said, carried half of our detachment, and as our ship, the George, was the one in which the stores of clothing for the entire were packed, it was necessary to see Major Bagwell, and hand over to him that portion which belonged to his detachment.

I, in my capacity of paymaster and quarter-master, went on board the Atlas, and here I learned that orders had been received by the Major to supply his men from the stores in Quebec; and I thus found myself in possession of a large supply of trousers, shirts, and shoes, for which we had no occasion. This, however, did not cause me much uneasiness, as those articles were fifty per cent. dearer in Canada, than at home, and by giving them to the quarter-master of the first battalion, at a much less price than he could purchase them in the country, I found myself richer by several dollars, than I had calculated upon before I landed.

After the detachment had been duly reported to the officer in command at Quebec, and after having received two months' pay from the paymaster-general, we were ordered to be in readiness to be conveyed to the town of Three Rivers, distant about fifty miles from the capital. The regiment was at this time stationed at the town of Sorelle, fifty miles higher up than Three Rivers, but the barracks at the former were not sufficiently large to accommodate the entire

regiment, and were undergoing alterations for this purpose. Meanwhile, our detachment was to occupy Three Rivers.

The period for our stay at Quebec was limited to four days, which gave us ample time to see the town, and the soldiers were allowed to land in small portions, and at intervals, so that each man could have an opportunity of walking on land, which, as may be supposed, was very desirable after so long a voyage. Nevertheless, long as the voyage was, we had but three men on the sick list upon our arrival, and not one man, woman, or child, died during the passage.

The city of Quebec, standing, as it does, on the left bank of the river St. Lawrence, is so well known, that it is not necessary I should enter into any minute description of it, and besides this, it has been so often visited by calamitous fires since the period I write of, that it must be considerably changed in appearance. There are, however, some points which I shall briefly touch upon, which I hope will not be devoid of interest to the reader, and which, perhaps, he may not have before read or heard of.

The town is divided into two parts; the lower and the upper town: the latter stands high above the former, which is out-topped by Cape Diamond, which stands one thousand feet above the level of the river. This point, though by nature so formidable, is strongly fortified, and is called the citadel of Quebec. Between the Cape and the walls of the upper town, is the plain of Abraham, and as it was on this spot Wolfe conquered and died, we visited it in the first instance. It is a plain of small extent, covered with stunted grass; in the centre, and about one thousand yards from the walls of the city, are two rocks, on one of these the gallant Wolfe breathed his last.

I had determined to take away a piece of this rock, and having a blacksmith with me, provided with a

sledge-hammer and a large chisel, we soon succeeded in knocking off two large pieces, one of which I gave to Mr. Rutherford, of my regiment, and the other I kept myself. I regret to say that, by some accident, I lost it, for it was a relic I prized highly. I have said there are two rocks in the centre of this plain, but the one upon which Wolfe died is not to be mistaken, as independant of its being pointed out as the same, the great diminution in its size, from the numerous pieces that have been chiselled off it, marks it out as *the* rock. Having paid our companion and guide, the blacksmith, for his trouble, we dismissed him, and returning through the upper town to the lower, visited those places we thought most worthy of notice.

The house of the governor is a plain stone building, situated in an open square, not remarkable for either regularity or neatness. We were told that it contained several good apartments, but as it was occupied by Sir George Prevost and his family, we did not ask to see the interior. It is by no means a place having pretensions to strength. In one of the adjoining gardens there is a parapet wall along the edge of the rock, with embrasures, in which about half a dozen guns are planted, but they are of small calibre, and seem as if they were more intended to garnish the wall than for any offensive or defensive purpose. In fine weather, one of the regimental bands of the garrison play every evening in the square, which is the fashionable public walk. The market of Quebec is very well supplied with meat at a moderate price, but fish and vegetables were in the greatest abundance and variety, and remarkably cheap. All the fish we saw were unlike any in Europe, with the exception of sturgeon and mullet. The fish most prized, and deservedly so, are the masquinonje, the black and white bass, the poison d'or, and the white fish. They are all very fine, and of a most delicate flavour. Fruit is to be had in great abundance, as

also butter and eggs, and I should suppose that when occupied with less troops than it was at the period of the war with America, Lower Canada must be a very cheap country.

There are several churches, and three or four nunneries in Quebec; the latter are well supported, and well filled with nuns, as they are not subject to much restriction; amongst them are to be found many Irish young ladies. I made acquaintance, while visiting the convent of St. Ursula, with a good old French priest; he was a protestant, and had contrived to get out of France during the reign of terror. He conducted us through the town, and showed us everything worth seeing. With him we visited the engineers' house, and there saw several models of fortifications, amongst them that of Quebec. The priest spoke English so imperfectly, that it was next to impossible to understand what he said in that language, but Owgan was a capital Frenchman, and acted as interpreter. We also visited the armoury, which is kept in admirable order, and contains several thousand stand of arms. There is also a good barrack for artillery, said to be able to contain one thousand men. It would require a garrison of from six to seven thousand men to defend Quebec, if laid siege to; and it is generally occupied by four or five battalions. The supply of stores and ammunition is great, and the number of guns in battery are very considerable; so that, all things considered, Quebec may be called a fortress of high pretension.

Two, out of the four days we were to remain at Quebec had now passed over, and Owgan and I were ordered to precede the detachment, and proceed to Three Rivers, in order to take up the barracks, and have them in readiness when the troops arrived. We were offered a free passage in Malcolm's steam-boat, the first we had ever seen, but, curious as we were to

sail in the boat, we had had so much of navigation already, that we preferred going post at our own expense, and our commandant, Captain O'Hara, allowed us to make our own choice.

Early next morning our calash was in attendance; it was an excellent one, with a good horse, and a smart, intelligent-looking driver. He deposited our portmanteau under the seat, and, in high spirits, we took our places, and bid adieu to Quebec; but a circumstance took place before we were through the town, that delayed us for half an hour. We were well repaid for the delay, and what occurred gave us ample amusement for the first stage of our journey.

In a former chapter I mentioned the difficulty we experienced, on leaving Cork harbour, in arranging the soldiers' wives that were to accompany us, as also those left behind. There was, however, one young woman who had fallen desperately in love with a fine handsome young Sergeant of the name of Anthony, and so sudden was her passion, and so short their acquaintance with each other, that there was not time sufficient left to get them married before we sailed. We left the girl, as we thought behind, and it was not until we were half way across the Atlantic that Anthony ventured to tell me what he had done. I kept his secret, and was thus hooked into a sort of confidential alliance from which I would willingly have been excused.

On landing at Quebec, the young woman was most anxious that the marriage ceremony should be performed, but not thinking that Anthony seemed quite as warm in the affair as he ought to be, she left him. This counter-stroke, which was executed as soon as resolved, threw her intended into despair; for he was ignorant of the address of his runaway mistress. He was, however, soon relieved by receiving a letter from her, and with this letter in his hand,—for it was he who arrested our progress—Anthony stood before us. He begged

of me to read the letter, and to advise him as to how he should act. The letter was as follows:—

"Dear Pat,—I write these few lines hopping it will find you in good health, as I am at present.

"Och! Pat, God may forgive you as I do, but if you brake all the promises you made me, don't you think God Almighty will shoot* you out of heaven.

"Yours, till death,

"SALLY GRIMES."

The latter part of this epistle caused Owgan and myself so much amusement that we nearly fell out of the calash in a fit of laughter that strongly approximated a convulsion. But on Anthony it had a far different effect; for being but a young soldier, and never having seen service, he was anxious, like most young aspirants, to "smell powder," and though he would, I have no doubt, have faced a battery of cannon in *this* world, the idea of such a warfare being in petto for him in the *next* was too much for his nerves, and he asked me in a tremulous voice for advice.

I told him to marry the woman, without delay, and that I, as commanding the company to which he belonged, would authorise the marriage, and I promised to have the ceremony performed on the arrival of the detachment at Three Rivers; but at this instant the old emigré curate joined us, and upon my stating the case to him, he offered to marry the couple on the moment. All that was now wanted was the presence of Miss Grimes, and as Anthony promised to bring her to us in a few minutes, we thought it better to delay our journey and have the affair ended.

In an incredibly short space of time Anthony and his Cleopatra made their appearance, and we proceeded to the church, which was quite close; and the priest

* "Sally," no doubt, meant to say that Anthony would be *shut*, and not *shot* out of heaven.

immediately began to repeat the service from memory, in English, but any thing like his attempt I never before witnessed. I refrained from laughing as long as I was able, but when he came to the words "those whom God hath joined together," and in place of them snuffled out, "those whom *Cot* hath *shined* together," it was impossible to avoid committing a breach of order, so I got out of the church as fast as possible, and left Owgan and the rest of the party to get through the ceremony the best way they could. The business was soon concluded. I gave the priest four dollars for his trouble; a better fee, I believe, than he was in the habit of receiving. I, as a matter of course, kissed the bride, received Anthony's salute and grateful acknowledgments; and Owgan and I once more stepped into our calash, not forgetting to give the driver a trifle for the delay we had occasioned him.

CHAPTER XVI.

Travelling between Quebec and Three Rivers—Arrangements on the road—Peasantry of the district—Description of Three Rivers—Convent of St. Ursula—Visit to Montreal—Indian village—Arrival of the troops at Three Rivers—Ragged heroes—Inefficiency of our fleet on Lake Champlain—Gallantry of Sir Thomas Brisbane—Discreditable want of judgment in our Commanders.

THE line of travelling between Quebec and Three Rivers, and on to Montreal, is admirable, and quite surprized us; a regular number of post-houses are established at nearly equal distances upon it, where calashes or carioles, as the season requires it, are always to be found in readiness. Each post-master is expected to have four calashes and a like number of carioles, and I believe he is subject, by law, to a severe penalty, should he fail in having this number; but, in case of those being all engaged, the traveller can never be at a loss, as there are many more kept by other persons, and, in case of emergency, the post-master has the power to employ them, and they cannot be refused.

This is an excellent regulation, but its excellence is further to be felt by the traveller, because the delay

in changing horses in the day is limited to one quarter of an hour, and, in the night, to double that time; and in default of this regulation being complied with, the post-master is liable also to a severe penalty, and he is bound to have you driven at a rate of not less than two leagues an hour. I do not recollect what the charge is, but it is something very small, and you are not obliged to give the driver any gratuity. The distances between the post-houses vary, but they seldom exceed nine miles, and with a good horse, such as ours, the distance is generally performed within an hour and a quarter. The calashes are clumsily built, but are easy and comfortable, and very agreeable to travel in. The horses, though small, are powerfully strong, and have very good action; they are always in good condition, and, like those of Normandy, are easily fed.

We reached the first post-house, nine miles from Quebec, in about an hour. Our handsome conduct to the driver in no small degree caused him to give us a proof of the goodness of his horse and his own excellence as a driver; this, at first, we supposed to be the only reason, but we afterwards learnt, by experience, the real cause. Both Owgan and myself praised the horse, which, to say the truth, was not more than he deserved, but the Canadians are so vain of themselves and their horses, that if you praise both or either you will be well repaid for your flattery,—no matter how gross. On our arrival at the post-house we were greeted by the post-master and his wife: who were summoned to the door by the sounds of the driver's whip, which he managed to crack in a very superior manner. The driver dismounted, advanced towards the hostess, uncovered, and kissed her cheek, which she presented to him. This ceremony over, we stepped into our new calash, and proceeded on our route; the same routine of politeness was observed by the drivers at each post-house, until we reached Three Rivers.

The road, generally speaking, runs near the banks of the St. Laurence, and, as we proceeded, we passed through innumerable beautiful little towns and villages, in all of which the inhabitants were occupied in some way or other. I never saw a greater appearance of comfort and neatness, and the scenery along this noble river is, in some places, very imposing and grand.

The peasantry are a fine race of people, and the women, in both dress and appearance, bear a strong resemblance to those of old Castile. The pastures were abundantly stocked with black cattle and sheep, and the farm yards literally crammed with pigs and poultry of the best description. Almost every cottage was provided with a large fishing net, and each family seemed to have a calash and cariole,—the former for summer, the latter for winter; and I do not think there can be found on the face of the globe a more comfortable race of peasantry than those of this part of Lower Canada. Their style of farming did not seem to be first rate, but there appeared to be the greatest abundance of every article of food, and they have a ready sale for any surplus, and an easy carriage by water, as flat boats, or *bateaux*, as they are called, are always at their command, and in these vessels they transport their cattle and corn to either the town or port they are intended for.

Towards evening, after a most delightful journey of about six hours, we arrived at the town of Three Rivers. The country near it is level and barren, and we were not prepossessed in favour of either country or town on our first view of both; but we never passed a more agreeable autumn than the one we spent amongst the kind and hospitable inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood.

The streets are narrow, and the houses, with a few exceptions, small and indifferent, and are chiefly built of wood. There are two very respectable hotels, one

kept by Monsieur Beaupret, and which, being recommended to us by my old friend, the curé, at Quebec, we fixed upon in preference to the other. It proved to be a most excellent house, and, having ordered our dinner, Owgan and I called on the barrack-master, Mr. Wills. He received us with great politeness and good nature, and pressed us to dine with him at his hotel, which was not the one occupied by us. We declined his offer, and, finding that he was stationed at Sorelle, the head quarters of our regiment, and had come down to Three Rivers expressly for the purpose of arranging our barracks and giving them up to me, we requested that he would give us the pleasure of his company at dinner, which he did, and we passed a most agreeable evening.

Early next morning, Owgan and I took up the barracks from Mr. Wills; they were in remarkably good order, and fully ample for the accommodation of both men and officers. This did not occupy us long, and we were advised to visit the convent of St. Ursula, so remarkable for the curious bark-work, for the making of which the sisters of this convent are particularly distinguished.

The bark of the birch tree is what they use, and with it they make several beautiful fancy articles, such as pocket-books, work-baskets, counter trays for cards, dressing boxes, &c., which they embroider with elk hair died of the most brilliant colours. They also make models of Indian canoes, and various warlike implements used by the Indians. A variety of these articles were shewn to us, and we made some purchases, but the prices fixed on what we fancied, were exorbitantly high; however, we could not *bargain* with these ladies, who, no matter how religious they might be, and no doubt were, most certainly were resolved not to lose any thing for either their polite civility or the articles they disposed of to us; and I had but a small

portion to shew,—but they were very handsome,—for forty dollars, which I paid for about a dozen articles.

Having taken leave of our religious acquaintances, and had yet two clear days before the detachment were to leave Quebec, Owgan proposed that we should drive on to Montreal. A calash was soon ready, and in about four hours, we found ourselves in that city. The villages between the two places were of the same description as those we passed through on our route from Quebec, but we saw nothing that deserved particular notice.

The town of Montreal stands on an island about thirty miles in length, and ten or twelve in breadth; the soil of this island is luxuriant, and the country is very populous. The walls round the town are in a rapid state of decay, but the gates are still perfect. The walls have the appearance of being more intended as a defence against archery than cannon, and it cannot be considered as a place of any strength. The number of houses within the walls bear no comparison with those in the suburbs; but the streets in both are narrow. In the centre of a small square there is a neat pillar erected in honour of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar.

We met a number of officers we were acquainted with, some of them of our own corps; amongst them was Colonel Macgregor, who, with Dr. Young, of the 8th, Mr. Goldsmid, of the dragoons, and others, were busily engaged in rehearsing the play of the "Poor Gentleman." They had hired the theatre, and were determined to have a series of plays during the winter. We dined with our friends, and, after passing a most agreeable evening, set off the next morning on our return to Three Rivers.

On the opposite side of the St. Laurence, and not far from La Chine, is a village entirely inhabited by a tribe of Indians called Cachenomaga, but, much as we

wished to pay this village a visit, we had not time to do so; and we regretted this, as it is one of the largest Indian villages in Lower Canada: the number of inhabitants is, however, small, and does not exceed one hundred of both sexes.

We met many of these creatures in the streets of Montreal, and in the larger villages, on our return, and some of the females, or *squaws*, were not only well looking, but were really beautiful. The men, generally speaking, were squalid and filthy in the extreme, and their only occupation seemed to be begging spirits and food. We were, however, informed that those savages whom we now saw were but a poor specimen of the North American Indians, and that, when we proceeded farther up the country, we should see them nearer to what they were in their original state, in consequence of their having less intercourse with the Europeans, and not being corrupted by their vices.

We reached Three Rivers without any other adventure, and next day our detachment arrived in two transports. The quay is a good one, and the troops were disembarked with ease. The officers and men looked well, and their clothing, which was new, and had been laid aside during the voyage, presented so great a contrast to the tattered uniforms of those regiments of the Peninsular army that had sailed direct from the scene of their victories, that we were much complimented upon our appearance, and many of the inhabitants told us that when the regiments that came direct from the army of Lord Wellington, made their landing at Quebec, they were at first taken for so many convicts.

It was not difficult to give credit to this account, for it was only natural that a race of people who had never seen soldiers that had composed an army such as that which had fought in the Peninsula for such a number of years, were astonished to see men who had per-

formed those wonderful prodigies of valour, which all the civilized world had read of, arrive on their shores in a state of apparent want of all those requisites which, to the eye of the general and ignorant observer, are essential to a soldier.

In those days, breeches and leggings, and a highly varnished cap and pouch, were the necessary essentials to form a soldier,—and with such materials were the soldiers of our colonies copiously garnished. It may, therefore, be easily conceived what a contrast the appearance of the heroes of the Peninsula presented to those "pipe clay" soldiers, and it cannot be wondered at that the inhabitants of Canada looked upon these men with an intensity of interest mingled with curiosity.

Their tattered uniforms, without any thing having the slightest pretension to uniformity; their bronzed faces, huge whiskers, and their general bearing, were of that character that inspired feelings of awe more than admiration. Their old trowsers, some black, some green, and their caps, some perforated with three or four bullet holes, while others, with a portion of them shot away altogether, most unquestionably did not mark them out to the eye of the general and ignorant spectator as a body of men that had trampled under their tread the greatest warriors in the world. But, to the experienced eye, those men possessed all the qualities necessary to form a soldier: their iron frames, without an extra pound of flesh,—their muscular limbs, firm as the hough of a race horse, their arms and appointments all in order, ready for battle at a moment's notice; their knapsacks packed with a neatness that it was impossible to surpass and difficult to imitate, carried on their shoulders with as much ease as if it were a thing of no weight, pointed them out to be, in the fullest meaning of the word—SOLDIERS!

It is a positive fact that on the disgraceful retreat from Platsburgh, when a forced march was made in

the night, many of the Peninsular soldiers carried the packs and firelocks of the Canadian regiments, and it was even said that a soldier of the 88th, named Jack Richardson, carried on his shoulders, not only the appointments of a soldier of the 41st Regiment, but also the man himself!

We were not more than a day or so settled in our barracks, when we were visited by all the respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, and there were many of these; amongst the number were the families of Colonel Gugy, Mr. Coffin, Dr. Short, and Mr. Hart, Dr. Carter, and several others.

A number of dinners were given to us, all of the best description, for, generally speaking, the inhabitants were of independant means, and many, the Harts and Gugys for instance, were extremely rich. We, in our turn, had all the gentlemen to dine with us, and gave two very handsome balls to all our acquaintances. In this manner we passed a most delightful time at Three Rivers, and we left it with great regret.

About this time Fairfield came down from Sorelle, and had for his travelling companion Captain Pring, who commanded our ill-fated fleet on Lake Champlain, after the fall of Commodore Downey. We heard with indignation the shameful manner in which our fleet had been forced into action by Sir George Prevost, before it was in a fit state for fighting. Scarcely half a dozen of the crew knew their stations, much less their officers, and, so unfit were the ships for action, that several of them were without the requisite number of belaying pegs to fasten the halliards to; several of the guns had no blocks behind their carriages, and the first shot fired from Downey's ship was fatal to him. He was standing behind the gun at the moment it was discharged; the gun recoiled, and its breach struck Downey in the chest and killed him on the spot. Thus fell the Commodore, and the confusion became great,

not only in his ship, but throughout the rest of the fleet. It would be impossible to describe the motley appearance of the different crews; some were able-bodied sailors, others merchantmen, more Canadians, and many were negroes. With such materials, it is manifest that the equipment of every ship should have been on the best possible scale, but the direct contrary was the case, and, as a matter of course, in about twenty minutes after the action commenced, every British ship had struck her colours.

The Americans, it is true, were roughly handled, so much so that their Commodore, Macdonough, remarked while taking the swords of our captured officers, "that he did so, for form's sake; but," he added, "in a few minutes, *we* shall have to return you the compliment, as our ships are too much disabled to get away, and your soldiers will carry the fort of Platsburgh, and leave to us the choice of surrendering or being sent to the bottom of the lake."

This was the truth, for Brisbane's brigade of "Peninsulars" were lookers-on at the combat on the water, and a burning thirst for revenge was not only felt, but an opportunity of satisfying it was loudly called for by the soldiers. Before the contest on the lake, the gallant Sir Thomas Brisbane thus addressed Sir George Prevost:—"Sir George Prevost,—If you will allow me, I will attack and carry the fort of Platsburgh with my brigade, and I will engage to do so in less than twenty minutes from this time!" But Sir George was deaf to the proposal; the troops were ordered to retire, the stores were burnt, and our fleet as also the fleet of the enemy were left, the latter unmolested and the former captives.

Meanwhile the gallant Captain Robert Nickle, of the 88th, accompanied by his three lieutenants, Hacket, Hill, and Delmé, and the light companies of the brigade, forced the passage of the Saranac, although opposed

by upwards of two thousand Americans; the river was rapid, the water high, and the soldiers, with their cartridge-boxes under their arms, crossed under a heavy but ill-directed fire. A panic seized the Americans, and they fled in disorder before one hundred and fifty undaunted British soldiers. The troops in the fort caught the contagion, and, either exchanging their uniforms for other clothes, or running away in their shirts, many made their escape. This was the moment to strike; but not a blow was struck, and the advance troops were ordered to re-cross the river, and join in the retreat of the main body!

CHAPTER XVII.

Departure from Three Rivers—Meeting old comrades—Sentimental reflections—The officers' ball—Visit to Three Rivers to invite the guests—The sleigh party to the ball—Seasonable supply of noyeau—Rashness of O'Hara—Wonderful escape of Mrs. Gugy. A promising set of young men.

At length we left our kind friends at Three Rivers, and it would be difficult to say whether they or we regretted it most. We were there for two months, and during that period a constant interchange of hospitality took place. The Gugys, the Harts, the Carters, the Shorts,—in short, all were on the most friendly terms. Malcolm's splendid steam-boat took us up the St. Laurence to Sorelle, where I once more saw my old friends the officers, and many of the gallant old soldiers, beside whom I had fought on many a hard contested field.

To those who have never been in the army, or at least served a few campaigns, it would but be a waste of time, pens, ink, and paper, to describe feelings such as those I experienced when meeting, once more, my old companions: but it was a heart-stirring time, nevertheless. To meet again the humble soldier who had shared his last biscuit with you, when both he and you were nearly famished; to meet the men beside

whom you had fought, and who covered you on the cold earth where you lay unsheltered, without even a blanket; he who gave his watch-coat to you, placed his knapsack under your head as your pillow,—a hard one, no doubt, but the best he could give you. I say, to meet these men once more was a pleasure.

But many old faces were no longer to be seen. The front rank of my company was occupied by new faces; and I asked my Sergeant "Where is Darcy, where is Brophy, where is Cooney?"

"Oh, sir, they're all dead! Darcy had his head shot off at Vitoria; Brophy was killed at Orthes; and Cooney—poor Cooney!—had both his legs shot from under him at Thoulouse." Then I turned to the mess-table, and missed Nickle, ill from wounds; Macdurmott, killed at Orthes; and Moriarty, who was buried in the same grave with him. When, I say, one personally experiences all this, it is not surprising if the emotions which these scenes call forth are never forgotten. Promotion, they say, is the life of the army, but it is to be gained chiefly by the death of your old friends. However, I think, and so, no doubt, does the reader, that we have had enough of the sentimental; we must now turn to something gay.

Our detachment brought up from Three Rivers fifteen officers, most of them young hands, and upwards of three hundred men. Colonel Macpherson, one of the best of men, was in command during the absence of Colonel Alexander Wallace, who was idolized by the soldiers, and regarded and esteemed, and justly so, by the officers. Macpherson and Wallace were both Scotchmen, but they differed from many of their countrymen in one essential point. Neither cared a farthing about money, but they both had plenty; and Macpherson, who was fond of gaiety, said we ought to give a ball to the inhabitants of Sorelle, who had been as attentive to the regiment as our friends at Three Rivers

were to the detachment that just now joined the head-quarters of the corps. A ball was therefore decided upon, and we of the detachment resolved not only to ask our friends at Three Rivers, but to go down the St. Laurence in our sleighs, for by this time the winter had set in, and take them back with us.

Sorelle was distant forty-five miles from Three Rivers, so that it is tolerably manifest that to go there and return, and go back again and get back to Sorelle, would embrace a distance of one hundred and eighty miles! but so it was. O'Hara, Morgan, Owgan, Hickson, and myself, set off in our sleighs, and rattled over the forty-five miles of ice at an "ice" (nice) pace in less than four hours! We were expected at Gugy's, and we all dined there. Colonel Gugy, a man of large property, was from home, being in command of a regiment of militia on the frontier, but his good wife made amends for his absence. Never did woman better discharge the duties of her table, which was kept in the best style; and her two daughters, and her two sons, who were with her at the time, were as good as the mother; and should they ever read these pages, they will, I have no doubt, say I am not paying them a mere compliment.

In the evening, almost all our old friends came in, and we danced before supper and after supper, and it was six o'clock in the morning before we separated. The next day we promised to dine with Doctor Carter, and the following day was fixed for our return to Sorelle, as our ball was to take place on that night. Carter's party was like all the rest; the greatest hospitality and the best cheer, and we broke up as usual at an early hour in the morning.

We breakfasted with Mrs. Gugy, and I, who acted as the man of business, paid our bill at Ashard's hotel, saw the sleighs all right, the horses fed, the buffalo and bear skins regularly deposited in their respective

places, and having done so, joined our breakfast party, announcing that "all was right," and that we might take the road, or rather the river, in ten minutes. "Yes, but you must take some breakfast first," said Mrs. Gugy. It did not require any great power of oratory to induce me to acquiesce in the proposal, and having masticated tolerably fairly, we all began to bestir ourselves.

Our sleighs, four in number, were arranged as follows:—In the one belonging to Hickson was to be placed Miss Maria Gugy; Morgan took the two Miss Shorts; I had the charge of Miss Gugy, and O'Hara took Mrs. Gugy. Her two sons travelled in their own sleigh, and brought up the rear.

Mrs. Gugy was a good woman, and a good housekeeper also. I observed her placing two large bottles in the side pocket of the sleigh she was about to occupy, and I asked her what she was doing! "Doing! is it?"—(she was an Irishwoman!)—"I'm doing what you'll say is only right and proper; I'm putting in a bottle of Martinique noyeau, and a bottle of cherry brandy." Her precaution was not a bad one, as will be seen hereafter.

Now, though Mrs. Gugy was extremely provident as regarded her noyeau and cherry bounce, she completely overlooked the disparity of O'Hara's weight as compared with hers. He was a slight young man, not weighing more than eleven stone, while she, on the contrary, was over twenty-two stone. Besides this, the road we had to travel before we reached the St. Laurence, was very uneven, and being a great thoroughfare, there were several nobs or ruts,—the Canadians call them cahoos—which caused a great delay, and rendered precaution necessary; but what precaution could balance eleven stone against two and twenty? Before we had advanced a mile, O'Hara's sleigh was upset seven times, but no mischief was done,

for the snow was very high and Mrs. Gugy was very fat. We had not more than a mile or so to go on the high road, and the river once gained we had fine smooth ice to go upon, but before reaching the river an awkward and narrow bridge was to be passed; and long before we reached it I warned O'Hara of the danger he would have to contend with; but he, become callous, perhaps from his numerous upsets, laughed at the idea; and Mrs. Gugy, holding up her noyeau bottle in one hand, and a large wine-glass in the other, motioned me to come to her. I required little persuasion from her, for the day was bitter—the mercury thirty-two degrees below the freezing point—and not only I, but all the rest of the party, ladies and all, took such a pull at the noyeau, that it was palpable her precaution in having the reserve brandy bottle was one of prudence.

We all resumed our respective stations, and it was evident the noyeau had effected what was intended, namely, putting us all in excellent *spirits!* In a short time we neared the bridge; but though O'Hara looked confident I had my misgiving. He and Mrs. Gugy occupied the sleigh in my rear, and as I, with much difficulty, passed across a huge hole, nearly as large as a gravel-pit, I turned round and advised O'Hara to prevail on his companion to walk across the bridge, but neither would heed me. Mrs. Gugy laughed, O'Hara gave his horse a lash of the whip, and he essayed to pass the bridge at a gallop. This was perfect insanity, but it seemed as if both courted the fate that befel them; for upon reaching the hole, beforementioned, the horse, a high-mettled one, took fright, and attempted to shy it. O'Hara had recourse to the whip, but the horse was by this time quite unmanageable, and making a furious plunge upset the sledge on the top of the battlements of the bridge, and Mrs. Gugy was precipitated into the bed of the river, a

distance of about fifteen feet. By a miracle neither the horse nor the sleigh nor O'Hara followed her, or she would have been crushed to death.

O'Hara, for what reason he himself could never tell, held fast hold of the reins, but the shock was so great that the horse was thrown on his haunches, and had not the reins fortunately broken, the animal would have fallen upon O'Hara, and killed him on the spot. All this took place in the view of every individual that composed the party, and one and all jumped out of their sleighs and ran to that part of the bridge over which Mrs. Gugy had been capsized. We all called out in a breath, "Are you hurt, Mrs. Gugy?" "Not in the least," was the reply, "this place is like a feather-bed, it's so soft." And it was fortunate it was so, for there were eight or ten feet of snow in the bed of the river. We all congratulated her on her escape, and she had reason to be very thankful; for had there not been a sufficiency of snow to break the fall of so enormous a woman, she must have been killed instantly; and had she fallen on her face instead of her back, to a moral certainty she would have been suffocated before aid could be given her. But there she lay uninjured, her face beaming with good-nature, and, as contrasted with the snow, looking like the rising sun.

So far all was well, but to get her out of the river was a task not so easily done as to get her into it. We had no snow-shoes, and it was impossible to approach where she lay without them. It occurred to Hickson, who was an intelligent lad, that a couple of our military sashes, if thrown to her, might be tied round her waist, and then by adding the traces of our sleighs to each other, she could easily hook on one end of them to the sashes, and we could thus pull her out. The thing succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, and at the end of an hour we had her, uninjured, on the high road.

The first question she asked, after thanking us, was, "If the cherry-brandy was safe?" O'Hara said it was; and it is needless to say we all contributed to make it something less than it was.

On reaching Sorelle, which we did at four o'clock in the evening, we lodged our fair companions in their respective houses, which our friends in the town had prepared for their reception; when, after having rested themselves, and dressed for the evening, we conducted them to our mess-room, where a very handsome dinner was ready.

It is astonishing what great fatigue the ladies of Canada can support without seeming to feel it. In the present instance, our friends did not show the slightest symptoms of having travelled over a mile of ice, much less the distance of forty-five miles, which we had performed.

After dinner the ladies were ushered into a temporary drawing-room, and the mess-room was made ready for the reception of our friends, who shortly afterwards began to arrive. Dancing soon commenced; about twelve o'clock at night supper was announced, and after it the dance was kept up to a late hour in the morning.

Next day we took charge of our friends from Three Rivers, arrived there without any mishap, and dined at Doctor Carter's, where a large party were assembled to meet us. As we passed the bridge, which was well nigh fatal to O'Hara and Mrs. Gugy, she requested us to halt, which we did, and the entire party quitted their carrioles and took a survey of the spot into which our fat friend had fallen; and in order to commemorate the event, a bottle of noyeau was uncorked, and soon shared the fate of the former one, on the same spot, the preceding day.

We passed two days at Three Rivers, and on the third returned to Sorelle, where we learnt that we were

to march to St. John's the day but one following. This was a sad change for us, as we had very good society at Sorelle, while at St. John's there was not one solitary family we could visit. It was also a severe blow to some old mothers, who had counted sure upon getting their daughters off their hands. Two of our officers were unfortunately hooked into marrying; several others were partly engaged; but an old lady, who thought she had two regularly "booked" for her two daughters, in the chagrin of the moment said to a friend—"Well, the 88th are about to leave us, and I must say the officers are a very fine, and a very *promising* set of young men!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

March to St. John's—A Yankee ball—A general row—A lady worth a Jew's eye—The officers' subscription for the banker's widow—The apothecary damaged—News in Canada of the return of Buonaparte from Elba—The Peninsular army unrewarded—The Connaught Rangers set sail for Europe.

HAVING taken an affectionate leave of our friends at Sorelle, we commenced our march to St. John's. The weather, though piercingly cold, was fine, and we reached our new quarters without any particular adventure, save the loss of a portion of the noses of two of the soldiers, which were frost-bitten. I, myself, had a narrow escape, but by the timely application of snow well rubbed into the skin, I preserved this essential feature, not, however, without sustaining some injury in the shape of a small bump, which remains to this day. The country about St. John's is uninteresting, and bare of trees; the town itself is poor, and the remnant of its fortifications nearly crumbling into decay.

Our old general of brigade, Sir Thomas Brisbane, had established his head-quarters here, and he gave the officers of our corps a handsome dinner. We broke up about ten o'clock, and as there was no barracks for the officers, we took different routes to our quarters, which were widely apart from each other. O'Hara,

and three or four more, were proceeding quietly towards their billets, when they observed the house of Beaupret, an hotel-keeper, to be more than usually lighted: besides this, the sound of two or three fiddles were heard, and the passing figures of several ladies and gentlemen told plainly that a ball was going on. "What glorious fun," said young Morgan to O'Hara, "we'll make one of the party, and keep it up till morning."

Though O'Hara did not exactly relish the proposal, he was unwilling to interpose his authority, and he reluctantly acquiesced. Hickson and Hilliard also avowed their determination to join in the sport, and the die being thus cast, the doors of the hotel, which were open, were soon entered, the stairs mounted, and in a much less space of time than I could tell the story, much less write it, the entire batch were in the centre of the ball-room.

It may be necessary to state that this same ball was one given by some Yankees who had come down to St. John's on a speculation of furnishing our soldiers with provisions. The thing was regularly got up, and two stewards were appointed to make the necessary arrangements, and to invite those persons whom they desired to have present. Their astonishment was, therefore, great when they saw half a dozen British officers enter the room uninvited. "A capital room this," said Morgan, turning to Fairfield, "I'll dance with that dark-eyed girl sitting in the corner; she looks like a Jewess." "I hope," replied Tim, "she may take a fancy to you, and prove to be as rich as one." The observation was scarcely made, when a tall, raw-boned Yankee, about six feet five inches in height, stalked up to the group of officers, and asked, in language not the most polite, even for a Yankee, What in h—l's d———n brought them there?

Fairfield replied, that they had only arrived at

St. John's that day; that they had dined with Sir Thomas Brisbane, and that on returning to their quarters, seeing lights in the hotel, and hearing music, they thought there was a public ball, and said they wished to join it.

"Well, now, you see, Mr. Britainer, that you're d———y mistaken. This is no public ball, and there are but a few of us come here to '*tea it*,' as we Yankees say, so the sooner you make yourselves scarce the better, or we'll take the liberty of kicking you down the stairs." The last syllable was scarcely uttered when Morgan knocked the Yankee down. A general row now took place, and every man was engaged; but the contest was an unequal one, for the Yankees were in the ratio of five to one. The men shouted, the ladies screamed, and the ball-room was a scene of great confusion. Morgan, a powerful young fellow, in the excitement of the moment, ran to the stove, and pulling down the tube, flung it at the heads of half a dozen Yankees by whom he was assailed; but this evolution was not executed without very disagreeable results. The force of Morgan's tug was so great, that the stove lost its centre of gravity, and it tumbled about the room, discharging its contents, and, in fine, setting fire to the apartment, and burning Morgan's hands most frightfully.

If the confusion at first was great, the reader may well conceive to what a pitch it had arrived at this period. The room was one mass of flame; all the ladies, and several of the men, attempted to hurry out towards the street, but the passages were blocked up and all egress was denied them; for Morgan, Hickson, Hilliard, and Fairfield, were combatting fiercely on the lobby. Several of the townspeople came rushing up the stairs, some from curiosity, others to assist in extinguishing the flames, but the moment they made their appearance they were knocked down.

The affair now assumed a very serious appearance, and even the most turbulent and refractory became cool. The ladies, one-half of them fainting, while the others were screaming, and endeavouring to get down stairs, in which attempt they lost the greater part of their dresses. At this moment a sergeant's guard arrived, and forcing their way up the stairs, rushed into the room, extinguished the flames, and righted the stove; but, unfortunately, one lady had her arm broken, and old Madame Zacherry, the widow of a Jew banker, had one of her eyes put out by unluckily falling on one of the soldier's bayonets. Fairfield, who never could, or ever did, let an opportunity pass for his joke, said, "she was worth a Jew's eye yet."

The surgeon of the regiment, Mr. Johnson, was immediately sent for, and he endeavoured to replace the old lady's eye, which was hanging down on her cheek, but the attempt was futile, for Johnson, though a very clever man, and a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper, was inadequate to the task, and the *pupil* of old Madame Zacherry's eye underwent the operation of the pupil of Sir A. Cooper, and he cut it clean out of the socket!

It may be supposed that so serious an affair was not unattended with a proportionate loss. A formal complaint, drawn up in a voluminous shape by a Canadian lawyer, was sent to Sir Thomas Brisbane. A court of enquiry was ordered to sit and investigate the matter. The court did sit, and the pros and cons as to who was right or who was wrong, were sturdily argued on both sides. It was manifest that the first insult was offered by the Americans, and little attention was paid to their complaint, but Madame Zacherry's eye was a stumbling block, not as easily got *over* as it was got *out*, and this was the greatest "eye-sore" in the business. Upon enquiry it was found that she was poor, for

though her late husband had been once a banker, he died a *bankrupt*, and it was whispered that a little money would hush the matter up, and prevent a court martial, which, end how it might, would be an unpleasant business. About two hundred pounds were made up by the officers, and here the matter ended; Fairfield remarking that she would give her other eye for half the money—and the business was supposed to be concluded, but such was far from being the case; a new claimant, in the person of a Monsieur Duplos, an apothecary, made his appearance, and stated that his shop, which was immediately under the ball-room, had been nearly destroyed, and if his account was to be credited, he lost as many bottles of physic as would have drenched the stomachs of all the inhabitants of Lower Canada put together. The demand of this man amounted to about forty pounds; but the most curious and exorbitant item was one of fifty dollars for damage done to "Galen's head," which was placed over the door, and had been, as the doctor at least said, new gilt the week before, and looked—as he professionally remarked—"as fresh as a pill." However, the man was paid, and thus finally ended the affair.

The 76th Regiment, which had been for several years in Canada, arrived at St. John's at this time, on their route to England. An universal peace now reigned, not only all over Europe, but over the world also, and we had made up our minds for a long repose in America. We reflected with pride that the invincible army of the Peninsula had been mainly instrumental in effecting this. We had written to our friends by the officers who were now about to return to their own country, and I had intended writing some pages descriptive of a winter in Canada, but the arrival of the packet from England, announcing the return of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba, and his triumphant

and bloodless entry into his own capital, astounded us, and altered all our plans; for the same packet which contained this intelligence, brought the order for us to be transported to the scene where the destinies of the world were to be once more combatted for.

All Europe was now in arms, and we rejoiced that we were to be again partakers in the great struggle. God knows why those feelings animated us; for nineteen-twentieths of us had not gained anything, except honour, and of that we had had enough to satisfy those most craving of it.

We had fought and gained nineteen great battles, and we had combatted in countless lesser actions. We had received ample testimony that to the Peninsular army our own country was chiefly indebted, not only for the position she held amongst the other nations of Europe, but, perhaps, for her very existence. We knew all this,—for the world knew it, and had proclaimed it; our own statesmen proclaimed it, yet what recompense did we receive? Absolutely nothing,—except the thanks of parliament fifteen different times. Some of the senior officers, or the favoured few who held staff appointments, or had interest through their connexions, got promotion, or, what to many was more prized, *medals;* but to the great bulk of that wonderful army *all reward was denied!*

With all these facts we were perfectly well versed, and it may be asked how it was that we rejoiced at being once more called upon to peril our lives for our country, and fight under the General who had so shamefully neglected our services, and left our breasts undecorated,—save by scars? Nevertheless, we *did* rejoice; and why? Because "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife, and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honour, fortitude, courage,

obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism." *

Independently of all this, our feelings of mortified pride and anger were stifled when we were, as I have said, once more called on to fight our country's battles; and on the 4th of June, 1815, we embarked at Three Rivers, and with a fair wind set sail for Europe.

* Napier.

CONCLUSION.

And now, Reader, I am about to take leave of you, for the present at least. In these "Adventures," I have told you many circumstances you never before heard of, and I hope I have not fatigued you, or trespassed too long on your patience. I have, without being, I trust, too tedious, told you of the wrongs my old corps has suffered. I have, without presuming to write a History of the Peninsular War, told you something of the services performed by the Peninsular army; and I am now about to draw your attention to the scandalous manner in which the never-to-be-forgotten services of that wonderful army have been treated by the government and by the Duke of Wellington; leaving the continuation of the "Adventures of the Connaught Rangers" dependent on the favour of which you may think the pages I have now presented to you deserving.

When the war in the Peninsula, and indeed in Europe, was finished in the spring of 1814; when not a hostile shot was heard; and when the Emperor Napoleon was made a captive and placed in the hands of the allies, it was expected there would be an end to any troubled or war-like movement in Europe for a considerable lapse of time; and so there would,

had it not been for the bungling manner in which the captive Emperor had been disposed of. His escape from Elba, his return to Paris, and the battle of Waterloo, are events too notorious, and too often mentioned in the pages of history, to need remark or comment from me. But it is necessary that I should contrast the rewards that were heaped on the Waterloo army, (and, since then, on other armies,) for a few *days*' campaign, and *one* battle, with the base neglect that has been shown to the army of the Peninsula, that combatted for six years in Portugal, Spain, and the South of France,—an army that gained *nineteen pitched* battles, and never lost ONE!—an army that killed, wounded, or took prisoners about TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND of the most warlike troops in the world! and an army that left behind it, amongst the mountains and plains of the Peninsula, the bones of forty thousand of their once brave companions. This army delivered Portugal and Spain from French dominion, and was the main and principal cause of the success of the great European contest in the spring of 1814; which success not only saved Europe from degradation, but England from invasion,—perhaps conquest!

This (comparatively speaking) wonderful handful of men, amounting, according to the Duke of Wellington's own words, to but thirty thousand, kept, for five years, two hundred thousand of Napoleon's best soldiers at bay, and prevented them from joining in the great struggle then taking place in Germany and in France. One half of this number would have broken to fragments this coalition of emperors and kings, for they were, as the Duke of Wellington, with caustic humour, told Lord Bathurst, "such troops as the allied sovereigns had not yet dealt with!"

Well, the war terminated gloriously; but Wellington, with sixty thousand Anglo-Portuguese, effected more in the south, than did the allied sovereigns, with *half*

a million of men, on the north-eastern frontier; and against what description of soldiers did this band of heroes combat for those six years, during which period they gained nineteen battles, and *never lost one*, and for which victories they received the thanks of Parliament on fifteen different occasions? Four lines from the pen of the Duke of Wellington will best answer the question. "They," (this French army) says the Duke, "captured more than one strong place in Spain without any provision of bullets, save those fired at them by their enemies, having trusted to that chance when they formed the siege!" "Before the British troops they fell, but how terrible was the struggle! How many defeats they recovered from—how many brave men they slew. What changes and interpositions of fortune occurred before they could be rolled back upon their own frontiers. And this is the glory of England, that her soldiers, and hers only, were capable of overthrowing them in equal battle."*

Let us now take a glance at what the probable consequences to England might have been had not this handful of soldiers performed such services as I have stated, and I will give the Duke of Wellington's own words in a letter written to the Earl of Liverpool.

"From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his majesty's dominions. Then indeed would commence an expensive contest; then would his majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country,

* Napier.

and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene."

"By the blessing of God," and the indomitable courage and perseverence of the Peninsular army, which fought the battles of England in the Peninsula, this calamity was averted; and "the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants," were all preserved and kept sacred by those very men who are now refused a medal by their country, for which they fought, bled, and saved from invasion—perhaps, I repeat, from CONQUEST! Had that wonderful and invincible army suffered even *one* signal defeat, the Peninsular cause, and the European cause, would have been irrecoverably lost, and England would have been INVADED. I will here quote the opinion of the Duke of Wellington in a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst, dated 21st December, 1813.

"With thirty thousand men (British) in the Peninsula, he had for five years held two hundred thousand of Napoleon's best soldiers in check, since it was ridiculous to suppose that the Spaniards and Portuguese could have resisted for a moment if the British troops had been withdrawn. The French armies actually employed against him could not be less than one hundred thousand men; more, if he included garrisons. Was there any man weak enough to suppose one third of the number first mentioned would be employed against the Spaniards and Portuguese if the British were withdrawn? They would, if it were an object with Buonaparte to conquer the Peninsula, and he would in that case succeed; but he was more likely to give peace to the Peninsula, and turn against the allied sovereigns his two hundred thousand men,—of which 'one hundred thousand were such troops as

their armies had not yet dealt with.' The war every day offered a crisis, the result of which might affect the world for ages."

"Napoleon, rising even above himself, hurtled against the armed myriads opposed to him with such a terrible energy, that, though ten times his number, they were rolled back on every side in confusion and dismay. But Wellington advanced without a check—victorious in every battle—although one half of the veterans opposed to him would have decided the campaign on the eastern frontier." *

Had matters turned out differently in the Peninsula, Napoleon *must* have been successful against the allies, and what then? Why the invasion of England, perhaps her conquest, not by the arms of France alone, but by a coalition of all the subdued potentates of Europe, who would have been allowed by Napoleon to hold their crowns on those terms of alliance,—and on those only!

Suppose, then, England so placed,—*conquered!*—Reader! start not; the thing was possible! Ay, more than possible! Austria, the most formidable military European power, who had fought as many campaigns against France, as any other European power had fought battles, was conquered; Russia, another powerful nation, was dictated to; and Prussia, at one time the greatest military power in Europe, was all but sponged off the map. We have heard of the confederation of the Rhine, in the heart of Europe, and why not the confederation of the Thames, the Humber, and the Severn; the Shannon and the Tweed? I repeat that this was more than possible, and I maintain that it was rendered *im*possible by the wonderful and almost incredible valour of the Peninsular army; yet that army and its imperishable deeds are left unrewarded, and the Duke of Wellington, far from advocating its just claims,—*as he is in*

* Napier.

duty bound to do,—gives it the most inveterate and unnatural opposition.

Events in 1815, and events in 1844 and 1845, proved beyond a doubt that the Duke of Wellington thought no more of the services of his tried old companions,—his faithful followers in a hundred fights!—who had, by their valour and constancy, made him a Duke, and gained for him all, or almost all, the fortune and rank he now possesses; for, in place of supporting the claim they then made, and now make, for a medal, he has opposed them—in a manner as weak as unnatural; and, in his attempt to quash the claim of his old veterans, he is not very felicitous on the score of memory.

When the Duke of Richmond brought forward the claims of the Peninsular army for a medal, in the House of Lords, on the 21st July, 1845, what was the reply of the Duke of Wellington? In the *Naval and Military Gazette*, of 26th of that month, we read the following:—"These" (the granting rewards, such as medals, &c.) "were the acts of the sovereign, and of his advisers; and upon those points I never had presumed to interfere in any manner,—except when called upon to give my opinion," &c., &c. Now this is a very positive assertion, and would—if correct—be a sort of back-door escape for his Grace of Wellington, yet it would be *but* a back-door escape after all; but how are we to reconcile this positive and solemn assertion of the Duke with the following letter, as published in the Duke of Wellington's dispatches, compiled by the late Colonel Gurwood?

On the 28th of June, 1815—ten days only after the battle of Waterloo—the Duke of Wellington wrote to the late Duke of York to the following effect, and in the following words:—

"I would likewise beg leave to suggest to your royal highness the expediency of giving to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers engaged in the battle of

Waterloo, a medal. I am convinced it would have the best effect in the army."

And again, on the 17th of September, he writes to Earl Bathurst, the Secretary of State for the War department:—

"I have long intended to write to you about the medal for Waterloo. I recommend that we should all have the same medal, hung to the same riband as that now used with the medals."*

Now, is there any disinterested man to be found who cannot, at a glance, discover the cause, the main-spring, of this wonderful solicitude—this maiden effort of the Duke of Wellington, to obtain a badge of honour for his army, nine-tenths of which he had never seen before that day, and who, as a matter of course, had never laid eyes on him? Is it to be supposed that he who could, and did, quietly accept the immense riches, honours, and titles that were showered on him, and gained for him by the best blood of his Peninsular army, without once raising his voice in favour of a medal for his old and tried veterans,—his companions during six years' terrible war, and victorious in every battle! the men who had carried him, it may be truly said, on their very shoulders, and placed him in the exalted position he now occupies; is it, I say, to be supposed he felt, or could feel, any interest in an army that he had but just seen, and an army that had fought under his command for little more than as many hours as his Peninsular soldiers had fought for years, except for the gratification of his own personal vanity? If not this, —but who can doubt it?—why did he write to the Duke of York on the subject? Why! because he had beaten *the great man in person*, and he was determined that "Wellington" and "Waterloo" should be

* Gurwood's Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, vol. xii., pp. 519, 636.

banded about on the breasts of his hundred thousand soldiers, more than the half of whom had never seen a shot fired before that day; and many of whom were not only not in the battle, but knew nothing about it for a day afterwards; yet all these men —absentees included—got a medal! I therefore ask what interest—except to gratify his own ambition—could he take in this Waterloo army, or any other army the world could produce, when he forgot the services, and trampled under his feet the application of an army that made him what he now is?* But having written to the Duke of York, as his dispatches avow he did, why did he not say so in his reply to the Duke of Richmond? Does he not, in point of fact, deny in his speech that which we have, printed by his own authority, in his book of dispatches? and his assertion that since the battle of Waterloo "not a shot has been fired in Europe," is perfectly contemptible when adduced as a reason for granting a medal for that battle, and refusing one for the Peninsula. Why has there not been a shot (an hostile one we presume the Duke meant) fired in Europe since then? Because Napoleon was properly secured after Waterloo, and had he been so secured after Toulouse, Waterloo would never have been fought. But how did the Duke of Wellington know (for I put the good and amiable Duke of York out of the question, as also the minis-

* "I have got an infamous army, very weak and ill-equipped, and a very inexperienced staff."—"I really believe that, with the exception of my old Spanish infantry, I have got not only the worst troops, but the worst equipped army, with the worst staff, that ever were brought together."—"I am obliged to you for the reinforcements which you announce to us. The greatest object is to have old infantry. The others are better than foreign troops, but they are nothing in comparison with the Spanish infantry." —*Gurwood's Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, dated 8th May, and 25th and 28th June,* 1815. Vol. xii., pp. 358, 509, 518.

ters,) that there would be no more fighting in Europe? He knew not, nor could he know, any such thing; but in a few months after his beating Napoleon (this was the hobby!) we find his Waterloo army with their medals dangling at their breasts.

We have now in this speech, and in this letter, taken from the Duke of Wellington's dispatches, sufficient to warrant the idea that he was resolved to raise a blush upon the cheek of his supporters; we have now under his own hand,—or at least in the book of dispatches published by his authority,—a complete disproval, a flat contradiction, of what he said in reply to the Duke of Richmond. What then am I to say, or what can any man say, of this speech of the Duke of Wellington? He cannot be right in both cases.

I mean the Duke of Wellington no disrespect by what I have just written; I only take him as I would any other individual man placed in the same circumstances. But the Duke of Wellington on this occasion was a *volunteer;* he consequently must be more rigorously dealt with than an ordinary witness, and I am not going to overlook his services in that capacity, as he did the services of his volunteers in the Peninsula. He thrust himself forward when he was not required, or asked to do so, and it would have been much more decent had the Duke of Wellington remained silent, or, when he volunteered an answer to the Duke of Richmond, he should have spoken of his Peninsular army far, far, differently.

I before said, I mean the Duke of Wellington no disrespect, but I say again, if his speech in reply to the Duke of Richmond be correctly reported by the newspapers, and if his letters of the 28th June and 17th September, as given in the twelfth volume of his dispatches, be also correctly given, and if the Duke of

Wellington cannot give an unqualified contradiction to these two letters, then I say the Duke of Wellington has placed himself in rather an awkward predicament.

I have read with much attention the twelfth volume of those "Wellington Dispatches," particularly that portion of it subsequent to the battle of Waterloo; but I cannot find any trace in the Duke of Wellington's letters of any letter from his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, written by his royal highness himself, or by his direction, to the Duke of Wellington on the subject of this Waterloo medal. We must therefore conclude that no such letter was ever written, for if it was it would, we presume, be alluded to in the volume of dispatches which contains the letters of the Duke of Wellington quoted by me; and we must also come to the conclusion that this suggestion of the Duke of Wellington for the medal, emanated from himself, and that he made the suggestion to gratify his own personal vanity for having vanquished Napoleon in person.

However, all this *may* not have been so. The Duke of Wellington may have (though the odds are a million to one he has not) some private letter, written to him by his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, in which letter his royal highness, and not the Duke of Wellington, may have made the suggestion touching this medal for Waterloo. We will go so far as even to suppose that the Duke of York actually said in his letter, that is, if he ever wrote it, "My Lord Duke of Wellington, I think your army that fought at Waterloo deserve a medal for that battle, but I would not recommend its being granted by his majesty without first consulting you, and asking your opinion;—what do you think of it?" Mark, this is what I say the Duke of York *might* have written to his Grace of Wellington, and, supposing that he had done so, the Duke of Wellington could have given an answer that would have

been the means of immortalising his name as much as any victory he ever gained,—for he might have said:—

"I feel highly flattered by your royal highness's condescension in asking my opinion on this matter; and, although I think the army of Waterloo well deserving of a medal for that battle, I take the liberty of giving my opinion against the grant of such a decoration."

This answer would, as a matter of course, have brought another letter from the Duke of York, or from his secretary, demanding the meaning of the Duke of Wellington's letter. This could have been easily replied to. The Duke of Wellington *might* have said:—

"My reason for not agreeing to this grant of a medal to my Waterloo army, is, that no medal has been given to my Peninsular army, which has seen one hundred times the service of the Waterloo army. That Peninsular army has made me what I am, and, on parting with it in 1814, I told it that, although circumstances might alter the relations in which I stood towards it for some years, so much to my satisfaction, I assured it I would 'never cease to feel the warmest interest in its welfare and honour,' and that I would be 'at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.' This promise I will keep to the utmost of my ability, and I cannot be a party to what your royal highness will forgive me for terming an insult to my Peninsular army. I am happy your royal highness has given me this opportunity of expressing my opinion on the subject of granting medals, which I could not have done until I had received your royal highness's letter, as 'upon those points I never had presumed to interfere, in any manner,—except when called upon to give my opinion.' I hope and believe your royal highness will think as I do on this subject, and in order to illustrate more clearly the view I take, I will suppose that,

either from illness caused by wounds, or by the failure of health from hard and long service, or from absence on duty in another quarter of the world,—it had so happened that after all my toils and triumphs in the Peninsula, I had been unavoidably prevented from commanding the army at the battle of Waterloo; how should I have felt if I had seen the army that gained that one victory, commanded by a General who had not seen the tithe of the service I had, and that I had seen that General and that army honoured with all the homage and distinction that could be shewn them, while I, myself, and my faithful and well-tried soldiers were passed over unnoticed and undecorated,—as the bulk of the Peninsular army has been,—how, I ask your royal highness, should I, or could I, feel? Precisely—I take the liberty of answering—as the survivors of that army now feel; disgusted and stung to the heart's core."

Now, if the Duke of Wellington could shew that he wrote thus, or in substance thus, he would stand in a far different light, and in far different estimation, with his Peninsular army than he does at present; but if on the other hand no such correspondence ever took place, (of which, reader, you will observe I have spoken but hypothetically) will any man have the effrontery to stand forward and say that the Duke of Wellington has not, to make use of a common-place expression, "thrown his Peninsular army over?" Are they not, as a body, regularly "used up?" And has not their leader in a hundred fights coldly kicked aside, as it were, the ladder which has been the means of raising him to the proud position he has so long occupied? But when, instead of writing thus, we find him, *before* he beat Napoleon at Waterloo, telling the Duke of Kent, in a letter dated 13th April, 1815, that it was in the contemplation of his Royal Highness the Duke of York that the whole army which served in the

Peninsula, and in the south of France, should wear a medal, and saying that "he had not heard what had prevented his royal highness from carrying that intention," the granting a medal to the Peninsular army, "into execution;" but that he would "enquire," (the survivors of that army have not, to this day, heard a valid reason for its being withheld,) and also saying that he had promised the Duke of Kent that he would "recommend that the Royals,"* the Duke of Kent's regiment, "shall have one," even, "if it was not intended that one should be given to the whole army."† When, I say, we find him writing thus in April 1815, and then *suggesting* in June, 1815, *after* Waterloo, that the army that gained that battle should have a medal, while he then totally passed over the claims of his Peninsular army for a decoration, and since then has uniformly opposed such grant,—I ask can we come to any other conclusion than that the victory of Waterloo, and the beating Napoleon in person, absorbed all his thoughts, and left him neither leisure nor inclination to think of the services of his faithful and unconquered Peninsular army.

Having said so much, I assert, that there can remain but one other apology—still assuming the correspondence, which, for argument's sake, I have sketched, never to have existed—for this discrepancy of the

* The Royals, though a good regiment, and one greatly distinguished in the Peninsula, was not better or more distinguished than many others that composed that army, yet the Duke of Wellington promises his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, that in default of this general medal being awarded to the Peninsular army, he—the Duke of Wellington—will recommend that the Royals shall have one; not, it is to be supposed, because the services of that regiment were greater than many others, but because the Duke of Kent asked this favour for his own regiment, with which request the Duke of Wellington promised to comply.

† Gurwood's Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, vol. xii., p. 307.

Duke of Wellington as regards his letters, which I have quoted, and his speech in reply to the Duke of Richmond, and that is,—that it has been caused by a lamentable decay of memory.

The Duke, in his speech in opposition to his Peninsular army, goes on to say, "It is perfectly true that the late sovereign was pleased to confer upon the army that fought at the battle of Waterloo, and upon every individual soldier who was present on that occasion, an honour which had never before been conferred upon any body of troops."

It was quite unnecessary for the Duke of Wellington to have told the house of lords this, for it was known to that body, and it was known to the army, a quarter of a century before; and it was likewise known that regiments *not* present in the action got a medal! But had the Duke told the house of lords, and told the army, that he had suggested to the Duke of York the expediency of granting this medal to his Waterloo army, he would have told that which a great number of people had never heard before; and he might have added, with the most perfect safety, that if he had asked the same favour for his Peninsular army, it would have been as freely granted as his Waterloo suggestion,—and, his Peninsular army will add for him, that it would be granted even *now* but for the heartless opposition he gives it. But the whole secret has been already told: Napoleon, the greatest general of this, or perhaps of any other age, was beaten in PERSON; and it would seem that this all-absorbing thought haunted the Duke of Wellington so early as the night of the battle, for Captain Sherer tells us, in his history, that on the night of the battle, when at supper, "Wellington repeatedly leaned back in his chair, and, rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed aloud—'thank God I have met him! thank God I have met him!'" How different were Nelson's meek but fervid words

after his great victory at Trafalgar! The dying hero's last words were—"I thank God that I have done my duty,—I hope my country will be satisfied that I have done my duty!" But the Duke of Wellington, according to Captain Sherer, was thinking much more of himself and his beaten adversary than of his country! However, he did not forget his army, for, as has been seen, in ten days after the battle he begged leave to "suggest" (in plain English, he *asked* the Duke of York to give the medal, and it was given) the expediency of giving this medal to his army.

To those who can smile—a Peninsular man cannot—at that part of the Duke of Wellington's speech when he talks of the Peninsular campaigns and draws a parallel between them and those of India and China, much amusement must be afforded them; but I look upon it as a melancholy proof of the facility with which a man can, by the help of mere sophistry, endeavour to overpower the strongest understanding. Such principles and arguments—if arguments they can be called—as those brought forward by His Grace of Wellington, though laughable in theory, are highly reprehensible in practice; and the extraordinary manner in which he attempts to draw a parallel between the services of the Peninsular army and those of India and China, will be best given in his own words. Speaking of the former, he says:—"It is perfectly true that this service in the Peninsula was not an expedition,—it was a war carried on for several years, for six consecutive campaigns, and some winter campaigns," &c.

"Not an expedition!" What presumption for any man to tell the British House of Lords this! No, we should say that the war in the Peninsula was *not* an "expedition," for we never heard of an "expedition" that cost the country one hundred millions sterling, or of an "expedition" that lost forty thousand British

soldiers by the sword, and upwards of two hundred and forty thousand more by wounds and disease; or of an "expedition" that slew or took prisoners about two hundred thousand of the best troops the world could boast of, or of an "expedition" whose commander received a Dukedom, and half a million of money for his services. It did not require the Duke of Wellington to tell the world that this terrible war in the Peninsula was not an "expedition." His own brother, the late Marquis Wellesley, in his place in the house of lords, immediately after the battle of Talavera, and nearly five years before the termination of the Peninsular war, said:—"The struggle in which Spain is now engaged is not merely a Spanish struggle; in that struggle are committed the best—the very *vitals* of England. With the fate of Spain the fate of England is now inseperably blended." And what a mighty struggle was carried on there!

"England expended more than one hundred millions sterling on her own operations; and with her supplies of clothing, arms, and amunition, maintained the armies of Spain and Portugal, even to the Guerillas. From thirty up to seventy thousand British troops were employed by her constantly, and while her naval squadrons continually harrassed the French with descents on her coasts, her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats; they made or sustained ten sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, preserved Alicant, Carthagena, Cadiz, Lisbon; they killed, wounded, and took prisoners about two hundred thousand enemies; and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lie scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula."*

Now if the Duke of Wellington can make such an

* Napier.

exposé as this in behalf of the armies of India and China, (both of which armies have got a medal,) he will do more than any man in the universe can do. But even supposing he did make this *exposé* on the part of those armies, he would be only putting them on a par with the Peninsular army, that he denies a medal to! and all which that army asks for, is to be put on a par with those armies who have received medals. If, on the other hand, the services of the armies of India and China are considered to be of so much more importance than those of the Peninsular army, and that those two armies are awarded a medal while the Peninsula army is denied one, how is it that Napier, Gough, and Hardinge do not receive from their country—as the Duke of Wellington did—half a million of money each, and a ducal coronet? Because the British nation, and the entire universe, know that the services of the Duke of Wellington and his Peninsular army were immeasurably greater than those of the armies of India and China put together, and also of all the armies that ever left the British shores for the last half century prior to the commencement of the war in the Peninsula. Had it not been for this army of heroes who fought the battles not only of their country, which they preserved from invasion, but were the means of preserving this same India from attack, would we have it now? Many people say not; and those who have read the history of the French revolution, and the history of Europe since that period, may remember that India was a portion of the globe and of our possessions that was, and is, much coveted by France and Russia; but it would be only a waste of words and time to argue a point that cannot be contradicted. The Peninsular army saved England, and preserved for her all that she now possesses. Their services are now unrewarded, and apparently forgotten, because they are no longer wanted. The Duke of Wellington

has got all, or almost all, he now possesses by the valour of that army whose services he now presumes to make light of. His great genius, no doubt, did much,—who doubts it?—but he owes his Peninsular army too much, and he owes his country too much, to allow him to disregard the just claims of the former; and by his advice, and his hostility to their claim for a medal, he is in a great measure the cause of the latter disgracing itself: for I do maintain that any nation who can slight the claims of the men who fought for it as the Peninsular army did for Great Britain, disgraces itself. And if after what I have said,—all of it true,—I would ask any man, I would ask any number of men—the entire universe, if that were possible—is not the remnant of this Peninsular army worthy of the medal they ask for?

The Duke of Wellington has been described as being a man whose character for greatness has been objected to, inasmuch as that "he was constitutionally cold and impassable, stern in the execution of his duty, careless in rewarding merit, the end his mighty object, the means a matter of indifference."* But cold as he is, or is described to be, there *was* a time when he held different opinions, or at least different language; but when he did so, the services of this Peninsula army were *indispensable to him.* At that time the Peninsula was *not* liberated, France was *not* invaded, and Lord Wellington was *not* a Duke!

Let us suppose that that portion of his Peninsular army which formed a part of the army of occupation in France had murmured when the Waterloo medal was granted, and when soldiers who had never seen a shot fired before that battle had their medals dangling

* Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington. It is but just and fair towards Mr. Maxwell to say that he contradicts this picture of the Duke of Wellington, though he gives it a place in his history.

at their breasts, while the heroes of a hundred fights had no mark—save their wounds—to distinguish them as the men who had trampled under their feet the best troops in the known world. Suppose, I say, that those men of the Peninsula had *then* put forward their claim, when their services could *not* be dispensed with, and when, as has been seen, the Duke of Wellington declared that the greatest object was to have with him his old Spanish infantry, what, Reader, do you think would have been the result? The instant application of the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of York for a medal for his discontented Peninsular army; and why would the Duke of Wellington then have advocated their claims? Because he then required their services!

It may be asked why I presume to write so positively on a matter like this? To which I give the following letter, written by the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Villiers, on the 30th of May, 1809, on the subject of temporary rank in the Portuguese service. He makes use of the following most powerful argument, which is too convincing and too applicable to the subject on which I write, not to be quoted; and a departure from those views would require a very strong case for its justification. He says, in speaking of the dissatisfaction of his officers on this point:—

"It may be asked, why are they to require satisfaction? To which I only answer that men's minds are so constituted, that when they conceive they are injured, they are not satisfied until the injury is removed. Dissatisfaction on one subject begets it in others; and I should have (indeed I may say I have, for the first time,) the pain of commanding a dissatisfied army." You see, Reader, how keenly alive the Duke of Wellington was to the complaints of his army, when he required their services; and you see now how he tramples on their claims, when he no longer wants them!

This is, I at least think, too plain to require more from me. Others may differ from my view of the matter; but I cannot help that. I have said what the Duke of Wellington *has* done on the score of his opposition to the appeal made by the Duke of Richmond for this grant of a medal to the Peninsular army; and I will now take the liberty of saying what I think he might, and *ought* to have done.

When the motion was made for the grant of this medal, he might have said, and ought to have said:—

"My lords, that army fought and gained nineteen pitched battles, and countless combats; the loss of any ONE battle would have laid Europe and England prostrate! That army created my glory and my prosperity; and if its request for a medal is not granted, I will solicit permission from Her Majesty to present the survivors of it with one myself. To that army you are indebted for escaping the horrors of an invasion—for the prosperity and happiness of your country—perhaps for the very seats you now occupy!"

Had the Duke of Wellington said this, it would have been more creditable to him, but he acted far differently; yet, if the officers who now survive of that wonderful and ill-treated Peninsular army, will even now stand forward and fight their own battle, with the twentieth part of the tithe of the zeal they fought the battles of their country, they must succeed. It would be much better to do this than content themselves, as they do, with silent contempt, which, they may take my word for it, has little effect upon the Duke of Wellington.

I have now done with the Waterloo medal, and the claim of the Peninsular army to one. India and China shall occupy but a short space; and when I have given my opinion on the medals granted to those armies, I shall conclude my observations.

Speaking of the India medal, the Duke of Wel-

lington is reported to have thus addressed the House of Lords:—

"It is an historical fact, that a great disaster had occurred in that part of the world, and that for sixty years such a disaster had not occurred as happened a few years ago in the north-east of India. Such a disaster had never before occurred in the East, and for above sixty years it had not occurred at all." And this is the reason given by his Grace of Wellington for granting this medal to the army of India, and for not granting one to the army of the Peninsula, that fought and gained more than one hundred battles and combats —without ever losing one! In reply to this speech of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond observes—"He did not think it was very expedient to tell the army—only suffer a disaster, then rally and distinguish yourselves again, and you will receive decorations to revive your spirits!"—(Hear, hear.)

The Duke of Wellington may be a good reasoner, and as in so grave and learned an assembly as the house of lords this speech of his was listened to, we must suppose the majority of those lords actually thought as his Grace of Wellington spoke; and if so, that is to say, if they thought an army, a portion of which had been routed, worthy to receive a medal caused by such overthrow and defeat, most unquestionably, most undeniably, and most unequivocally, the Peninsular army had no possible claim whatever at the hands of those noble and learned lords, who listened to this speech of his Grace of Wellington.

Now, Reader, what do you think of this proceeding? Did you ever, since the day you were born, hear the like before? Of course you never did. You may have heard of a regiment losing its facings for misconduct; you may have heard of a regiment being sent abroad, out of its turn, for bad conduct; or you may have heard of the officers of a corps being scattered about

and sent to other regiments for ill-conduct; but, I believe, this is the first time you ever heard of an army receiving a medal—because a portion of it sustained a "disaster!"

Is it not astounding to hear a man, having the experience of the Duke of Wellington, a man of his years and standing, deliberately telling any number of men what he told the House of Lords about this medal? He who could do so, must not only possess more than an ordinary stock of assurance, but must have the most contemptible opinion (and justly so) of an auditory that did not only listen to him, but—the best of the joke—actually believed him, or were afraid to tell him they did not! One of them, the Marquis of Londonderry, had the hardihood to stand up and applaud the speech of the Duke of Wellington; to speak slightingly of the Peninsular officers; and to read the Duke of Richmond a lecture. This line of conduct from any officer who had served in the Peninsula was bad; but from the Marquis of Londonderry, it was—"too bad."

There was a time when the Duke of Wellington held a different opinion on matters of this sort; for, if my memory be not very defective, immediately after the shameful conduct of D'Urban's two Portuguese cavalry regiments at Majadahonda, in sight of Madrid, when Macdonald's guns were captured, and half of the German heavy dragoons massacred, some of them in their shirts, in consequence of the dastardly conduct of these two Portuguese regiments; then, in place of giving them a medal, "to revive their spirits!" these troopers were dismounted, and obliged to march on foot at the tails of their horses; thereby *entailing* on themselves the reward they merited. Had the Peninsular army earned rewards by being "dispirited," or by being beaten in detail, I opine that Sir Arthur Wellesley would not now be Duke of Wellington, or be living at Apsley House. But I by no means wish it to be under-

stood that I presume to censure our unfortunate comrades in India; the best troops in the world may sustain a reverse from unavoidable circumstances; but I lay the stress I do upon it, to prove the inconsistency of the Duke of Wellington, and to show the weakness of his arguments against his Peninsular army, in his attempt to bolster up this India medal.

After getting through a few crotchets and quavers, or, as the late Lord Byron would term it, "with a good deal of rigmarole," his Grace concludes this India affair by saying—"and that is the history of this medal." And a mighty pretty history it is! Before touching on the Chinese affair, let us hear what the Naval and Military Gazette says in its leading article of the 17th May, 1845. Speaking of a pamphlet, written and published by me that month, the editor remarks:—

"We are sorry Mr. Grattan has taken the trouble of bringing up the arguments used by the Secretary at War, in order to confute them; every one knew the unfortunate position in which Sir H. Hardinge was placed at that time, and had forbearance on his own account; we had at that period alluded to," (the motion of Sir A. L. Hay in favour of a medal being granted to the Peninsular army), "written many pages in confutation of the sophistries he was obliged to put forth, but withheld them from a feeling of commiseration. Never was any honourable man placed in a more difficult or painful situation; and we consider the Governor-Generalship of India a poor and paltry recompence to that gallant soldier for what he went through on this very discreditable occasion. We now gladly seize the occasion of the publication of a pamphlet by Mr. Grattan,* to renew our remarks on this subject; and we most heartily recommend the perusal of this

* "The Duke of Wellington and the Peninsular Medal." By William Grattan, Esq. Churton.

brochure, not only to every man in the profession, but to every honest and enlightened man in England."

After this extract it would be, I conceive, presumptuous in me to say one word in observation of the speech of Sir H. Hardinge, and I shall now turn to the Duke of Wellington's *exposé* as regards the Chinese medal.

"There was afterwards," says the Duke, "another instance with regard to such medals, with respect to which, I think, from what I shall state, it will be exceedingly clear that they were given on such distinct and exclusive grounds that they will form an exception to the general rule, and I think that I shall, in a few words, show your lordships a full justification for the distinction that was made—I mean the medals given in the case of China." His Grace of Wellington then goes on to enumerate, in the gross, the evolutions of our Chinese army and their redoubtable enemies. He talks of "extensive operations performed in that war." He talks of fortified towns, and of rivers, and of an "army! (God bless the mark, an "army" of Chinese!) manœuvering as if they were troops with cannon in the field." But his Grace tells us nothing of the renown of those Chinese generals, or those Chinese troops that our officers and soldiers were pitted against. He tells us nothing of the losses inflicted upon our troops in this terrible and bloody war; but though his Grace is silent on these material points, this hiatus in his speech is made up for by several accounts we have read of those "extensive operations." Major-general Burrel, writes in the following terms, giving an account of the capture by our troops of some island, with an awful long name—I think it was, for I have not the Major-general's despatch by me, the island of Ning-poo-tchoo-foo-nim-pang. The General says in substance, for I cannot give it *verbatim*, that for six or eight hours his troops were assailed by a fire from

some six score of cannon, directed by Chinese officers, and served by Chinese gunners; and that the only impression this fire made on the British troops he commanded, was the impression—that the Chinese knew nothing whatever of the use of gunpowder! Had the merits of these Chinese troops and those of her Majesty Queen Victoria been tested by the knowledge of the use of gunpowder-*tea*, how immeasurably greater would the former rank, and what a scurvy figure would our soldiers have cut! But the part taken by the Duke of Wellington in this affair is so truly ridiculous, that I shall only quote a few lines from the Naval and Military Gazette on the subject. The editor of that journal says—"The Duke has since given the Companionship of the Bath to certain captains of Sir Hugh Gough's army, after whitewashing them first with the brevet rank of major, for having shot down a parcel of old women clothed in quilted bedgowns in China. By what obliquity of judgment has a thing so incongruous been brought about?"*

I think, having thus disposed of the Duke of Wellington, his Waterloo medal, the India medal, and the Chinese medal, we may conclude with a parting glance at the speech of Lord John Russell, in reply to Sir De Lacy Evans. We will, by way of a parting thrust, take a look at what is going on about this bronze equestrian statue, now placed in front of Apsley-house. On the 19th of last August, Sir De Lacy Evans brought the services of the Peninsular army before the notice of the House of Commons. This motion was negatived by Lord John Russell, the prime minister. The bulk of his argument was that the lapse of time—this was the basis of the refusal—was an excuse for denying a medal to the Peninsular army—and, in short, it was the same as a man pleading the statute of

* Naval and Military Gazette, May 17, 1845.

limitation for the non-payment of a just debt. Now, Reader, what do you think of this answer from a liberal minister? of course you think very ill of it; but what will you say when you hear from me, that within the very same week that Lord John Russell pleaded the "lapse of time" as a reason for refusing a testimonial to the survivors of the Peninsular army, within the walls of the very same house of parliament, and in presence of the very same auditory, a lengthened discussion is carried on between Lord Morpeth and some other members of the house, as to the proper site for the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, lately cast, and now placed over the triumphal arch in London, I will ask Lord John Russell what this statue has been erected for? Is it not in honour of the services of the Duke of Wellington, and the victories gained by his unconquerable army, thirty-two years ago? Most certainly it is. If, then, it is not too late to erect this testimonial in honour of the duke's services—rendered thirty-two years ago—as commander of the troops that gained those great victories, why is it too late to grant his army the small testimonial it asks for? This statue should either be not erected on the score of the "lapse of time," or we should hear no more of the cant with which we have been surfeited. It is high time that public opinion should put a stop to this farce, and to such proceedings; for while we are told one evening that "the time is gone by" when the claim of the Peninsular army could be listened to, we are edified on another evening with a long dissertation between Lord Morpeth and some one else, as to the proper site whereon to place the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the very same services, performed at the very same time, by him at the head of this very same Peninsular army, whose claim for a medal is now scoffed at.

I again say, that it is high time to put a stop to all

this sham, all this cant, and all this ingratitude. As to complaint or reproach, they are the offspring of weakness; disdain should stifle them; but nothing can or ought to stifle the expression of disgust every honest mind must feel at such want of integrity; and it behoves every man who served in the Peninsula to stand forward, and join in one bold and noble effort to get what may be truly termed—his birthright. The very rocks amongst which we fought would, had they the power of speech, speak for us; the plains upon which we fought, and upon which we slew and overthrew our terrible enemies, and upon which thousands of our comrades were slain, would, had they the power, advocate our claim; the very graves that contain the ashes of forty thousand once gallant souls—our companions left behind us—would in like manner, could they do so, raise their voices, and cry shame on the man who would not advocate our cause! But as neither the rocks, nor the plains, nor the graves can speak, and therefore do not, it by no means follows that I, who am not only endowed with the power of speech, but the will to give it utterance, am to be silent; and it is to be hoped an historian will be found, possessing sufficient moral courage and honesty, to state the wrongs that have been inflicted upon an army which rendered services to its country that merited far different treatment.

APPENDIX.

VINDICATION OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS FROM THE CHARGE PREFERRED AGAINST THEM IN THE LIFE OF SIR T. PICTON.*

MR. EDITOR,—In the May number of the United Service Journal, I read a reply from the compiler of the Life of the late Sir Thomas Picton, to a correspondent of your journal, who signs the initial "M." to some remarks he had thought proper to make on certain portions of the work written by Mr. Robinson. I was curious, never having read the Memoir, to see what your correspondent "M." had written, and I accordingly obtained the April number of your periodical, and there I found the remarks of your correspondent. Since then I have read an extract from the Memoir, which was sent to me, and I am at a loss to guess at the exact drift of the attack made on my old corps the 88th, or the different regiments, in general, that composed the third division. Whether it be meant to show that General Sir Thomas Picton was a man of such superior abilities that he did as much, or more, with the worst description of troops in the army, than any other General; or that, by some fortuitous circumstance, he was placed in command over such a set of men, I cannot pretend to say; but it is most true that the regiments which composed the third division were as well organized, and in as high a state of discipline as any other division in the army. But the remarks

* From the United Service Journal.

on the 88th Regiment are so void of foundation, that I think it only right to inform Mr. Robinson, through the medium of your journal, that he has been greatly led astray by his "informant." All this is, however, unimportant, and I think your correspondent "M.," who I take for granted read Mr. Robinson's work before he wrote his letter, has devoted more time and paper, to say nothing of pens and ink, in his reply, than the subject merits. Whether General Picton called the 88th Regiment "ragged rascals, or Connaught robbers," is of little import to the regiment, or the army in general. Neither is it of much consequence whether General Picton commanded the right, left, or centre, of his division, on the day of Busaco. We are to give the General credit for doing the best he could, and if he happened to be away from the principal point of contest, it was no fault of his; or, did he claim any merit to himself, for the charge made by the five companies of the 45th and the 88th Regiments, it only goes to prove what I have already said, that "regiments can perform this work as well when led on by their own commanding officers, as if generals placed themselves at their head."

I never heard that General Picton called the 88th Regiment his "ragged rascals," but as Mr. Robinson so denominates them, so shall they remain for the present. But, Mr. Editor, if I have said that the points, to which your correspondent "M." has alluded, were of little import to the 88th Regiment, or the army in general, it does not follow that what I am now going to speak about is not of importance to both. It is a point that strikes hard at the honour—the very vitals —of a corps. It is the charge made by Mr. Robinson, in his work, against the 88th Regiment, on the score of their ammunition.

The 88th Regiment, according to Mr. Robinson's "informant," was found frequently, upon going into

action, deficient, by the half, of their cartridges, and the men, it would seem, substituted in place of them pieces of wood "cut and coloured," to resemble ball. Now, in what action did this occur? Was it at Busaco, where they with a few companies of their brave companions, the 45th, overthrew the 2nd, 4th, 36th. and the Irish brigade belonging to Regnier's corps? Those four French regiments were at least six times the number of the 45th and the "ragged rascals." Was it at Fuentes d'Onore, where the 9th French light infantry, and some hundreds of the Imperial Guard, were driven from the chapel heights, through the town into the river, and across the river, by five companies of the 88th, and a few men of the 71st and 79th Regiments? Those French troops were about five times the number of the 71st, 79th, and the "ragged rascals!" Was it at the breach of Rodrigo, where General Picton told the Rangers of Connaught (not the "ragged rascals"), "that it was not his intention to expend any *powder* that evening, that the business should be done with the *cold iron?*" At this same breach the senior Lieutenant of the 88th volunteered, and led the forlorn hope of Picton's division, a Major of the 74th followed, with the storming party. Both officers escaped without even a wound. The Major of the 74th was promoted, but the senior Lieutenant of the 88th was not promoted—not even noticed! Was this "unqualified praise,"—was it justice? Perhaps Mr. Robinson's "informant" was at Rodrigo, and can tell him something about this! I entertain no doubt that he was there, and that hearing Picton make his splendid, though short appeal to the 88th, perhaps he caught hold only of that part of it which said, that no powder was to be expended, and took it for granted that there was none to expend! Fie! what a shame for any man, much less an officer, to mislead an author to such an extent, and now, after so long a lapse of

time, to lend his aid in endeavouring to crush a regiment that has already suffered such degradation and injustice at the hands of General Picton, as the ill-fated 88th has endured! Did the 88th want ammunition at Badajoz, where Lieutenant Whitelaw, of that regiment, led the advance with the ladders, against the castle, and died unnoticed? Did the men who carried the fort of La Picurina want ammunition? At the storming of this fort, one of the most desperate affairs, for the numbers engaged, that occurred during the Peninsular war, a force of five hundred men from Picton's division was taken out of the trenches, this force was divided into three parts, and each attacked the point marked out for it. The three officers who commanded were wounded before the fort was carried. The command then devolved upon Captain Oates of the 88th. This officer was a Captain of some nine or ten years standing—a splendid soldier in the fullest acceptation of the word. He found himself in a dangerous situation, as to success; for his ladders were too short to reach the embrasures. He called out to the men, who, by the way, were all 88th, to run the ladders up the counterscarp, and throw them across the fosse. The men did so, and thus a sort of bridge was formed. Oates put himself at their head, carried the fort, and fell wounded, so desperately that it took one year to enable him to recover and join his regiment. At the time he was thus wounded, he was in command of the entire—he, in fact, was commanding officer. It may be asked, what was his recompense for this service? Just the same as the leader of the forlorn hope at Rodrigo; he was neither promoted nor noticed by his General! Did the 88th want ammunition at Salamanca, where the 45th, 74th, and 88th Regiments, not counting, altogether, more than one thousand five hundred men, and led on by the gallant and chivalrous Colonel Alexander Wallace, of the 88th, overthrew, and knocked the

heart's-blood out of the French seventh division? This French division was four times the number of the 45th, 74th, and the "ragged rascals." They struck the first blow, and struck it well, on the memorable 22nd of July, 1812; and having said so much so far, may I ask, where, and on what occasion was it, that the "ragged rascals" were found deficient?

It was utterly impossible that such a practice, as that of substituting "coloured wood" for cartridges could have taken place in the 88th without detection; and I never knew an instance of the regiment wanting ammunition in battle. The ammunition of the corps, in common, I believe, with the others that composed the army, was inspected daily, and a certificate of such inspection signed by the company's officer, who made the inspection, on the back of the morning report of the state and strength of his company. The 88th was too well commanded to allow any relaxation on this essential point. Colonel Wallace, as well as his officers, knew, that not only the honour of the regiment, but the honour of the British army, and the honour of the British nation, was at stake in the contest we were engaged in. But, independent of this, supposing the officers to be so degraded a set of scoundrels, as to be totally dead to any such feeling, as I think did exist, on so vital a point, amongst us all, the lives of the men, as well as the officers themselves, might be forfeited by our thus disarming ourselves, and any Colonel, or any set of officers, who could allow so high a crime to pass unpunished, would deserve to be, not only cashiered, but sent to the galleys for life.

If such atrocious conduct, on the part of the officers of the 88th Regiment be true, why did not General Picton immediately report it, and demand a court martial upon them? That would have been but his duty. This would have been doing real justice to the 88th; for by so acting he could have got a Colonel and a set

of officers over the men that were trustworthy; and a set of officers amongst whom, during the four years of his command, he might have found one, at least, worthy of promotion or notice. Now, General Picton never having done as I say he should, he must have either connived at the infamous conduct of the regiment, officers as well as soldiers, or the entire story is a mere fabrication. If the officers connived at, or could be duped by such conduct on the part of their men, they should have been dismissed the service for infamy or incapacity. And if the General of the division connived at such infamy or incapacity on the part of the officers of any regiment under his command, he was equally culpable as they, and should be likewise dismissed the service. It then comes to this, that Colonel Wallace, and the officers of the 88th, as likewise General Picton, should have been turned out of the service; or, that all have been most foully calumniated. There can be no distinction between them. An officer who does not know the merits or demerits of his men is unfit to command them. A General who is similarly circumstanced is equally unfit. The story of the "coloured wood," in point of argument, whether true or false, is the same. If true, the General, the Colonel, and all the officers, so implicated, should have been, not only turned out of the service, but degraded, and their names held up to public scorn. If false, both General and officers, as likewise the soldiers, have been foully libeled.

No knot, no matter how closely tied, can be more binding than the charge made by Mr. Robinson against the 88th Regiment and General Picton. And both the General and the officers of the 88th Regiment must stand or fall together! They are both placed in the same predicament. The fate of the third division; the fate of a battle; the fate of a campaign; the fate of the Peninsula! might be decided by the inefficiency

of a regiment only half-armed when called upon at the moment of necessity. Thus then, the General who could allow such a practice to be carried on under his own eye, was not fit to hold a command. Both the General and the officers of the regiment, for both must be linked together, so incapacitated, were unfit to remain in the Peninsula. But where is the man who will say, that Picton was not a fit person to command his invincible old third division; that was never defeated; or, that the ill-fated 88th Regiment did not stand by him, and add a stone, I do not say the coin-stone, that has raised the monument of his fame to the pinnacle on which it now stands? Oh! shame! The biographer of General Picton, instead of adding to the fame of his friend, in his endeavour to brand the 88th Regiment with infamy, has committed an historical suicide, and *murdered* the man *whose life he has attempted!*

Now, Mr. Editor, to you, who know so well the habits of the British soldier, it would be but taking up your time unnecessarily, to say that the men of the 88th Regiment would, and did, in common with all the regiments in the army, exchange their ammunition for wine, where opportunity favoured such a practice; but the point at issue is, whether the story of the "coloured wood" be true or false; whether, in fact, the 88th Regiment, upon going into action, were but half-armed; in a word—were they an inefficient body of officers and soldiers, not to be depended upon on the day of trial? This, sir, is the real substance of the charge. If true, as I before have said, the General was not a competent person to fill the command with which he was entrusted. On this point it will not, I think at least, be easy to argue; for no argument, no matter how strong, can, in my opinion, combat the position upon which I have taken my stand. I have not made use of any metaphorical aid to support me. I have but taken the words of Mr. Robinson as true,

and upon his assertion alone, whether I am able, on the part of the 88th, to rebut it or not, the character of General Picton is to be judged by those persons who read Mr. Robinson's work. Those persons are not to look to *my* defence of the General; for in the defence I am about to make for my old corps, I am defending General Picton also! If I succeed in clearing the 88th from a charge so gravely brought forward against them by Mr. Robinson's "informant," I also clear the General; and Mr. Robinson must not look upon me in the light of a poacher trespassing on his "property," for I can assure him, with truth, that I would not have touched on it at all, was it not that in defence of what I consider as my "property," I have been obliged to *cross his bounds.*

It is difficult to say, indeed it would be presumptuous for me to say, never having read Mr. Robinson's work, or even if I had, what is his real object of attack against the third division in general, but more particularly against the 88th Regiment. If it be meant to show that General Picton had the misfortune to be placed over a set of ill-organized regiments, which did as much as other divisions in the Peninsular army, I think, with all due deference to Mr. Robinson's better judgment, not good taste, it is not complimentary to those Colonels who commanded and led on those regiments to victory in every action. If it is meant as an excuse for the uniform, the chilling neglect, which the officers of the 88th experienced from General Picton, Mr. Robinson might as well lay down his pen. All the water in the salt sea, much less the ink with which Mr. Robinson writes, could not wash away, or in the slightest manner efface, the facts I have published as to the manner in which the officers of the 88th have been passed over, neglected—unnoticed. If Mr. Robinson wishes for the particulars of those slights, I will give them to him, and if he finds me wrong in one

single observation I may have made; or that I have introduced one solitary name without due authority, I will not only expunge such name, and such observations, but frankly confess I was wrong in what I stated. No man can do more, no man ought to do less. I write to uphold the character of my old corps, the 88th. Mr. Robinson writes the life of his hero (and, I suppose, friend) General Picton. Both of us may err in our estimate; but truth cannot err! I hope soon to compile these reminiscences, and before I publish them I will send Mr. Robinson the proof-sheets, and if in those pages he shall find just grounds of complaint for what I may say of General Picton, as connected with the 88th Regiment,—beyond that I have nothing to do,—I will expunge it altogether. This is only just and fair, because any book bordering on historical facts must, more or less, be subject to the scrutiny of the public; and by the judgment of that public it must abide. Posterity ought not to be defrauded of its rights, neither should the living any more than the dead; and if a work such as Mr. Robinson's should remain unnoticed, or allowed uncorrected to pass current now, no one, in after times, could, or would, have any right to deny its being sterling; and our children might see the soldiers of the degraded 88th, and those of the more favoured regiments in Picton's division, cutting each other's throats about a passage in Mr. Robinson's book; or on the score of a badge of merit being denied to the 88th, when we, Mr. Editor, who are now living, know that that regiment merited such badge.

Now, Mr. Editor, what I have asserted in defence of the 88th is true; yet assertion, no matter how strong, is *but* assertion nevertheless. I have no doubt on my mind that Mr. Robinson himself will give me credit for sincerity, and that by the time he has read this letter through, he will believe that I am in earnest,

downright earnest, in all I have said; and I have but little hesitation in believing that he would take my word for the truth of what I have asserted; and here the matter might rest, as far as regarded Mr. Robinson and myself; but as the "informant" of Mr. Robinson might be a little sceptical on the subject, I shall append a few documents to this letter, by way of index, which will, I think, be conclusive on the subject of the "coloured wood," and even shake Mr. Robinson's opinion as to the soundness of his "informant's" knowledge, or the wisdom of his advice; and as I freely give up my authorities as to the utter falsehood of the charge attempted to be fastened upon the 88th Regiment, I have done my part in the vindication of my old corps, on this point, and of General Picton's also.

Extract from the Memoir of the Life of the late Lieut.-General Sir Thos. Picton, in 1836. By B. Robinson. Chap. xiii., pages 318 to 320.

"'But this was not all,' added our informant; 'for frequently, just before going into battle, it would be found, upon inspection, that one half of the 88th Regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging the cartridges for *aqua ardiente*, and substituting in their place pieces of wood cut and coloured to resemble them.'"

So soon as this extract reached me, I lost no time in forwarding it to any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, who had served with the regiment in the Peninsula, and whose address I remembered; but I had a difficult task to accomplish, for so many years have elapsed since we had been together, that it was not easy to find out some of those whose testimony I annex. I was only enabled in part to fulfil what I consider my bounden duty, not only in defence of my own character as an individual, but in defence of the

character of my old regiment as a body. But from all to whom I wrote I found a ready reply, negativing the foul charge attempted to be saddled on the 88th. I shall insert these documents in the order they reached me, not paying attention to rank; for where all are equally concerned, I shall pay no more deference, in the list of names, to a colonel than I would to the lowest soldier who served with the regiment. First on the list is a serjeant-major, whose testimony is as follows:—

(No. 1.) Naas, 3rd July, 1836.

I, Michael Spellicy, late serjeant-major 88th Regiment, can make oath, if necessary, that the gross and false libel put forth from Mr. Robinson's Life of Sir Thomas Picton, against the 88th Regiment, is false and without foundation; and I further state, that I was present with the 88th Regiment in all the general actions in which that corps was engaged, and nothing of that kind could occur without my knowledge.

MICHAEL SPELLICY,
late Serj.-Major 88th Regiment.

(No. 2.) Naas, July 3rd, 1836.

I can certify the above statement of Serjeant-major Spellicy to be correct in every part, being myself in the whole of the Peninsular campaign.

WILLIAM BYRNE,
late Private 88th Regiment.

(No. 3.) Dublin, June 25th, 1836.

I served in the 88th Regiment as private, corporal, and serjeant, from the spring of 1809 until the summer of 1814; that is to say, from the time the regiment first landed in the Peninsula, and subsequently left it for Canada. I was present in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, from the battle of Talavera

in 1809, to the battle of Toulouse in 1814; and in all the actions that took place during that time, I never knew one instance in which the soldiers of the 88th Regiment were deficient of ammunition. They could not be deficient of it, as the ammunition was inspected at the morning parade every day; and as it has been said that the men cut pieces of wood to resemble ball cartridge, I most positively deny, and am ready to make oath, if necessary, that any such practice could have been carried on without my knowledge, and I most solemnly declare that no such practice ever took place.

THOMAS KELLY,
late Serjeant 88th Regiment.

(No. 4.) Naas Barracks, July 2nd, 1836.

I, Henry George Buller, late Captain 88th Regiment, during my service in the first and second battalions of that regiment, from the 24th May, 1804, to 1824, on full pay in those corps, can state positively that what has been stated in the Memoirs of the Life of the late Sir Thomas Picton, namely, that the soldiers of the 88th Regiment, on going into action, were found to be deficient of one-half of their ammunition, and that in lieu thereof they substituted bits of coloured wood to resemble ball cartridge,—I know, and can report with truth, that no such practice did, or *could* have taken place without my knowledge; further, the ammunition of the soldiers was inspected daily; and in short, the story is without the least foundation or truth; and I am surprised any one could have dared to have made such a false statement against a corps that always did their duty in defence of their king and their country.

W. H. G. BULLER,
late Captain 88th Regiment.

(No. 5.) Tymore, 5th July, 1836.

I had the honour to serve with the 88th Regiment in five campaigns, and part of the sixth. I commanded almost every company in the regiment at different times (from casualties). I declare the assertion of ammunition substitution is infamously false. We were always remarkable for having our ammunition and arms in fighting order. The character of the 88th Regiment scorns such remarks.

THOMAS J. STEWART,
late Lieutenant 88th Regiment.

(No. 6.) Kilkenny, July 12th, 1836.

My dear Grattan,—I have the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 7th instant, containing an extract from the Life of Sir Thomas Picton, accusing the 88th of making away with their ammunition, and substituting painted sticks for cartridges, and really, my dear fellow, the charge is so monstrously absurd that no rational man would believe it; and surely if such a practice ever had existed (except in the mind of the calumniator), the officers of companies must have discovered it at their inspections, and, as a matter of course, brought the offenders to punishment. For my own part, I never heard of any such thing, and, of course, have no hesitation in saying so. I have not yet seen the "Memoirs," but I am surprised you have not met with it, and perhaps it would be well, before you communicate anything for publication, that you should see and read the part extracted yourself; at all events, here comes my contradiction:—

Having been informed that, in the Memoirs of Sir Thomas Picton, it is stated that "frequently before going into battle it would be found, upon inspection, that one-half of the men of the 88th Regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging the cartridges for *aqua ardiente*,

and substituting in their place pieces of wood cut and coloured to resemble them," I feel myself called upon, as an officer of the regiment, to give the most unqualified contradiction to the above charge, and to state that I served in the 88th Regiment from the year 1808 to 1817, during which period I was present with that gallant corps at the sieges of Rodrigo and Badajoz; at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, Vic Bigorre, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Tarbes, and Toulouse; besides the affairs of El Bodon, La Barba, Hasparien, and others. I never went into action without inspecting the ammunition of the company I commanded, and I never knew, never heard, nor do I believe any such practice could have existed without my knowledge. The survivors of the French corps, serving at the time, under Marshals Soult and Marmont, in the Peninsula, could bear ample testimony that it was not by painted sticks, resembling cartridges, their bones were broken or their bodies riddled, whenever they had the *malheur* to come in contact with the Connaught Rangers, whose gallantry upon several occasions excited not only the admiration, but unfortunately the envy also, of particular corps; and I have no doubt that some individual, actuated by the latter feeling, imposed upon the writer of the "Memoirs."

PARR KINGSMILL,
late Lieutenant 88th Regiment.

(No. 7.) 69, London Road, Brighton, July 16, 1836.

I certify that I was on service as Lieutenant in the 88th (Connaught Rangers) during the Peninsular war. I was present with that corps in the following engagements (besides minor affairs); namely, Talavera, Busaco, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Orthes. I was frequently in command of a company, and can affirm that the statement contained in the Memoirs of

the late Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, to the effect that the 88th Regiment were frequently without ammunition on going into action, having disposed of the same, and substituting pieces of coloured wood, is incorrect.

JOHN FITSPATRICK,
late Captain 88th Regiment.

(No. 8.) Kilkenny, July 20, 1836.

We the undersigned pensioners of the 88th Regiment, having read the extract from the Life of Sir T. Picton, stating that the soldiers of that regiment, upon going into action, were frequently found deficient by one-half of their ammunition, and that pieces of wood, cut and coloured to resemble ball cartridges, were substituted in their place, declare that during the long period we served in the 88th Regiment, no such practice did exist; and we are ready to transmit affidavits to that effect if required.

PETER CONNOR,* Corporal.
JOSEPH SWIFT,† Private.
WILLIAM WHITE,‡ Private.

(No. 9.) London, July 29, 1836.

I have been upon active service with the 88th Regiment for more than twenty years; was almost in every action in which it was engaged, particularly in the Peninsula; never absent, except for the recovery of wounds (five in number), and surely must have known, or heard, if such had ever taken place. Now I do most solemnly declare that I never knew or heard of such an occurrence happening in the 88th Regiment,

* I served in the regiment thirteen years and two months; was in ten engagements, and twice wounded.

† Served twenty-one years in the regiment; was in every engagement, and once wounded.

‡ Served seven years and a half in the regiment; was in seven engagements, and once wounded.

and I never heard the smallest allusion to the same till now; being upwards of twenty-two years since leaving the Peninsula.

J. P. OATES,
Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. 88th Regiment.

(No. 10.) Royal Hospital, Chelsea, July 28, 1836.

Having served in almost all the actions in the Peninsula with the 88th Regiment, I most solemnly declare that I never knew or heard of such a practice in the regiment, and that the above assertion is false, groundless, and entirely destitute of truth.

JOHN DAVERN,
late Captain 88th Regiment.

(No. 11.) Ramelton, July 17, 1836.

I, W. C. Seton, late Major of the 88th Regiment, do hereby certify that I served in the above corps from its landing in the Peninsula in 1809, to its entry into Madrid in 1812. I was never absent from the regiment during the above two periods. I was present at the battles of Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onore, the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and at the battle of Salamanca, (the two latter in command of the regiment,) and in every other minor combat.

I never heard, or ever knew, or do I believe that such a vile practice could be carried on without my knowledge; and I do, in the most positive manner, assert that the foul aspersion made against the 88th Regiment, by the author of the Life of the late Sir T. Picton, to be false and without the slightest foundation.

W. C. SETON,
Major H. P. 88th Regiment, and Lieut.-Col.

(No. 12.) London, July 30, 1836.

I most positively deny that so shameful a practice and unsoldierlike act was ever practised by the men

of the 88th Regiment. I served with both battalions of the regiment from 1809 until the termination of the war in the Peninsula in 1814. I never heard a whisper, either since or before, until now, that the men of the 88th had on any occasion expended their ammunition, save in the most efficient and effective manner, as our more honourable enemy, the French, can fully testify.

W. H. RUTHERFORD,
Captain 88th Regiment.

(No. 13.) Dublin, July 21, 1836.

My dear Grattan,—I have not read "Robinson's Life of Sir T. Picton;" but if the extract you annex be contained therein, I pronounce it, to the best of my knowledge and belief, an atrocious fabrication; and I have a right to do so, having served such a number of years in the 88th Regiment, and having been present with it in the Peninsular war. Our powder and steel we have the credit of making good use of, and this could hardly be effected without special care of both.

Your friend and comrade,

ROBERT O'HARA,
Major 88th Regiment.

(No. 14.) London, July 26, 1836.

Dear Grattan,—Having served in the 88th Regiment for upwards of twenty-one years, and having shared with it in nearly all the actions in which it was engaged in the Peninsula, it could be easy for me to refute this very improbable statement, did not its preposterous absurdity render it unnecessary. The idea of the 88th Regiment employing itself in front of an enemy, and going into battle, in painting and carving little bits of sticks to represent ball cartridges, and risking their lives by exchanging powder for liquor, and leaden balls for glasses, is so excellent, that it only wants the finishing assertion—that they bartered their bayonets for cork-screws, to complete the picture!

The whole statement is so truly ludicrous, as to provoke a smile of pity at the credulity of the author.

I am very sincerely yours,

ROBERT NICKLE,

late Major 88th Regiment, and Lieut.-Col.

(No. 15.) Stokestown, July 26, 1836.

My dear Grattan,—I have received your letter, and the extract from the Memoirs of the Life of the late Sir T. Picton. I served with the 88th Regiment during the entire of the Peninsular campaign, and as I generally had the command of a company, and was almost always present with the regiment, I can have no hesitation in saying that the charge made by Mr. Robinson as to the "coloured wood" and the want of ammunition, is totally false and without the least foundation.

B. MAHON,

late Lieutenant 88th Regiment.

No. 16.—Extract of a Letter from Captain Duncan Robertson, dated Kindrocket, August 1, 1836.

My dear Nickle,—The extract you sent me from a passage in the life of Sir Thomas Picton, lately published, astonishes me more than I can express. How or why such a gratuitous falsehood found its way into this publication I am quite at a loss to conjecture. There have been numberless anecdotes told of the feats and witticisms of individual soldiers of the 88th during the Peninsular war, which had no foundation in fact; but those anecdotes were generally quite harmless, and seemed to have been invented merely to be laughed at. It became, indeed, a sort of fashion among some idle wits in the army, to coin little stories which they imagined to be characteristic of heedless young Irishmen; and the feats related in those invented tales were very generally attributed to men of the Connaught Rangers, who were considered (I suppose more

from the title than any other cause) to be the most genuine Irishmen in the army. However, those idle stories were more amusing than mischievous, and therefore the members of the corps did not heed them nor take any steps, so far as I am aware, formally to contradict them, but the statement in the life of Sir Thomas Picton, of which you sent me an extract, is of a very different description; it affects the character and discipline of the regiment in a most material degree, and it therefore behoves every officer and man who served in the 88th in the Peninsula, to confute this bold calumny as directly and promptly as possible. The libellous assertion that frequently before going into battle it would be found upon inspection that one-half of the 88th Regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging their cartridges for aqua ardiente, and substituting in their place pieces of wood cut and coloured to resemble them. What vile varlet could have propagated such malicious falsehoods? Pains ought to be taken to discover and expose the original inventor of this base calumny. I have served in the 88th Regiment for the space of twenty years, all to a few months, from 1804 to the latter end of 1823, and shared in all its services during that period, and I most positively aver that I never knew or heard of the scandalous practices asserted in this libellous extract from the life of Sir Thomas Picton. I never knew or heard of pieces of wood cut and coloured to resemble cartridges, in a single instance, being found in the pouch or cartouch of any soldier in the regiment during all our campaigns. After the first campaign I always commanded a company during the Peninsular war, and made it my practice to look at my men's ammunition once every day, which I have reason to think was the practice with every other commander of a company in the regiment. I, like others, found damaged cartridges after long and fatiguing marches, and this would occur occasionally

in spite of every care and precaution that could be taken in packing the cartridges in the men's pouches; but I never found coloured pieces of wood, or any other substitute, in any man's pouch, nor did I hear of any such substitute being found in the pouches of the men of any other company in the regiment. Therefore, feeling quite satisfied that no such scandalous practices could possibly have occurred in the 88th Regiment, I can have no hesitation in declaring that the assertion regarding the misuse of their ammunition by the men of that corps, and that too when in presence of the enemy, and on the eve of battle, is a scandalous and malicious libel on the character and discipline of the regiment.

DUNCAN ROBERTSON,
Late Captain 88th Regiment.

No. 17.—Extract of a Letter from Major-General Sir John Taylor, K.C.B., dated Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 5, 1836, to Colonel O'Malley, C. B.

The false and scandalous assertion made in Mr. Robinson's publication it would be quite unnecessary to contradict to any officer who had served in the army of the Peninsula, and above all to any who had belonged to the third division; but as the life of Sir Thomas Picton will probably have a large and general circulation, I beg that you will add to the certificates of officers which you have already, my most positive and solemn assurance of the total falsehood of the statement of Mr. Robinson, that the soldiers of the 88th Regiment had, during the period that I commanded the regiment, the practice to which Mr. Robinson alludes, nor do I believe that any such practice, or even a solitary instance ever occurred in the corps.

I am, my dear Colonel, very truly yours,

(Signed) J. TAYLOR,
Major-General.

(No. 18.) Quarley, August 14, 1836.

Being called upon, I testify that the statement in the memoir of General Picton, by Mr. H. B. Robinson, of the soldiers of the 88th Regiment, when in the Peninsula, being in the practice of bartering their cartridges for aqua ardiente, and substituting pieces of wood to resemble them, is as false and ridiculous as are other portions of the work relating to that regiment.

(Signed) WM. MACKIE,
Major unatt., formerly of the 88th Regt.

(No. 19.) Avranches, July 30, 1836.

Having read the above paragraph extracted from the memoirs of the life of Sir T. Picton, I declare that I landed with the 88th Regiment in 1809, and with the exception of a little more than a year, at various periods, I continued with it until it embarked at Bordeaux in 1814. That being in the general habit of inspecting the men's ammunition in their pouches, I positively state that, as far as ever came under my observation, the above passage is entirely false. The author must be perfectly ignorant of the manner of packing and preserving ammunition on service, to make such a ridiculous assertion. I never heard of the soldiers exchanging their ammunition for aqua ardiente, when in expectation of coming in contact with the enemy: on the contrary, the soldiers always evinced the most earnest desire to exchange any damaged cartridges for good, whenever an opportunity presented itself.

G. H. DANSEY,
Major unattached.

(No. 20.) Belmont, Innishannon, Aug. 12, 1836.

My dear Friend,—Being called upon by you, as a Peninsular man, to state whether I remember any

instances having occurred in the 88th Regiment of men going into action deficient of ammunition, and of their having sold their ball cartridges for aqua ardiente, substituting in lieu thereof pieces of coloured wood, I do hereby declare that, although I served with that corps as a subaltern during the greater part of the Peninsular campaigns, I never heard of such a practice in the regiment, nor can I believe that such a deception could have been practised without the knowledge of the officers.

FREDERICK MEADE,
Major unattached.

(No. 21.) Lochryan, August 22, 1836.

My dear Grattan,—I have just received your communication, and I really do think the assertion that the soldiers of the 88th Regiment went into action with painted pieces of wood in their pouches instead of cartridges, as stated in the work you allude to, is too ridiculous and absurd to require contradiction; and you may rest satisfied that the reputation of the regiment in the field has been too well established to suffer from so absurd and unfounded a calumny; and I am satisfied that every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private, who served in the regiment, do know it to be such; and had the author applied to the French troops against whom they served, they would most probably have fully confirmed this statement.

I am, my dear Grattan, very sincerely yours,

J. A. WALLACE,
Colonel 88th, and Major-General.

(No. 22.) Kingussie, August 28, 1836.

The following paragraph having appeared in a late publication, entitled, "The Life of the late Lieut. General Sir Thomas Picton," namely:—

"Frequently before going into battle, it would be found, upon inspection, that one-half of the men of the 88th Regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging the cartridges for aqua ardente, and substituting in their place wood cut and coloured to resemble them,"—

I do hereby declare upon my honour as an officer and gentleman, that this is a false, groundless, and malicious accusation. I consider myself entitled to make this strong assertion, having served as a major of the 88th Regiment nearly the whole of its services in the Peninsula, and was present with the corps in five general actions, in four of which I had the honour to command.

R. B. MACPHERSON,
Lieut.-Col. H. P. 71st Regiment.

Now, having done so much, will Mr. Robinson think it too great a liberty in my asking him to give the name of his informant? I do not wish to press him too closely—but justice is justice!

Mr. Robinson has written a book, and it must be a well-written one to have gone through two editions in so short a time. I have never seen it, or heard more of its contents than the passage I have been obliged to quote. He must be a clever man to be able to write a work, the subject of which is the memoirs of any general in the service—the Duke of Wellington excepted—that could have had such a ready sale. I say he must be a clever writer, and a man possessed of great talent indeed; but if he possessed ten times the talent he does—if that was possible—and that those talents with which he is endowed were backed by the talent of all the known world put together, it could not prove that General Picton "gave them (the 88th) most unqualified praise whenever it was deserved: and this was often." Those

are Mr. Robinson's own words. Now, what praise did General Picton ever give the 88th? When, where, or upon what occasion? What officer of that regiment did he ever recommend for promotion during his command from 1810 to 1814? I will even ask, what officer of the 88th did he ever notice for his good conduct in the field during the above period? If Mr. Robinson's "informant" will mention upon what occasion "unqualified praise" was bestowed,—if he will mention one solitary instance where promotion was obtained,—or if he can call to his recollection any one occasion where notice of the good conduct of any officer took place, I shall hear more than I ever heard before.

Any writer who builds his argument upon such authorities as I have given in the body of this letter, is not easily to be confuted. He is not to be answered by the general assertions of an "informant." He may want the eloquence of Mr. Robinson to amuse, but, speaking truth, he must always convince

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

WM. GRATTAN,*
Late Lieutenant 88th Regt.

New Abbey, Kilcullen, Ireland,
July, 1836.

* To this letter the Author never received a reply from the biographer of the late Sir Thomas Picton; and it is a source of great pride to him to be enabled to add that his friends, whose testimonials against Mr. Robinson's assertion are annexed to the foregoing "Vindication of the Connaught Rangers," subscribed and presented him with a present of plate, of the value of two hundred guineas, "as a mark," to quote the words of the inscription, "of their personal esteem and regard, and also in token of their warm admiration of his triumphant vindication of his gallant regiment from the attacks of the biographer of the late Sir Thomas Picton."

THE END.

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